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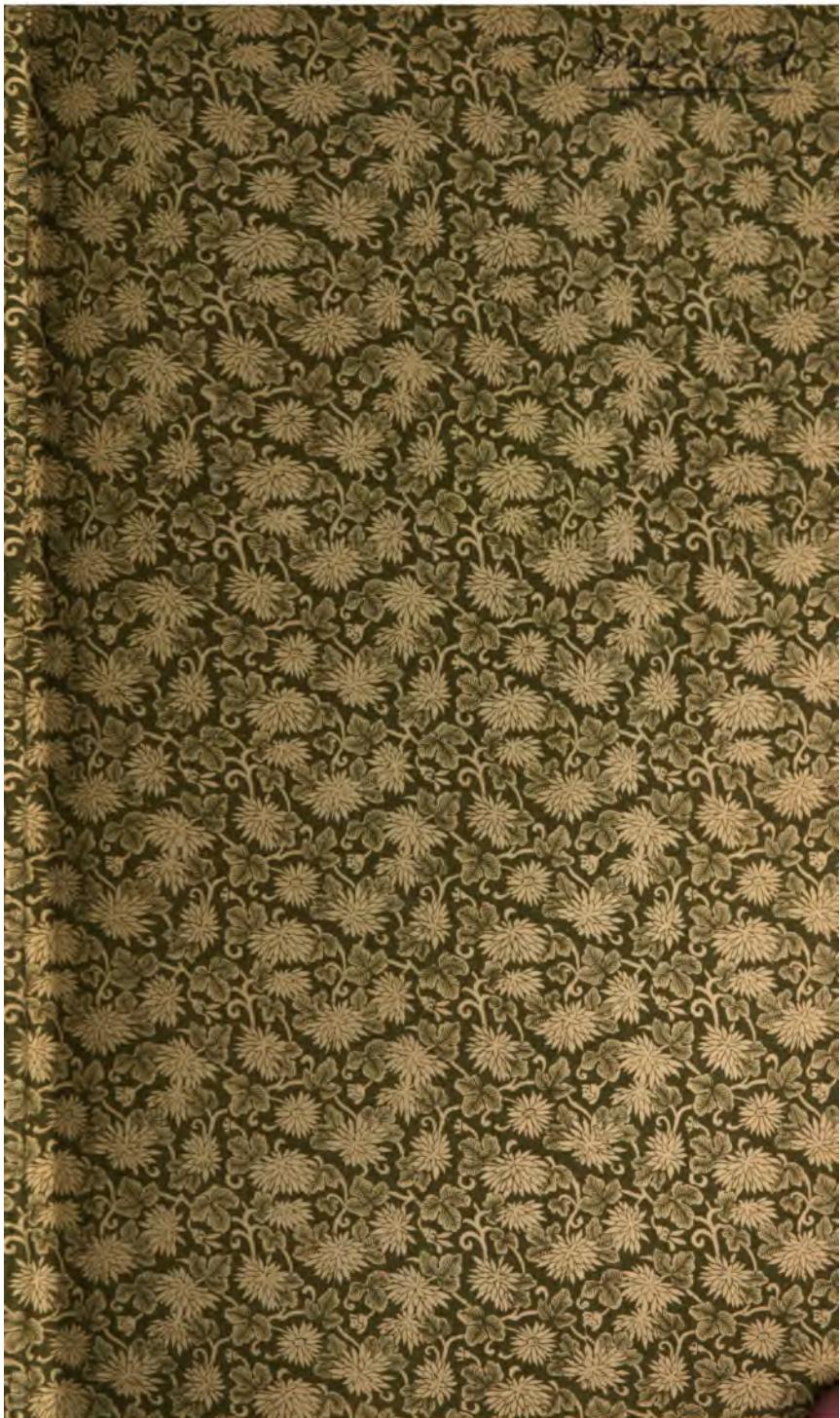
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



aka Kappa

DITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
N WASHINGTON SQUARE

ive Cents

January 1st, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

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Vol. II.



Y Pirate Bold.

I t is not because of the life of adventure and daring that I admire the sea of my native shores; nor is it because of flowing winds over the ocean nor halcyon islands which he braves so well; nor is it because of gold he seeks nor treasure he finds. He was a man who knew his own worth and about he wanted. Howard Pyle

Letter and drawing by Howard Pyle, as it appeared in Mr. Madigan's late "Autograph."

Greenwich Village of Yore

II. In the Times of the Early English

I KNOW not how long a time may have elapsed between the conquest of this island by the English and the discovery by the Dutch living retired at the Bossem Bouerie that, a sea-

Copyright 1915 by Guido Bruno

change having over-swept their destinies, they had passed from the domination of the States General to the domination of the British King.

It is said that when the engineers of the West Shore Railroad, provided with guides and interpreters, penetrated into the valley of the Hackensack, a dozen years or so ago, they created a great commotion among the honest Dutch folk dwelling in those sequestered parts by taking in the news that something more than eighty years previously the American Republic had been proclaimed. Some few of the more wide-awake of these retired country folk had got hold, it was found, of a rumor to the effect that the New Netherland, having been traded away for Surinam by the provisions of the Treaty of Breda, had become a dependency of the British crown; but the rumor never had been traced to an authoritative source, and was regarded by the older and more conservative of the inhabitants of Tenafly and Schraalenburg and Kinderkamack, and the towns thereto adjacent, as mere idle talk. Naturally, the much more impossible story told by the engineers involved so violent a strain upon human credulity that the tellers of it were lucky in getting safely away, across the hills by Rockland Lake to the Hudson Valley, with unbroken theodolites and whole hides. The matter, I may add, is reported to have remained in uncertainty until the running of milk trains brought this region into communication with the outside world.

The case of the people dwelling at Sapokanican was different. This hamlet being less remote, and far less inaccessible, than the towns in the Hackensack Valley, being, indeed, but a trifle more than two miles northward of the Dutch stronghold, there is reason for believing that the news of the surrender of Fort Amsterdam to the English, on the 8th of September, 1664, penetrated thither within a comparatively short period after the gloomy event occurred. Indeed—while there is no speaking with absolute precision in this matter—I can assert confidently that within but a trifle more than half a century after the change of rulers had taken place the inhabitants of this settlement were acquainted with what had occurred: as is proved by an existing land conveyance, dated 1721, in which the use of the phrase "the Bossen Bouerie, alias Greenwich," shows not only that the advent of the English was known there, but that already the new-comers had so wedged themselves into prominence as to begin their mischievous obliteration of the good old Dutch names.

For a long while I cherished the belief that the name of Greenwich had been given to the Bossen Bouerie by a gallant sailor who for a time made that region his home: Captain Peter Warren of the Royal Navy—who died Sir Peter Warren, K.B., and a Vice-Admiral of the Red Squadron, and whose final honor was a tomb in the Abbey in the company of other heroes and of various kings. Applied by a British sailor to his home ashore, there was an absolute fitness in the name; and it had precisely a parallel in the bestowal of the name of Chelsea upon the adjoining estate by a soldier, Colonel Clarke. But

a considerate survey of the facts has compelled me, though very reluctantly, to abandon this pleasingly poetical hypothesis. I am inclined to believe that the name Greenwich was in use as early as the year 1711, at which time Peter Warren was a bog-trotting Irish lad of only eight years old; and it certainly was in use, as is proved by the land conveyance cited above, as early as the year 1721, at which time my gentleman was but a sea-lieutenant, and had not (so far as I can discover) laid eyes on America at all.

Admiral Sir Peter Warren was a dashing personage in his day and generation, but his glory was won in what now are wellnigh forgotten wars. Irish by birth, and with as fine a natural disposition for fighting as ever an Irishman was blessed with, he worked his way up in the service with so handsome a rapidity that he was gazetted a post-captain, and to the command of his Majesty's ship *Grafton*, when he was only twenty-four years old—and his very first service after being posted was in the fleet with which Sir Charles Wager knocked the Rock of Gibraltar loose from the rest of the Spanish possessions, and thereafter, with more rigor than righteousness, annexed it to the dominions of the British Crown.

This was in the year 1727. In the year 1728 Captain Warren was on the American station in the *Solebay*, frigate; probably was here again in 1737; and certainly was here from about 1741 until 1746 in the *Squirrel*, sloop, the *Launceston*, frigate and the 60-gun ship *Superbe*. In the spring of 1744 Sir Chaloner Ogle left him for a while commodore of a squadron of sixteen sail on the Leeward Island station—where his luck so well stood by him that off Martinique, in but little more than four months (February 12—June 24) he captured no less than twenty-four prizes: one of which was a register ship whereof the lading of plate was valued at £250,000!

Most of these prizes were sent into New York to be condemned; and "Messieurs Stephen Le Lancey & Company" (as appears from an advertisement in *The Weekly Post Boy* for June 30, 1744) acted as the agents of Captain Warren in the sale of his French and Spanish swag. Naturally, the good bargains to our merchants which came of his dashing performances made him vastly popular here. After his brilliant cruise he returned to New York that the *Launceston* might "go upon the careen;" and when he had refitted and was about to get to sea again the *Post Boy* (August 27) gave him this fine send-off: "His Majesty's ship *Launceston*, commanded by the brave Commodore Warren (whose absence old Oceanus seems to lament), being now sufficiently repaired, will sail in a few days in order once more to pay some of his Majesty's enemies a Visit.

"The sails are spread; see the bold warrior comes
To chase the French and interloping Dons!"

I have revived for a moment the personality of this gallant gentleman because the village of Greenwich, while not named by him, had its rise on one of the estates which he purchased with his winnings at sea.

Thomas A. Janvier

The Song of the Egg

I ONCE knew a man
A very manly man,
A man with a future,
It was said.
While still at his education,
He evolved a fascination—
A peculiar fascination
For the study and the raising
The exploiting and the praising,
By a great combination—
A colossal combination
Of the chicken and the egg.

And all that he would shout
Was egg, egg, egg!
Will you have 'em fresh or stale,
By the gross or by the pail?
We guarantee 'em just as stated.
Laid the very day they're dated.
And with ardor unabated,
He continues yelling egg!

He sold 'em scrambled, boiled or baked,
Square or round, flat, spun or flaked
Canned or bottled, charged or still,
Powdered, loose or as a pill
Sold the yoke and sold the white
Unrelenting day or night.
Anyway at all he sold 'em,
Dry and flat so you could fold 'em,
Deckel edged or mixed with ham
Bacon, Barle duc or jam;
Shaped 'em up to look like fishes,
Colored 'em to match your dishes,
Anyway to suit your wishes.

Well, this giant combination,
This colossal combination
Slowly forced this healthy nation
To a state of desolation
To a grotesque malformation
Till at length up rose the masses,
The down-trodden, hungry masses
And with curses duller deep,
Slowly and at night they creep
To his house and find him snipping
Snipping, snipping, deftly snipping coupons
With a big hay chopper,
And they thought it quite improper
So they up and killed this magnate,
Killed and left him there to stagnate,
Pity now this poor man's fate!

Epilogue

ON the stone above his grave
Is neatly carved by some bright knave,
He the world this motto gave:
"Every man his egg."

Tom Sleeper

Four Dollars and Ninety-five Cents

By *Guido Bruno*

IT was on the night of the big snow storm. I stood at the ticket office of the elevated station. I was freezing miserably. Between the torn sole of my right shoe and my foot I had forced the cover of a tin can for protection from the icy pavements of the street.

I wanted to purchase a ticket for my nickel. I had to wait at the gate. A woman in front of me had pushed a five dollar bill through the wicket. She waited for her change. She received four bills and ninety-five cents in small change. Without recounting, she slipped the money into her black plush handbag.

I was traveling to the room of a friend of mine—one of the few I knew in the big city. I had promised to repay him a dollar that day.

I wasn't able to meet my obligation, but I hoped to borrow twenty-five cents more to secure a bed for the night.

"Would I find him at home? What if he should have moved, since I last visited him or what if he should have nothing himself?"

The lady of the five dollar bill sat opposite me. The plush hand-bag hung from her wrist by its gold chain. In it was the money I had seen passed through the wicket in change for her bill.

"Supposing I had the money!" I thought to myself. "What if she should drop the purse upon the seat by some chance and leave the train? No one would notice it and she would forget the bag. I would then move hurriedly to her seat, get it and leave the train instantly. No one would know! I would throw the bag away and have the money.

"All that money!"

"The four bills and the change! It would all be mine!

"I could buy shoes—warm shoes with solid soles to protect me from the snow and ice!"

"I could rent a room and pay a week's rent in advance.

"And I could get some warm food!"

"Fourteenth Street!"

It was my station. I had to leave the train. I descended the stairs and was again in the wind-swept street. The thin sole in my shoe was colder than before. The swirl of snow, like rain of sharp pebbles, cut my face more keenly. I hurried.

Again I saw the black plush purse! The woman was walk-

ing right ahead of me in the crowd. Two fingers of her right hand held the hand-bag. The other two clasped the loop of her big white muff. She walked briskly and swung her arm rhythmically back and forth.

My eyes were fixed upon the bag. The woman was not going in the direction I wanted to go. I was following her like a child. I knew not why.

"Warm shoes! . . . A room! . . . A bed . . . Something hot to eat! . . ."

A peculiar feeling overcame me: I must have the purse—the money!

I would follow the woman . . . I would approach her stealthily from behind . . . I would snatch the lightly-held bag from her fingers . . . and I would run as fast as I could into the safety of some dark alley!

I was very close to her. I would count—"One . . . Two . . .," and at "Three" I would do it!

"One! . . . Two . . ."

A gloved hand shot out from one side just in front of me and seized the purse.

The woman screamed . . . The prize was gone! I had been cheated.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" I shouted.

A red mist clouded my eyes. All my hopes had vanished. He had stolen my property. I dashed after the man. I overtook him. I knew not what I was doing. I flung myself upon him, seized the collar of his overcoat, tore the purse from his hand and I shouted madly:

"You dirty dog! You miserable thief!"

I shook him. I wanted to tear him to shreds. I wanted to hurl him to the ground and crush him with my feet.

A crowd had gathered. The woman with the big muff stood beside me. She took her purse from my hand. She said something to a policeman. I had not seen him before. He loosened my grip from the man's collar and took charge of him.

Now I realized what I had done.

"It is too late!" shouted something within me. "What a fool I was! Why didn't I run away after I had gotten the purse?"

The woman's voice sounded as from a distance.

"Thanks! Many thanks!" she was saying. "How kind of you to have saved my bag. It contained baby's first tooth! And if I lost that . . ."

"But you poor man!" she resumed. "No overcoat in such cold weather? Here take this money!" (She handed me the four dollars and ninety-five cents).

Kindly smiling she hailed a taxicab from a nearby hotel. She waved to me once more and was driven away.

The big policeman hustled his prisoner to the station.

And I stood there at the corner and laughed and laughed and laughed.

Among Our Aristocrats

Greenwich Village, a la Town Topics

A TWELFTH NIGHT cake tipping the scales at a hundred pounds and made of the richest material will be one of the novelties of the holiday season, at the Sunday Kindergarten Twelfth Night Party, at Arlington Hall, East Eighth Street, on the afternoon of Jan. 6th, which is "Little Christmas." This unique festival for tenement house children, to which some of our little Italians back of Washington Square South will be bidden as special guests, combines features of both the Italian Befana, and an old-English Twelfth Night. The cake is made from the following recipe: 103 eggs, 60 lbs. Malaga raisins, 24 lbs. Sultana raisins, 24 lbs. citron, 15 lbs. currants, 9 lbs. flour, 9 lbs. butter, 9 lbs. granulated sugar, 3 quarts molasses, 9 ounces ground cloves, 9 ounces ground ginger, 9 ounces ground cinnamon, 1½ ounces mace, three quarters of a gallon of brandy and a bottle of wine. This recipe, copied from the Newport novel, "The Decadents", was originally that of Etienne, of Marietta Villa, Newport, the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, the society leader's somewhat noted French pastry cook. This mammoth Twelfth Night cake in keeping with both Italian and good old-English precedent, has angels, Italian beans and a gold ring deposited in the lower stratum of its saccharine pyramid and is partaken in common by the denizens of Fifth Avenue and the lower East Side. The angels and Italian beans imbedded in the lower section of the pyramid derive their potency from the Italian Befana and are to ward off witches. Twelve candles scintillating from the star with halo, the emblem of the festival, will shine on the apex of the pyramidal Twelfth Night cake.

The little king of the Twelfth Night, Master Jimmy Fiori, will come over from Brooklyn, heading a cavalcade of juvenile art-history students—mostly young Italian girls who live between the old Brooklyn Bridge and the new Manhattan Bridge—"the place where nobody cares to live." The king will also be attended by a band of choristers, Italian working-girls from the Sunday Kindergarten free school of Italian singing, who will carol Adolphe Adams Noel's, "Oh Holy Night," the most popular Christmas melody ever written, and translated into the most languages. The king will be robed in a velvet court costume of Tyrian royal purple and wear a magnificent crown. Tiffany is making a star with halo badge, expressly for the king, of gold and silver and green enamel.

The little Twelfth Night queen, Sylvia Nei, a pretty little Italian girl from 172 Worth Street, in the Mulberry Bend quarter of the City, is to be the recipient of a special token, for Count Arnaldo Cassella Tamburini, of Florence, Italy, court painter to the king of Italy is painting for her a pastel portrait of Queen Helena. And the oldest ring makers in America, the J. B. Bowden Company, designing a ring for the little queen.

Mrs. George P. Lawton, of No. 14 East 60th Street, a niece of the late Mrs. Leland Stanford, personally presents each year a choice book to the king and queen. Presents there are of gold rings, perfumes, etc., for others of the prize pupils, emblematic of the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh of the Magi, on the Great Epiphany. The myrrh, which typifies bitterness, is probably the portion of those of the children who in the vernacular of the lower East Side, get "left" at the festival and there are always a few of those at the best-planned fete.

Henry Clews, the banker is to give a few words of welcome to the children and William Lanier Washington is to give his version of the story of George Washington and the hatchet. Each child as it leaves the hall, after receiving a slice of the mammoth Twelfth Night cake, is presented with a pretty Twelfth Night candlestick of imported make with a candle, and a satin-striped Parisian candy bag decorated with artificial flowers. Nothing similar to these flower-laden candy bags is ever seen at any other metropolitan fete. Mrs. Edward N. Breitung, a very rich and fashionable society woman from up-town, known as "The Madonna of the Arts" will also come bringing special gifts for the choristers of the free school of Italian singing. Among others interested in the work of the Sunday Kindergarten Association are Mrs. John R. Drexel, Prince Giovanni del Drago, Mrs. Henry L. Burnett, C. W. de Lyon Nicholls, Countess Tamburini, Mrs. Charles M. Oelrichs and George J. Gould.

In Our Village

SHORT-LIVED are the glories of this world, and the Christmas tree which was hung with glittering gold and silver, by loving hands, only a few days ago, is lying today in the back yard or in the alley, stripped of its regalia—a prey to the garbage-man. If you found it interesting to watch during the holiday week the front entrances of our mansions, if you noted the shining windows, the clean washed window sills, the newly-painted iron gates; if you saw messenger boys with promising-looking packages disappear and come out empty-handed, and distinguished delivery wagons with chauffeur and footmen in livery bringing parcels from exclusive Fifth Avenue shops, now after the holiday week is over take a walk to the other side of the house, to the back entrance and there you will see the sad remnants of all those glorious things: flowers—messengers of love and of admiration—crumpled up, dried, together with boxes which contained necessities and luxuries, holly wreaths deprived of their ribbons: peacefully do they await the arrival of that ominous hearse furnished by the street-cleaning department, and forth they go to the mysterious somewhere, the ultimate destination of our own journey.

And then there is New Year's. Resolutions, new hopes, new stimuli, new ambitions, quiet counsel with ourselves, new policies toward friends and toward life we get accus-

tomed to the change of the date line on the head of our letters, the new will grow old and after this first week of the first month of the new year shall have passed we will find that we are what we are, just our own selves; that our life is a long stretch of time with two radically important events—our birth and our death. And all that lies between these two dates which give us to the world and take us from the world is just life. Traditions and conventions parcel it off into years and days. The system of the planets provides us with night and light and we permit others—some of whom are dead and gone and some of whom are contemporaries—to fill in our days with events, and we sleep in the night.

But if we set aside everything and all and look back to the date of our birth and after we have found ourselves and picked together all that which really makes our own self and then we look forward and search for the date of our death veiled by the good gods so that worry and regret at leaving this wonderful world may not spoil the joyous moments of today: we fail to see new years standing out like hurdles dividing the track to the infinite into shorter and longer paces, into hard and thornless paths.

It is one long joyous journey, one road of happiness . . . and all you have to do is to travel it just by yourself, not depending on time tables of conveyances, not depending upon mechanical devices others impose upon you: but just you yourself with head high up to the clouds who passing will greet you; with expanded chest inhale the glorious air of a universe that's yours, which is yours because you take possession of it.

Every new moment of your life a new year: in your own world.

Heloise DeForest Haynes arranges on New Year's eve, in "The Wardrobe," on East Tenth Street, a fashion fete, which will be a take-off on Vogue's fashion fete. The grotesqueness of our days' fashions will be made apparent to our evidently grotesque eyes by super-grotesque costumes. Admission by subscription. The receipts are intended for an old ladies' home.

A new shop is added to the Greenwich Village colony of individual shop keepers. It is Alice Palmer's venture into would-be commercialism in her "Sunflower Shop," at 80 Washington Square East. Mrs. Palmer is a writer known through her connections with "The Smart Set" and through her children's books. "A few objects well displayed. What a guiding principle for a small shop!" is the guiding motto of the writer sunflower shop keeper. Why sunflower?—because the sunflower has a double meaning for her. She has made the flaunting yellow of the sunflower the key note of her decoration. The gloom of the usual shop is cast off for an atmosphere of light and life. Also like the sunflower the objects she displays and parts with in exchange for legal tender are not aristocratic in price. They are mostly inexpensive bits collected by Mrs. Palmer from the store-houses of China and Persia.

The Reverend and Mrs. Sheridan Watson Bell have every Sunday afternoon very interesting gatherings in the parish house of their church, the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church. Literary men, musicians and artists give informal talks on subjects of interest. These afternoons will be continued in the new year.

Bruno's Garret

Miss Karasz' exhibition has aroused interest in the widest circles, and especially her manuscript illuminations are pointed out as unique among the art creations of our day. Her exhibition will continue until January 7th.

Mr. H. Thompson Rich will read, on Monday, the 3rd of January, at eight o'clock in the evening, a selection of his war poems, published and unpublished. You are welcome to be present. Admission fees are not charged.

Diamond Disc Shop

A popular place is the Diamond Disc Shop, on the corner of Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, where one can hear music in that cosy little place in white and green, on short order—classical or ragtime or opera arias by some eminent star, or an American song by a newly-discovered American composer sung by a newly-discovered artist. It doesn't take long to get the disc out of the shelf and to place it on the instrument. Drop in some time, if you are in the neighborhood. You will like the do-as-you-please atmosphere of the shop.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

THE first performance in the Little Thimble Theatre will take place on Thursday, January 6th. The program will include a selection of difficult classical music played for the first time, by Mr. Max Kneznik, on the balaleika, in this country. The balaleika is a Russian national instrument, used by farmers and country population, with only two strings, and hitherto was thought adapted only for folk music. Mr. Kneznik will play the "Moments Musicales," by Schubert and Winianewsky Mazurka's "Song of the Voga Botman."

Miss Kathleen Burns, daughter of William J. Burns, the detective, will appear for the first time before a public audience and will sing Thayer's "My Laddie" and a few Irish ballads. Miss Burns loves Irish music, and especially the old folk songs, of which she has made a special study.

Books and Magazines of the Week

The Edison Monthly

Very interesting historical articles appear in almost every issue, for the past months, of "The Edison Monthly," the house organ of the New York Edison Company. The Christmas number brings a historical account of the Washington Market

of one hundred years ago and of today. The description of the Washington Market of one hundred years ago is taken from a history of the place, written in 1858 by Thomas De Voe, a butcher in the market who in that year completed the forty-fifth year of his activities in the Washington Market, which he had helped to establish.

"The Town Market, an institution brought to the New World by the Dutch settlers, prevailed in New York City until the year 1841. The first was held in the open space before the fort in 1659. Here the farmers and butchers met one day a week. Another old institution was that at the foot of the present Maiden Lane. This was the Fly Market, so called by the English, who found it difficult to pronounce the Dutch *Vlie* for Valley. This market, established in 1699, was in existence for more than one hundred years and figured in the history of the colony perhaps more than any other. The Oswego Market, opened in 1738 at Broadway and Maiden Lane, lasted only about thirty years. It attracted so much business to the neighborhood that Broadway traffic was obstructed and finally, in response to public demand, another market was opened at the foot of Fulton Street on the Hudson River. This was in 1771 and the name Bear Market was due to the fact that the first meat sold was a steak from a bear, shot at the water's edge. Such was the predecessor and the beginning of the present Washington Market, which was established on the same site in 1813.

"It requires a vivid imagination to fill the gaps in a word picture of the market as it stood a hundred years ago. Farmers drove down from Greenwich or the remote villages of Harlem and Yorkville or came over in their sloops from Long Island and Jersey. Beef arrived on the hoof, and following the purchase of cattle that had attracted considerable attention on its arrival, the butcher announced the date of sale. The slaughter houses were way out beyond the city limits—in the neighborhood of what is now Chinatown. What is believed to be the first shipment of Western beef was received in New York in 1817. The cattle came from Ohio, and, as this was in the days before stock cars, they made the journey afoot.

"There were one hundred head in the drove and, according to a local paper, they appeared "as fresh as if just taken off of our Long Island farms." They netted the drover \$12.50 a hundred weight.

"Until about 1830 the Washington and Fulton Street corner was set aside for the Jersey Butcherwomen who, dressed in linsey-woolsey short gowns, offered dairy products—butter, pot-cheese, curds and buttermilk. The Dutch farmers confined their activities chiefly to farm produce, although many of the men brought butter to market, for at three shillings and three shillings sixpence it was a decidedly profitable article."

Der Sturm

The current issue of "Der Sturm" arrived safely after a complicated voyage to Holland, bringing the sad news of the

death of Paul Scherbaart, the poet and writer. Herwarth Walden honors the memory of his friend and co-editor as follows:

"You are one of the real big artists because you are timeless. While the artists of your time occupied themselves lovingly with their Earth, you stood on the other side of Love and Earth, reaching out for the world."

Much Ado and Shop-lifting

I wonder why gentleman Harry Turner, editor of "Much Ado," the St. Louis fortnightly that carries Shakespeare on its front cover and a beer ad on its back cover, doesn't have the decency to give credit to artist, writer, poet and to the shop itself, for three pictures, five articles and a long poem he lifted from "Greenwich Village" and Bruno's Weekly to make his Christmas issue look like a magazine.

The Little Review

Another of the magazines edited by a woman is "The Little Review," the literary messenger of the Middle West. Miss Anderson dropped into my garret some time ago while on a trip to the East. And she is not a bit didactic, and she doesn't look at all like the one you imagine her to be, reading her inspired editorials against the present order of things and the prevailing conditions of the human society. She is a real nice girl.

In the Orchestra

Esther Griffin White, editor of "The Little Paper" in Richmond, Indiana—she who writes inflamed editorials against political corruption—came forth with a little volume of sonnets. She is quite a different woman in the pages of her book, "In the Orchestra," which was written during her activities as music editor of a daily paper. In the introductory remarks she apologises that their composition was not given special care but that they were done in the haste and hurry of producing "copy."

Really, it doesn't mean much what we wear, so long as we are otherwise all right. And therefore, even if the sonnets of Miss White walk on limping feet, here and there, it is just a matter of appearance. Her thoughts are good and there is a certain rhythm to her language which makes it very sympathetic. The little volume is illustrated by Miss Florence Fox. The vignettes are charming nudes who seem to know that they are illustrating music.

Schroeder's Liberty

Theodore Schroeder wrote another of his interesting pamphlets, "Liberty Through Personal Service."

"As your development approaches the stage where you desire and can approximately live the impersonal life, you will see all yet overlook all; being without blinding special friendships you will yet be the friend of all; without doing personal charity to any, you will cheerfully devote your whole life to the im-

personal service of all; while looking with like emotional indifference and desire for understanding, upon the compliments or condemnations of fools or knaves, of friends or enemies you can ignore the fellowship-claim of the infantile pharisee and yet extend your fellowship to him."

The Phoenix

Michael Monahan's leading article in the January issue of his magazine is "Jack London: Master." It is a praise and review of Jack London's "The Star Rover," published in England as "The Jacket."



Bonka Karaz

Vanitas Vanitatum Vanitas!

To Clara Tice

(With genuflections to G. G., who discovered the rhyme: "Tice—nice.")

I've a hunch, dear Clara Tice,
That you must be very nice;
Else why draw yourself so poor—
Modest in "caric a choor"?
And your "Varna" dog—why that
Seems a cross twixt wolf and rat.
Please do take G. G.'s advice . . .
And draw us something nice.

W. T. R.

Passing Paris

Paris, December 1st.

OUR soldiers' indemnity has been raised from one sou to five sous per day. Those at the front may manage with this as their needs are small and opportunities for spending limited; but for those at the rear it is a mockery. Such is the consequence of conscription, the costs of which the State cannot meet. When called upon to serve, every man in the country is expected to possess an independent income on which to draw for his keep. Many men are now drawing upon their capital. To say that a soldier is adequately provided for is a vain boast; he is just housed, fed in a manner suitable only to men in the best of health, and but roughly equipped. The State thinks it does well by him in providing him with tobacco and free postage, privileges by which all men do not profit equally. But the treatment strikes the French, so little as unfair that they still wonder at the superior advantages of the English soldiers, all of which proves that Governments exploit the public as far as it will stand and entirely with its consent—passive, perhaps, but consent nevertheless.

I have spoken much and often in these columns of writers and their activities during the war, to the neglect of the artist-body. There is a reason for this apparent omission. Such call as is made upon the arts of form and colour seems more than ever to favour the vulgarest. The others are scarcely given a chance. That sentiments of patriotism, the glorification of heroism, and scenes of destruction can be illustrated nobly has been proved by Paul Iribe's idealistic and Masereel's realistic interpretations. But official influence is all powerful just now, and, as the late Jean Dolent, Carriere's friend, said: "Official art has this peculiarity, that it is not art." The orders go, therefore, to those who are official if not artists, and particularly to those specialists who labelled themselves "military painters," even when they were less in demand. Every painter, evidently, has his day. Some are attached to the General Staff and follow operations safely ambushed in State-provided motors.

There is not a single modern man of the brush who can render cavalry. M. Dunoyer de Segonzac, who knows the beauty of soldiery, will perhaps give us something in that line one day, if he is spared. Meanwhile he is exercising his ingenuity in the *camouflage* department, the equivalent English term for which I regret I do not happen to know. The work consists in contrivances of deception, such as mock-scenery for hiding artillery, aviation-camps, etc.

Among the cartoonists Forain continues busy. *Le Mot* has, after a lingering agony, come to an end; it was too good for this world. Steinlen wears the best because he is so entirely free from tricks and mannerisms. Bernard Naudin, though mobilised, has, as was to be expected, found time to prove that his pen is well suited to scenes associated with warfare and its sufferings; and Poulbot's merit does not decrease as his vogue increases.

Muriel Ciolkowska

Extract from a letter to "The Egoist," London.

Maude: A Memory

By *Guido Bruno*

(Continued from last issue)

"Mistaken! I was mistaken, Kenneth. Mistaken like years ago. But it is more dreadful because I have waited so long and I thought I had found at last just the one that was made for me in the beginning. Did you know that I have been in Michigan? I had to go to a little city. There was no railroad connection and I had to take the boat. I went down in the morning. It was a rainy, ugly day. I had to drive for miles over muddy, sad-looking roads and I was glad when I returned to the pier at an earlier hour than I expected. It was on a Sunday. Thousands of men and women had spent the day far from their small and sticky dwellings in Chicago and were tired after the day of excitement. They were ready to go back to their work and face the struggle for daily bread anew and count the days until the next Sunday holiday which they were planning. I had boarded the boat with hundreds of them. They were dining in the dining-room and sitting in the parlors and occupying the chairs on the decks. I hate large gatherings of people belonging to different classes and callings in life. I felt alone and unhappy and wished to be somewhere where I would be spared listening to their chatter, their laughing and the distasteful familiarity of young men and young women who thought that they loved one another.

"So I went up on the top deck. The wind was blowing, the outline of the little place where I got aboard was vanishing with every turn of the wheel. It was in the late afternoon and the sun had draped himself in his night attire, with those beautiful rays, purple and yellow, which makes such a saddening picture and moves the lonely man to think of the vanity of the world—if he only cares to concentrate his mind and think.

"I was standing on the boat near the captain's bridge and I was looking at those gray, placid waves and the sun which was soon to disappear; and I could not account for that tired, lonely feeling which came over me. My eyes ached looking at the sun-ball. I turned around to look for a quiet place where I could sit and await our arrival in Chicago. A young woman was standing opposite me. Our eyes met.

"Then—I do not remember exactly—but there was something I did for her. I think I offered her a chair, something of the kind. Some peculiar desire to be near her made me stay up there in the wind. I walked back and forth. I forgot to go down to the dining-room as I had intended to do after all the other diners had left. And finally I discovered a chair, just vacated by a stout old lady, for whom the breezes had become too cold, and I carried it near hers and sat down. Again I looked out toward the sea. The twilight had settled heavily and the pale moon could be seen if one looked long and sharply towards the grayish skies.

"I turned to her and looked her straight in the face. I looked into her big blue eyes. She gazed at me. I don't know why but I simply had to speak to her. 'My name is Courtland,' I said. 'Wont you please talk to me? Tell me your first name.' She did not hesitate a second. A very quiet melodious voice said, 'I am Maude. Why are you here on this steamer?'

"And we talked, and we talked until the darkness had settled. It was night. A million stars, clearly shining, glittering, hiding themselves behind clouds, and appearing again. The moon rose higher and higher on its nightly travel. We didn't know that all the other people who had been on deck had gone below to their staterooms. It seemed to me as if I had found the only other being besides myself occupying this world, seeing with the eyes with which I see, talking with the voice and answering in the most sympathetic voice I had ever heard in my life the thoughts that I could never have spoken in words.

"What did we talk about? About everything. About everything that ever interested me in my whole life. About my profession and about the shadow sides of my calling; about beautiful pictures and about the hurried noises that they call modern music; about her ambition, what she desired to be. She told me about the picture she wanted to paint, perhaps in years, after she had achieved what she wanted to achieve—a picture which would be so true, so pure and so beautiful that a mother would put it in the trunk of her departing daughter, the lover give it to his bride as the most precious gift and the bad man, should he stop and glance at it, would stop and look again and remember his mother; a picture which would be reproduced in millions of copies to be hung in the homes of the wealthy and in the small huts of the poor and in the cell of the man who serves a life sentence.

"And I told her about myself and about my connections with the world; how I was disappointed in everything which I had done for my own sake and successful in all those things I undertook in the interest of others. All loneliness was gone.

(To be continued).

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No. 2

JANUARY 8th, MCMXVI

Vol. II

Civilization

So then, to-morrow I will get up as usual—the same as yesterday, the day before . . .

And I will plod to my place at the bench that I may paste labels on tomato cans until dark . . . afterwards returning to a cold radiator, a few slices of bologna and an unmade bed.

World without end—

Amen.

Tom Sleeper

Greenwich Village of Yore

III. Peter Warren's Country-Place

FLYING his flag aboard the *Launceston*, commanding on the station, and making such a brave show with his captured ships, Captain—by courtesy Commodore—Warren cut a prodigiously fine figure here in New York about the year of grace 1744; so fine, indeed, that never a man in the whole Province could be compared with him in dignity save only the Governor himself. And under these brilliant circumstances it is not at all surprising that pretty Mistress Susannah De Lancey was quite ready to complete his tale of "Irishman's luck" by giving him in her own sweet person an heiress for a wife; nor that her excellent father—who already must have made a pot of money out of this most promising son-in-law—was more than ready to give his consent to the match. It was about the time of the Commodore's marriage, probably, that he bought his Greenwich farm—a property of not far from three hundred acres; which was a little increased, later, by a gift of land voted to him by the city in recognition of his achievement at Louisburg in 1745.

Pending the building of his country-seat, and probably also as a winter residence, Captain Warren occupied the Jay house near the lower end of Broadway. One of the historians of New York, falling violently afoul another historian of New York, has asserted hotly that Captain Warren built and lived in the house, known as the Kennedy house, which long occupied the site No. 1 Broadway. Heaven forbid that I should venture to thrust my gossiping nose (if so bold a metaphor may be tolerated) into this archeological wrangle; but, with submission, it is necessary for my present purposes to assert positively that Captain Warren had no more to do with the building of the Kennedy house than he had to do with the casting down of

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the walls of Jericho. In the English Records, under date of May, 1745, is this entry: "Ordered: That a straight line be drawn from the south corner of the house of Mr. Augustus Jay, now in the occupation of Peter Warren, Esquire, to the north corner of the house of Archibald Kennedy, fronting the Bowling Green in Broadway, and that Mr. William Smith, who is now about to build a house (and all other persons who shall build between the two houses) lay their foundations and build conformably to the aforesaid line." This record, I concieve, fixes definitely Captain Warren's down-town residence, and also sufficiently confirms the accepted genesis of the Kennedy house.

Concerning the country-seat at Greenwich even the historians have not very materially disagreed. It was built by Captain Warren on a scale of elegance appropriate to one who had only to drop across to the Leeward Islands and pick up a Spanish plate ship, or a few French West-Indiamen, in order to satisfy any bills which the carpenters and masons might send in; and the establishment seems to have been maintained upon a footing of liberality in keeping with this easy way of securing a revenue. The house stood about three hundred yards back from the river, on ground which fell away in a gentle slope toward the water-side. The main entrance was from the east; and at the rear—on the level of the drawing-room and a dozen feet or so above the sloping hill-side—was a broad veranda commanding the view westward to the Jersey Highlands and southward down to bay clear to the Staten Island hills. I like to fancy my round little captain seated upon this veranda of placid summer afternoons, smoking a comforting pipe after his mid-day dinner, and taking with it, perhaps, as sea-faring gentlemen often did in those days, a glass or two of substantial rum-and-water to keep everything down under hatches well stowed. With what approving eyes must he have regarded the trimly kept lawns and gardens below him, and with what eyes of affection the *Launceston*, all a-taunto, lying out in the stream! Presently, doubtless, the whiffs from his pipe came at longer and longer intervals, and at last entirely ceased—as the spirit which animated his plumply prosperous body, lulled by its soft and mellowing surroundings, sank gently into peaceful sleep. And then I fancy him, an hour or two later, wakened by Mistress Sue's playing upon the harpsichord; and his saying handsome things to her (in his rich Irish brogue) when she comes from the drawing-room to join him and they stand together—one of his stout little arms tucked snugly about her jimp waist—looking out across the gleaming river and the Elysian Fields, dark in shadow, at the glowing splendor of the sunset above the foot-hills of the Palisades.

It was in the year 1809 that Mr. Samuel Burling's highly injudicious offer to plant the principal street of New York—from Leonard Street northward to the Greenwich Lane—with poplar-trees was accepted gratefully by the corporation, "because it will be an additional beauty to Broadway, the pride

of our city;" and the outcome of that particular piece of beautifying was to make Broadway look for a great many years afterwards like a street which had escaped from a Noah's ark.

But long before anybody had even dreamed that the Broadway ever would be extended to these remote northern regions the Warren farm had passed from the possession not only of Sir Peter, but also from the possession of his three daughters—Charlotte, Anne, and Susannah—who were his sole descendants and heirs. The admiral seems to have been but little in America during the later years of his life; and after 1747—when he was elected a member of Parliament for the borough of Westminster—I find no authentic trace of him on this side of the Atlantic. But Lady Warren, while Sir Peter was spending the most of his time at sea blazing away with his cannon at the French, very naturally continued to reside near her father and brother here in New York; not until his election to Parliament, at which time he became a house-holder in London, did she join him on the other side.

Doubtless, also, consideration for her daughters—in the matter of schooling, and with a look ahead toward match-making—had much to do with her Ladyship's move. So far as match-making was concerned, the change of base enabled her to make a very fair score—two, out of a possible three. Charlotte, the eldest daughter, married Willoughby, Earl of Abingdon, and Ann, the second daughter, married Charles Fitzroy, afterward Baron Southampton: whereby is seen that real estate in New York, coupled with a substantial bank account, gave as firm assurance of a coronet sevenscore years ago as it does to-day. Susannah, the youngest daughter, was indiscreet enough, I fear, to make a mere love-match. She married a paltry colonel of foot, one William Skinner—and presently died, as did also her husband, leaving behind her a baby Susannah to inherit her third of the chunky admiral's prize-moneys and lands.

The names of the husbands of all three of these ladies became attached to the property in New York. Skinner Road was the present Christopher Street; Fitzroy Road ran north, near the line of the present Eighth Avenue, from about the present Fourteenth Street to about the present Forty-second Street; and the Abingdon Road (called also Love Lane), almost on the line of the present Twenty-first Street, connected what now is Broadway with the Fitzroy Road and eventually was extended to the North River. The only survival of any of these names is in Abingdon Square.

The deeds for the property in the Greenwich region all begin by reciting—with the old-womanly loquacity of deeds—the facts in regard to Sir Peter's issue set forth above; and in addition tell how his estate was partitioned by a process in which the solemnity of legal procedure was mitigated by an agreeable dash of the dicing habits of the day: "In pursuance of the powers given in the said antenuptial deeds the trustees therein named, on March 31st, 1787, agreed upon a partition of the said lands, which agreement was with the approbation and consent of the

cestui que trusts, to wit: Earl and Lady Abingdon, and Charles Fitzroy and Ann his wife, the said Susannah Skinner the second not then having arrived at age. In making the partition the premises were divided into three parts on a survey made thereof and marked A, B, and C; and it was agreed that such partition should be made by each of the trustees naming a person to throw dice for and in behalf of their respective cestui que trusts, and that the person who should throw the highest number should have parcel A; the one who should throw the next highest number should have parcel B; and the one who should throw the lowest number should have parcel C—for the persons whom they respectively represented: and the premises were partitioned accordingly."

It was on the lines of the map made for this partition that Greenwich went along easily and peacefully until it was brought up with a round turn, in the year 1811, by the formation of the present City Plan.

Thomas A. Janvier

Life: A Dream

LIFE is a dream in which figures appear with all the irrelevancy of fantastic designs in ancient tapestry. Friends, figures, passing shadows of people, come and vanish. All a dream, and we sleep on.

Realities come upon us in the most unexpected angles of life, but their effect passes, swiftly retreating as dream waifs fit across the edge of our fancy. Everything as in a dream.

Faces that meant so much to us, dear faces that contained the sum and all of our existence,—once so vivid,—go into the dim twilight of purple memories. All, as in a dream.

Then shadowy thoughts are re-awakened, and in a phantasmagoria of strange events, we have again all we had lost; all that had floated away in the mists of our imagination. All, as in a dream.

Weird combinations of people and things, as startling in their arrangement as exotic pictures in clashing colours, come upon us and we are overwhelmed by the bounty of our lives which can produce such arabesques. We almost wake.

But the dream goes on; and the rush of worlds in great cycles of perfection, make no stranger sound than the quiet currents of these episodes in the circles of our lives. We never awaken.

Robert Swasey.

A Woman's Revenge

By *Guido Bruno*

THE thin shadows of the dying day groped in hungry waves into the room. Their pointed tongues reached after the color of the pictures and the glitter of the polished furniture. The bevelled edges of the mirror gleamed steel blue and reflected the moving shadows of the wall, ghostly long and distorted.

A table with bric-a-brac seemed a miniature graveyard with tombstones and monuments and hovering clouds above. The slender pine trees out of the window and the dark heavens with the yellow shimmer of the departing sun, suggested a fantastic painting by some Japanese artist.

She stood at the window. She pressed her forehead against the glass till it became clouded from her breath and she looked at the sky. She observed how the deep yellow of the farthest horizon changed into a violet gray, how it was losing constantly its color; how the oncoming darkness defined itself; and the clear deep blue of the heavens stood out creating for the constellations a fabulous Oriental background . . . And the evening star blazed up and sparkled like a solitary diamond in the black hair of a beautiful woman. She observed hurrying mists like zealous couriers rushing hither and thither, and she waited until a great misshapen cloud that had completely covered the entire picture swept away and was gone.

She listened to the murmuring voices of the physicians in the next room where her husband lay dying. She felt that they were consulting together how to break the truth to her as gently as possible. The little watch in her girdle ticked on and the beat of each second meant to her a step nearer the realization of her one desire—nearer the moment for which she had been longing a lifetime.

Often at night, lying in bed, she had folded her hands like a pious child and had prayed: "Dear God! Let me be with him in his last hour and let me reckon with him!"

It had happened just as she had imagined it would in her tormenting dreams. He lay in the next room wounded to death by one of the many husbands that he had betrayed. And again she folded her hands and prayed: "Let me reckon with him, Oh Lord! Don't let him die without my telling everything! Let me tell him how I hate him!"

"I hate him, I hate him," thrilled every nerve of her excited brain. Her ears listened enviously for the sound of steps in the next room and her eyes were fixed on the door knob which would turn before they could come out. Would she be able to speak to him—to the man that had destroyed her body, that had tormented her soul, that in every act of his life had offended her. Would he regain consciousness if only for a little while? Yes! Yes! . . . He must! It would be too terrible; she had waited a lifetime for just this moment. She knew what she was going to say. In many

sleepless nights she had rehearsed it; like a part in a play she had repeated it over and over again. And she hated him! A thousand times more than she had ever loved him. And how she had loved him!

She was ashamed of this love and her hate and the consciousness of her rejected devotion mounted to fury.

The physicians had pressed her hand, had spoken to her in a quiet, professional way. The door stood open. She crossed the threshold. She closed the door behind her. She thrust the portieres aside.

The clear light of the five-branched chandelier flooded peacefully over the white bed. The Smyrna carpet that served as a plumeau softened the severity of the linen sheet.

The long, high-bred fingers of his blue-veined hands played with the knotted fringe of the rug. He raised his head from the pillow; she saw how he tried to hide the signs of acute suffering. He even forced himself to smile and nodded to her. "Come! Come nearer to me," he breathed, scarcely audibly.

He was conscious!

She could speak! The lines about his eyes that had always fascinated her were more strongly marked than ever. He was very handsome. She looked away, up to the white ceiling.

"For the others he had had love. For her indifferent aloofness, polite rejection"

She stepped nearer to the bed. She did not see the hand extended to her. She looked him straight in the eyes.

He drew back as the helpless one does when he gazes in the eyes of his merciless, determined murderer.

(To be continued).

In Our Village

IT sounds more like a tale of something that might have happened some time in another age, somewhere—but surely far remote from America—this story of Capt. George Edward Hall, who painted Abraham Lincoln from life, who gave up his art for the sake of a woman who had married him upon this condition. Who went through the years of excitement during the War of Secession, as soldier and officer, who was a pioneer of California—the father of orchards—in that part of the country which he had chosen for his home, and who finally in the evening of his life, resumed the ambitions of his youth and became again a painter.

Half a century ago he had been in Greenwich Village and now an old man, almost eighty years of age, with snow-white hair and venerable beard, but unhampered in vigor and enthusiasm he came back; and his paintings, marvelous creations from out there where he tilled the soil, where he felt one with the bigness of God's own country, will be on exhibition in Bruno's Garret on Washington Square.

Only once in my life have I felt similarly looking at works of art. It was on the day that I viewed for the first time

paintings by Cesanne. There is something strange to my eye on his canvases. It seems realer and realer the longer we look at it. It seems to live, all at once, and if we turn and walk out into life, the things on the street seem different, they seem realer than ever before.

Captain Hall painted several portraits of Lincoln as he knew him, after sketches made years and years ago from life. There is a portrait of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother. There are marine scenes and sunsets, and then his forests, the trees he loved so much and the house which he built with his own hands from trees he had chopped down himself. Captain Hall's exhibition comprises twenty paintings which will be on view from January 10th, until January 24th.

Sadakichi Hartmann will shortly make an appearance in Greenwich Village and will read two of his dramas on January 18th, and January 19th, in Bruno's Garret. He will read his "Christ," on January 18th, and his "Buddha," on January 19th. Both plays created great sensation in the early '90s, and it was mostly due to the persecution to which Sadakichi was exposed after publishing "Christ." That he did not have a universal success prophesied his talent and genius. There are only fifty seats reserved for each of these readings and those who desire to hear Sadakichi are advised to communicate, at their earliest convenience, with Bruno's Garret.

The first exhibition of "The Eclectics," a group of sculptors and painters of Greenwich Village, is on view at present at the Folsom Galleries. Marie Apel, she who did the Astor baby in bronze and a good bust of Sadakichi, is represented with some of her late work and most assuredly her best work.

Kirk Towns, of Dallas, Texas, and formerly of Chicago, spent the Christmas holidays in New York, and the greater part of his time in the Village. Mr. Towns, who is the best-known baritone in the West, was one of the victims at a certain New Year's Evening party which had been supposed to be a fancy dress ball, and was not in reality. Was it a joke or was it a misunderstanding of some sort?—but this is what happened: two women and three men—and Kirk Towns was one of them—were, all New Year's day, feverishly engaged in finishing some costumes designed by Clara Tice, and succeeded in getting them ready just in time to be a little bit late at the fancy dress ball.

Well, it wasn't. It was a very correct reception, and it was a rather delicate situation: the small fancy dressed party among old ladies and gentlemen and some young ones too, who had come to attend a social function.

Edison To American Musicians

THREE surely must be among the thousands of musicians in New York—and it is safe to say hundreds of thousands in the United States—men who are taking the old masters of the world for fundamental knowledge and worshipful reverie but feel the throbbing life around them—who feel its music, its tragedy, its romance, and who are endeavoring to express themselves through their medium: music. The far West, the Bad Lands, the deserts, that wonderful quiet and peace, the grandeur of Nature, the solitude of a man, a lone traveler; then again the buzzing life of the busy industrious city. Shouldn't the noises, the roaring and the moaning which fill the air of our cities impress the creative genius of a musician, shouldn't all that that is distinctively American call forth an echo in the soul of the artist? There surely must be American music, right at this moment. It only has not had a chance to find its way to its right possessor: the American public.

The Little Thimble Theatre invites every American composer and musician to take advantage of its opportunities. Everybody will be considered equally seriously.

The Little Thimble Theatre does not endeavor to produce masterpieces or to detect geniuses, in other words, to create sensational successes. The artist is equally free to step before the public, as the people—his audience—are free to come and to like or to dislike. To have an audience must be the most cherished desire of every artist, and he who takes his art seriously will welcome his audience as his critics. Because there is no admission fee charged and everybody welcome as long as there are seats and standing capacity, the audience is comprised of a combination of people who resemble truly the American people at large to whom every artist wishes to appeal finally.

Passing Paris

Paris, December 1st.

GENERAL GALLIENI, our new Minister of War, chases after such citizens as may still be "embuscaded," like a terrier after rats. He is supported in his zeal by those people who in their claim for justice may commit many injustices and who call what is really, perhaps, envy and revenge by that mock term which is served up to all purposes: "equality." Many a delicate young constitution has been irrevocably compromised, lost perhaps, owing to the next door neighbor's or concierge's craving after "equality," expressed through anonymous letters addressed to the Ministry or corps commander. In the slackner regime favouritism may or may not be responsible for the acquittal of some culpable ones, in the severer many innocent ones are condemned. Which is the better rule?

I know a young man who, after having been wounded on active service, has been given some post in the rear. He dare

not come home to spend Sundays with his wife and two little children because of the neighbours wanting so much to know "why" he has so many holidays, "why" he is not at the front, etc. So they have to meet in secret in some district where he is not known to the shrews prying at their windows.

And yet those—few, it is true, they are—who are influentially connected and want to "get off" do. The *Intransigeant* asked openly the other day why the son of a celebrated poet—apparently sufficiently able-bodied, if not for active service, at least for a post at the rear—found nothing better to do than to perform in his father's plays for the benefit of wounded, etc. A certain sturdy-looking actor, son of an actor, seems equally immune from the general rule. But the position of these is not to be envied either now or in the future.

The men whose health keeps them in the so-called auxiliary service have, notwithstanding, a very hard time. Long presence hours, as is the custom in other spheres of French life, are demanded of them; those working in offices, for instance, have ten-hour days (at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$). Sometimes the labour is manual, sometimes clerical. The discipline is as severe as in the active ranks, perhaps even more so, and life in barracks is anything but luxurious. Though they may be spared from peril, these men do their duty in proportion to their physical capacities. It is a monotonous round indeed to which they are harnessed and bringing neither "sport" nor glory.

Muriel Cielkowska

Extract from a letter to "The Egoist," London.

Smiles

SHE was with me last night smiling across the table. Her eyes had been moist when, earlier, she had told me that "never, never,—come what might" would she forsake me.

The waiter came with the coffee and afterwards I gave her a little Chinese coin. This, too, she would "always" keep with her as a love token. But quite accidentally it slipped out of her hand while I was showing her another bubble, a sea-green emerald brought from India, the gift of Rajah Mahil. The little coin went bounding away over the tile floor and was lost forever in some crack.

A thought crossed my mind for a half a moment . . . then I smiled at her again across the table.

Tom Sleeper

TWO DESERT SONGS

The Stars are white fire
That has died and crumbled,
Into a thousand pieces
Clear and unimpassioned
Yet even they falter
And fall
Let them, what does it matter?

Once I stood very near
A pale intense presence
That was Love
Very — near
My very speech was gone—I felt,
And now
I am lonely.

Florence Lowe

Books and Magazines of the Week

WILLIS T. HANSON, Jr., has written an early life of John Howard Payne with contemporary letters heretofore unpublished. There is just one objection I have to the remarkable work Mr. Hanson did in the vindication of that American genius who gave us our most loved home song, who was one of the greatest American actors and the first American dramatist whose work found appreciation and success in England: the book is printed privately in a very limited edition and only for complimentary distribution. Very much persecuted by his contemporaries, grossly misunderstood by those who formulated the opinion of future generations, Payne was and is—like Poe—a much abused and misunderstood personality. And just his early life shows us the struggles and heartaches of the boy whose later life we can understand now so much better.

Of great interest are his experiences as editor, publisher and proprietor of a dramatic and literary paper in New York, which he founded at the age of thirteen and conducted anonymously. He succeeded in being taken seriously by the leading newspapers and magazines, and even by Mr. William Coleman, the severe editor of the *Post*.

"In Boston, when Payne had been deprived of his favorite amusement he had had recourse to his pen; so, in New York, when he found a like condition awaiting him he decided to meet it as he had in Boston; and on December 28, 1805, anonymously appeared the first number of a little weekly publication, entitled the *Thespian Mirror*, printed for the Editor by Southwick and Hardcastle, No. 2 Wall Street.

"As noted in his introduction, it was the purpose of the Editor in presenting the sheet to the 'enlightened citizens of New York,' to exhibit, 'a specimen in matter and manner of work, which on sufficient encouragement, would be issued in the metropolis; the work to comprehend a collection of interesting documents relative to the stage, and its performers; chiefly intended to promote the interests of the American Drama, and to eradicate false impressions respecting its nature, objects, design and tendency of Theatrical Amusements.'

"It had at first been Payne's plan to issue a literary paper, and without communicating his plan he had composed a prospectus for a publication to be known as the *Pastime*, intended for the perusal of youth only. After some reflection, considering the existing number of papers called 'literary,' and believing the habits of the citizens of New York—as stated in No. XIV, of the *Thespian Mirror*, 'better calculated to encourage a work more intimately connected with the prevailing thirst for pleasure,' he had recourse to his favorite topic, and struck the plan of the *Thespian Mirror*. He seems to have secured pecuniary supplies which enabled him to enter upon the work; the printers were applied to; and it was but three days from the moment of the first projection to that of publication—a period more inconsiderable when it is remembered

that the only time at his command was before eight in the morning and after eight in the evening. Three young gentlemen, two of them fellow clerks in the store, were alone entrusted with the secret.

"Following the issue of the first number a few subscribers appeared and such complimentary notice was given to the *Mirror* by the newspapers, that Payne was encouraged to proceed."

In Which

The little monthly in which Norman Geddes, in Detroit "says just what he thinks," contains a good reproduction of Van Dyck's famous painting, "St. Martin Cutting his Mantel and Sharing it with a Poor Man". The masterpiece is a gift to the people of the United States from Mr. Charles Leon Cardon, the noted artist and connoisseur of Brussels, Belgium, in recognition of the generous sympathy and relief which has poured from the American people during the last year. It was presented to the United States Minister, Brand Whitlock, a short time ago and will be presented to this country on Washington's birthday. According to the wishes of the Government, it will be exhibited in the large cities of the country and then find its permanent home in the beautiful Toledo Museum of Art, of which Mr. Whitlock was a trustee during his residence there.

The Wild Hawk

Hervey White, the editor's poem "Ave Maria", in the December issue, is a masterpiece. Its spirit is a unique combination of the wonderful devotion of a Catholic and a frank admiration of a twentieth century man.

The Philosophy of Health

"A Stuffed Club" appears under a new name but edited by its old publisher, Dr. Tilden.

Our Town

Our namesake, the Greenwich in Connecticut, has a new magazine, a weekly which calls itself "The Magazine Newspaper of America's Ideal Suburb." Norman Talcoft wrote in the current issue an interesting comparison between Greenwich Village and Greenwich Town, and a fragrant bouquet did he hand to our little weekly in one of his November issues. Belated Thanks!

Book-Plate Auction

A well-known resident of Greenwich Village, Mr. Henry Blackwell, disposed last week of his collection of book-plates, comprising the richest representation of very scarce early American book-plates in an auction held in the "Collectors' Club." Many originals by American engravers and artists of fame were in the collection. Mr. Blackwell is writing at present a book on American Book-Plates Previous to the War of Secession.

Newark Wishes To Attract Poets

THE Committee of One Hundred offers a series of prizes, aggregating \$1,000, for poems on Newark and its 250th Anniversary and plans to publish the best of the poems submitted in a volume to be entitled, "Newark's Anniversary Poems."

In this competition all the poets of our country are invited to participate.

The prize poem on Newark and its Anniversary may touch on any or all of such topics as, the City's historic aspects, its rapid industrial development, its civic and educational features, the chief purpose of its celebration,—which is, to develop a wider and deeper public spirit.

Newark is not all industries, smoke, rush and din. It is a great center of production and in its special field of work is alert and progressive. But it has also beautiful homes, fine parks, admirable schools, a useful library. Its thousands of shade trees are the envy of many cities. The cleanliness of its highways surprises even the Newarker himself. It has a good government, churches in plenty and many worthy clubs and societies. Art and science, even, are not altogether neglected here. Newark is an old town, solid and conservative and tenacious of certain old time peculiarities. Newark, with 400,000 people, the largest city in New Jersey, though known to all the world as a producer of honest goods, is still to that same world quite unknown as to its own special quality among American cities. Will the poet, the man of insight and of prophecy, kindly come forth and discover her to the world and to herself?

There are many interesting phases in Newark's life and in its celebration. All are within the field of the inspiration of the poet we are seeking. To make our volume interesting, its verses should touch on a wide range of subjects. The wits as well as the philosophers have their opportunity here. We think our city already quite worthy! Now we seek a poet who shall make us famous! If with him comes one who makes us ludicrous—and he does it well—to him also we can award a prize!

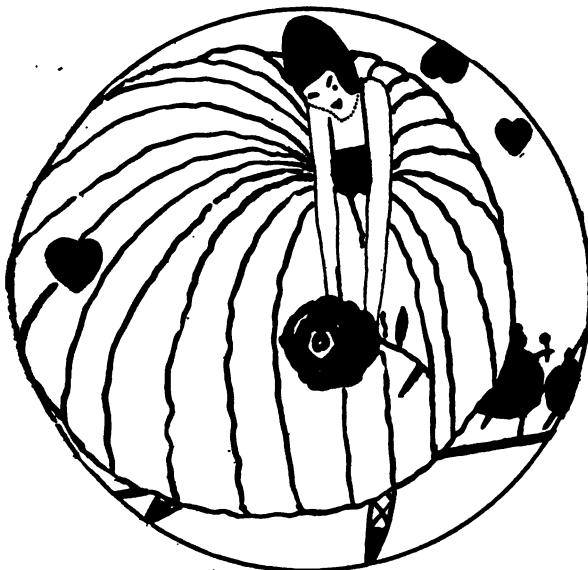
Rephrased Platitudes

The penalty of being a generation ahead of your time, is to become the fool of your generation, to become perchance, the prophet of all future generations.

Those who, having no business, make a business of pursuing activities which have no purpose give a purpose to those who make a business of pursuing those whose life has no purpose.

Yes, "knowledge is power" if whoever has the knowledge also has the power to correlate that knowledge to the needs of the world; especially so much of the world as has the power to pay for the satisfaction of its needs.

—Julius Doerner



Monk Kanner

Prayer

By H. Thompson Rich

*Europe is all one tomb! The awful words
Make the most hardened ones among us sigh;
And still the soldier multitudes come by,
Cold legions with their life-blood turned to curds.
For they have seen their fellows' desperate herds
Stumble upon the stricken plain and die;
And they have known the buzzards' long, harsh cry—
And they have missed the music of the birds.*

*God send us healing pity of green grass,
And heartening of flowers, and help of trees,
To bury The Red Shame forever more;
And they whose bodies perish, they who pass
Out of the World and over unknown seas—
Send them forgetfulness of Death and War.*

From "The Red Shame"—Bruno Chap Books for January

Phantasies

By *Heroichiro K. Myderco*

A Guest

ONLY yesterday a guest came and praised the flower of our humble garden; today the guest is no more with us. We see the tiny quilt upon which he sat, the tea-cup from which he drank his tea, the square fire-box in which he dropped the ashes from his pipe, and upon them all the sad airy shower of cherry-blossoms.

Shall we call Death a mystery? Then, surely, our guest's life consecrated to art and its love, is far more mysterious than his death. Whereof we stretch our vain hands and stare at the abyss of Eternity, claiming for a trifle more token of his heart, we gain naught but a grave and sunburnt wreath tattered in shreds. We must turn to ourselves to love him. Such a sympathetic guest was he that after he was gone we all became conscious of ourselves, and our life became full-limbed and whole-souled. Out of a thousand who came from the West, he alone remained with us, virtuous, brave and smiling. If his love to us were noble and manly, if his death were sad and heroic, what did we give him as the token of our soul's gratitude? We are ashamed to disclose our face before him, save in one instance, when we know that he is still loving us beyond the maze of Death. Such was the coming and passing of a guest to our garden, and the flowers are lonelier now without him.

The rain beats against the boughs of trees, and the roof is wet; I come down from my seat and pick up a name-card from the empty quilt upon which he sat yesterday. It is heavy like a leaf of sea-weed. On its surface I read the name of our guest . . . Lafcadio Hearn!

Maude: A Memory

By *Guido Bruno*

(Continued from last issue)

"The lights of the skyscrapers of Chicago reminded us of the end of our trip. I was a new man. I longed for the city—to go back to those surroundings I had left, a few hours ago, dissatisfied with myself—not contented with my lot and no prospects for a change for the better at all.

"But now I wanted to go back to do things and there were lots of things I wanted to do. I felt instinctively that there was in me just the thing that she seemed to lack. With the sharp knowledge of the physician I realized what she needed to achieve the success at which she was aiming. She needed a strong man, who could be able to create the concentration in her which she did not have—who could make her see things as they ought to be seen by other people. All my life I had collected beautiful things and guarded them—pictures and precious stones and bric-a-bracs. How I wished I could let her see those things because

I knew she could appreciate them. She wanted to know everything about myself and she had such a fine understanding that she guessed what I didn't care to speak about. She didn't know my name. I didn't know hers.

"The time for parting came.

"Shall we meet again?" I asked.

"Shall we? yes, we shall," she said. "Tomorrow if it rains I shall be at the Ashland Drug store at 2 o'clock. When it rains I have a headache and I'll need those tablets and also you might help me if you wish to. I don't want to know your last name and don't you ever ask me mine. And now, here's my baggage check. Please assist me in getting off the steamer and then promise not to look when I go."

"That night I went home and prayed fervently that it might rain the next day. I felt like a young boy. I have hated the name of Maude as long as I can remember. When a little boy, I once had a governess—the most dreadful old maid you can imagine. Her name was Maude—and she knew how to make me perfectly unhappy. That night I started to love that name. I acted very silly. I was thinking of all the things I wanted to show her, that I wanted to talk to her about and I awoke the next morning and glorious sunshine poured into the room. When I raised the curtain, I felt dreadfully unhappy.

"I performed my duties as usual that day but everything seemed to carry a greater happiness, the day was brighter, after I remembered the cheerful and original remarks Maude had made about my work the previous day.

"I had a very important appointment for two o'clock in the afternoon. I arranged to have it postponed. It was the finest day you could imagine. There were no signs of coming rain. But I believed with all my heart that there would be a rain because I could not grasp the thought that I should never see her again. And as there was no rain, but shine, I went up anyhow. I entered the store and there she was. She seemed embarrassed for a second. I could not make out why. Because I had come in spite of the sunshine? Or because she was there herself?

"I just dropped in to telephone and have purchased a slug," she said, "but I don't care to phone now," and she showed me the slug to show me there was no other purpose in her entering the store. And I thought, 'how silly,' and took the slug out of her hand and put it in my pocket. I wanted to keep it. I like little things with a lot of memories attached to them. I am still keeping it in my pocket now.

"That was yesterday, Kenneth, and you don't know how charming she was, and how I felt the more that she was the woman made for me. Made for me so that we could perfect one another! And again we parted, not knowing who we really were. But we wanted to meet tomorrow and spend the forenoon in one of those quaint little suburbs near Chicago. Can you imagine, Kenneth, what I felt when you purchased that horrid pink newspaper? And there I saw the face I had dreamed

of all day. And the lie telling me her name? And those sincere-looking eyes had lied to me? That she had not only played for a pastime with the most sacred feeling of a man, but had lowered herself to forget that she was the wife of another man? And do you know what I must have felt to know that this woman—who was my constant thought since I met her, for whom I wished to do all the things we think of doing for those whom we wish to see happy—that this woman was at the present time in her home somewhere in Chicago, paralyzed with pain, uncertain about the safety of her husband?

"I wonder, Kenneth, if she is sitting right now in a dark corner of an unlighted room somewhere and living through dreadful hours of remorse? Through those hours when man and woman who never have believed in a God, wonder whether there is not a punishment of Sin. Does she not think that this is a punishment for her Sin?"

"The loveliest women are charming liars. But why did she tell me all those things? How rotten her soul must be. If she is able to talk about the most sublime, about the highest things, looking into the admiring eyes of a man—listening to his devoted speeches and knowing in the bottom of her heart, I have no right to look and listen! How vile she must be."

"My dear fellow," said Kenneth, looking his friend in the eyes after listening intently, and without having dared to change his position, "I would not judge her too quickly. Are you not mistaken? Are you sure it is she you met? Pardon me—it seems to be rude, but I don't believe you when you say she is vile. I know you too well, and when you speak about some one as you spoke about her, she must possess exceptional qualities. You did not even tell me that she is beautiful! But you told me her aim in life. Do you really believe that a woman such as you describe could change as quickly in reality as in your own mind? I think you do her an injustice."

(To be continued).

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Coston Waugh

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

January 15th, 1916

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Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 3

January 15th, MCMXVI

Vol. II

Empty Words

“PEACE on earth, good will toward men”—

Empty words, that were empty then!

Two thousand years have thundered by,
And still men give their God the lie,
And still men battle and men die;
And still they flay with flail of lead,
Till earth is red and sea is red
And heaven is crimson overhead.

“Peace on earth, good will toward men”—

When? And the echoes answer: *when?*

H. Thompson Rich

Greenwich Village in Historical Novels

I The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta *

At Home and in Society, 1609-1700.

By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer

MRS. ALEXANDER had purchased a beautiful spot that commanded a view of the bay of New York, and she hoped to engross her husband's attention in superintending the building of the house and laying out the grounds, and in this way distract his mind from the troubles that had agitated him for so many years. Small-pox was raging in New York, and the assembly was holding its meetings in Greenwich, that salubrious hamlet on Mana-ha-ta, which lay at least three miles beyond the city limits, and which was always the haven of refuge when yellow fever, cholera, small-pox, and other dreaded scourges visited New York, introduced there by sailors who carried these diseases from port to port. The centre of Greenwich was about on the spot that the Indians called Sapo-Kanican, which was the site of one of their villages. Minitie-water (or little brook) joined Bestevaar's Killitje or Grandfather (Van Cortlandt's) Creek, and ran through the place and part of it had been the farm of Mme. Oloff Van Cortlandt, that she called “Bossen Bowerie,” or Bush farm. The English name was given to the place out of compliment to the palace of Greenwich (which was the haven of sailors, after it was no longer used by the king), when Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who

Copyright 1916 by Guido Bruno

was for many years stationed in these waters, bought the adjoining property.

In 1739, Mr. Alexander received the news of the death, at his family estates in England, of the great-grandson of the first Earl of Stirling, who was Henry, the fifth earl who had died without male issue, leaving as heirs to the unentailed property the wives of William Philips Lee and Sir William Trumbull. According to the grant of the original title, it would now pass to the eldest male heir, through John of Gogar, the great-grandfather of James Alexander of New York.

New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1898.

Eternal Minutes

By Guido Bruno

IT was raining, raining and raining on a late Sunday afternoon, once years ago in London. I have forgotten the name of the street. But it was a rather stately-looking row of stone mansions, whose doors were shut and undoubtedly locked. The house on the corner of the narrow side street was gray, window boxes with withered plants distinguished it among all others. The shades of the window were yellow and drawn. The house seemed unoccupied, but, strangely, the very large doors were wide ajar. The doorway was a welcome refuge for me as I hurried without an umbrella to the nearest tube. Many men and women with rain-wet overcoats stood in this doorway, which led to a court-yard deserted as well as the other part of the house. Some of the men were pacing up and down nervously. Some were near the door looking with resignation up to the clouded skies which poured continuously enormous buckets of water upon the for-once white-washed sidewalk. Others exchanged commonplaces about their unfortunate experience: to have been caught in the rain, just this afternoon, while they had been in a hurry to get to some place or another where their presence was most necessary. Still others were on the outlook for a cab.

Against the grey wall leaned a girl in a green raincoat. She had a red hat and a lot of obstinate blonde hair. She stood there lazily. She seemed to be real happy. She was watching the rain-drops which splashed upon the stone of the sidewalk and looking up to the roof of the house across the street, from where little waterfalls poured she seemed to enjoy it. She seemed to enjoy the impatience, and the wrath and the anger of her fellow-refugees. And for a long while she observed with happy contentedness the tree in the back yard of the house, with its naked branches and the stone bench beneath it.

She had big blue eyes.

She smiled as our eyes met. I looked for a long time into her eyes; her smile vanished slowly—scarcely noticeably, before

she turned them to the dripping umbrella of a new arrival. Our eyes met again. Just for one moment. And then someone whom she knew came with an umbrella and she left.

I did not look into her eyes for longer than a small fraction of a minute. But it seemed to me like a long lifetime, with all its longing, its promises, its disappointments, its joy . . . with its inevitable parting.

Years have passed. But often, of a rainy afternoon or in the twilight of a quiet hour or in the radiant sunshine of a glorious summer day do I think of the big blue eyes beneath the blonde curls and the red hat.

Cats' Purrs

By D. Molby

WHAT a cat enjoys apparently the most is to lie down in a warm place and just breathe and think. He can breathe any way he wants to but knows it is better to breathe through his nose so he does. He lets the air come in and go out just as it will. And if he wants to feel real pleased, he sings to himself. How he does it is to raise his soft palate and keep it raised so that the air in passing by it will make it vibrate. When the palate vibrates it makes vibrations in the air all around the cat and anybody who is close enough can hear them.

The same air each time is used twice: it makes vibrations as it goes in and it makes more as it comes out. The sounds it makes are different for as it is inhaled it takes most of the vibrations on into the cat.

When the cat sings, it is supposed to be a sign of appreciation or contentment. But the cat probably doesn't know what appreciation is, and if he did, he would have no reason for thinking that his singing would show it. And if he were already contented, he would lie still that way and not bother to sing. The truth is more likely this: he is comfortable and feeling well and something starts him to thinking he is happy. This makes him want to be more happy, so he begins to sing. In this way he soon has himself persuaded into the belief that he really is happy and of course this makes him contented.

Whether or not he ever sings when he is off by himself, nobody knows. But the probability is that he does.

Dapple Grey

Gone is the day of Dapple Grey,
My true love has grown up;
Now she sighs for ribbons blue,
And wants a silver cup.

Be it silver cup or gold one,
That steals my love away—
No price is worth the winning
If she loses Dapple Grey.

G. G.

A Woman's Revenge

By *Guido Bruno*

(Concluded)

Her voice sounded deep and quiet. "You are dying. You know it and I know it. We have been married ten years. Nine years we have been living together as strangers. You have taken my youth and destroyed my faith in humanity. You have made me poorer and more pitiable than the beggar on the street, for he has perhaps somewhere a heart that beats with love for him. And now that you are going—going forever—I will tell you how I hate you.

"I despise you I loathe you Don't speak! I know everything and I have known everything all along. I could name them to you, one by one, the women through whom you have shamelessly betrayed me. There was the wife of your friend, Hans. There was the circus-rider who bore you a child, there was the young sales-woman who because of you drowned herself, there was my chambermaid. I discharged her and you settled her in quarters of her own. Then came the teacher. She was the only one for whom I felt any sympathy. She loved you honestly, and when she found out that you had a wife at home she gave you up. And then others followed in motley, quick succession. You took whatever crossed your path: decent women that suffered for their sin all their lives and girls whose customer you were. You led astray the wives of your friends and dishonored the daughters of your acquaintances.

"And now Fate has overtaken you how coarse and relentless! No beauty, and none of the romance that you always loved and for which you lived. Oh, yes! I know that, too! The last one—the very last! The beautiful wife of a motorman attracted you. You overlooked her labor-hardened hands and you took her. And for that the motorman burst open your head with his crank. Hal! Hal! Hal! I must laugh, must laugh at your prosaic finish."

Like the gloating of the Furies when they laugh over a misfortune that they have passed and done with, sounded the laugh of this woman who was taking revenge for nine heart-breaking years.

Imperturbable had become the face of the dying man. But the more excitably, the more harshly, the more maliciously the woman spoke the tenderer and the more loving grew his look. He embraced her body with his eyes.

He saw the girdle between skirt and blouse, the watch chain with the gold locket hanging from it. He had given it to her during their honeymoon. His picture was in that locket and half of a four-leaved clover.

He looked in her eyes, in the wonderful, deep violet eyes that were true, so true.

What he had not known for years he realized now:

"Mia! Mia! I have loved you always. You did not understand me. You did not try to understand me. I sought forgetfulness with the others. I drifted from one to the other. I was always searching for you and you were lost to me. Forgive me . . . Mia! . . . Mia, I love you dear . . . I . . . always loved only you . . ."

"Harry, you lie! Tell me that you are lying! God in heaven! Don't go from me with a lie on your lips! That cannot be the truth!"

She sobbed. She wept. She fell on her knees beside the bed and threw her arms about the lifeless body.

A soft rain beat against the window panes. The silver scissors and knives that lay on the dressing table and waited in vain to care for the hands of the master glittered nobly. The blue and yellow vials on the medicine table sparkled like oddly-cut semi-precious stones.

The quiet of an unchangeable misery lay over every object in the room.

Soundless tunes of an unplayed sonata of Beethoven diffused through the air.

A woman had taken revenge.

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington,

December 27th, 1915

THE death of Stephen Phillips takes from us another figure of the 'nineties and a man who by temperament at any rate was far more of a poet than many of his contemporaries upon whom fortune smiled more smugly. As Phillips said himself, he was not respectable enough for a Civil List pension or for one of those sinecure offices often given to men of letters. The man who had two or three poetic plays running in London at the same time and was the most successful literary dramatist since Wilde, came down to hawking his poems in person at newspaper offices. During the last year or so he had been editing the *Poetry Review*, a little literary journal subsidized by the Poetry Society.

It is to be supposed that Phillips died of alcoholism and regret—like most of the poets of his decade. One can see now the price those poets of the 'nineties had to pay for their few years of glory and the little ardour they brought back to our numbed and paralysed literature. Dowson, Francis Thompson, Davidson, Lionel Johnson, Wilde—their lives are sad and bitter. They enriched the end of the century with a little fleeting beauty, but they gave it us out of their hearts and hopes, or perhaps rather out of their despair.

For the characteristic thing of the Renaissance of the 'nineties in England was its despair. It had something of the fever of music or revelry at a feast where time is short and the end

is at hand. All their art suggests an intermezzo, beautiful but desperate.

All these poets and artists of the 'nineties seem on beholding the life of their time to have exclaimed in a kind of hopeless terror "Oh Lord!" and then to have alternatively sung or drunk, in an unthinking despair.

They were artists, as good artists as their environment allowed them to be, but they were poor builders for any art of the future. That is, they had no conscious appreciation of their position in the society where they found themselves. They knew it was disagreeable and antipathetic to their art, but that was the extent of their analysis. It led them for the most part to miserable ends.

Most of the books which are appearing at the moment are Christmas books, ornate and heavy tomes wherein indigestible thoughts lie like raisins in a plum pudding. Almost literally they are sold by weight. They are very expensive and solid, and are bought by thousands. A notable book though shows its head here and there. Such an one is the translation of Romain Rolland's *Au Dessus de la Melee*, which is to be given the title of 'Above the Battle' and is published by Allen & Unwin. The book is also to be done in America I hear. I have been acquainted with the French work for some time, having read the articles as they originally appeared in the *Journal de Geneve*, where Rolland is now living in exile. The publication in France of *Au Dessus de la Melee* was for some time forbidden by the French Government. It is not easy to see why, here in England, where we still enjoy a greater liberty of expression than they do in France. Any of these articles of Rolland's might have been published in any paper here at any time during the war, for the patriotism which inspires them is undoubted, and it is only a plea for reason and the intelligence which the author of *Jean Christophe* offers us in these beautiful pages. Here that spirit of reason, of humanity, which has found here and there in America some admirable expressions, crystallises into a poignant form. I can only urge everyone to get this inspiring book where the intelligence of Europe that is gravely wounded and in agony finds an expression not unworthy of its glorious past. In the introduction we read "A great nation assailed by war has not only its frontiers to defend. It has also its reason. To each man his task: to the armies the guarding of the soil of the fatherland. To the men of thought the preservation of thought."

Rolland protests against the brutal orgy of lies, of defamation and of panic hatred which a war produces among the baser intelligences of a people, and he asks the *elite* of the warring nations if they cannot still be good patriots without ceasing to be traitors to that European conception of humanity, which, up to the fatal moment of August 1914, had been their ideal.

Nor does he despair that for a legacy all that the war will leave will be ruin and chaos.

"They are mistaken who think that the ideas of free human brotherhood are suffocated now! . . . I have no doubt of the future unity of European society. It will be realized. This war is but its baptism of blood."

In the *Role of the Elite, The Idols, and Inter Arma Caritas* Monsieur Rolland says some brave and uplifting words.

Edward Storer

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

MISS VOLNOVA, who appears this Thursday for the first time before a New York audience, a young Russian girl who came recently to America, has the aim to interpret with her dancing what the great masters expressed on canvas or in marble and to give to our eye what the music of her accompaniment gives to our ear. She will present a dance of the Orient, "A Vision of Salome," by G. B. Lampe. "War Tragedy" is the dramatic interpretation of the horrors of war. It is a recent composition by E. R. Steiner. All that entrancing rhythm of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" she sketches for the eye with her graceful, lithesome body.

Miss Volnova is an idealist who believes that dancing is an art which should be presented to the masses of the population, in its highest and most refined development. The goal of her ambition is to dance before "all and everybody" and to bring joy of life and sense of rhythm to those who need it most.

Mr. Alfred E. Henderson, who will introduce Miss Volnova in the coming season to art-loving New York, will appear on the same program in his Henderson Trio with Ade Granberg and Miss Roelker. Miss Granberg will interpret by pantomime Oscar Wilde's "Happy Prince," which Mr. Henderson will read, accompanied by Miss Roelker on the piano.

What Is the Matter?

One can hardly believe that with so many real good, far above the average singers, piano players and instrumental artists extant and looking for engagement the offerings in our music halls and concert rooms of smaller calibre maintain a standard so far below the average. Real tragic are very often the tales of artists who apply for an appearance on the stage of Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre of their sad wanderings from managers to impresarios, from impresarios to press agents and all efforts to gain a public appearance strand upon those two requirements which to achieve they don't get a chance: money or reputation.

Culture is all that that is left after we have forgotten what we learned.

A real woman respects, above all, strength in a man.

Guido Bruno

In Our Village

IF you are really one of those easily impressed and you have the energy to follow your first impulse after reading a newspaper article and to investigate for yourself, come down to Greenwich Village in the evening. Then it is that village of which you read, the background to so many big things, the essential in so many big lives,—the one part of the city where you can forget city and six million co-inhabitants of yours: there is the Arch with its simple architecture, the monumental gateway to the Square, between the naked branches of trees and bushes, houses big and small, with large windows and just stingy openings to let in the light. Lights here and there. High upon the tower of a hotel an electric-lighted cross and still higher above, a few stars, and if you are lucky and the night is clear, the moon. And then you cross over to the other side of the Square and there are the small narrow streets. The Square is deserted and only a few passengers waiting for the next bus make up the small group beneath the arc light. But the streets are peopled with men and women who stand around the Italian grocery shops and pastry bakeries; they worked all day and kept silent and now they live their real own life. There are cafes as you can see them on the rivas in small Italian coast cities where you really eat pastry and drink coffee and play dominoes. And then turn in one of those streets and unexpectedly, like the background of a miniature play-house, a little chapel looms up before you. The doors are open, candles before the altars are testimony that the saints are not forgotten. Women are sitting on the stairs selling rosaries, little statuettes and paper flowers; and men and women and children are passing in and passing out. And then follow the thundering elevated and turn again to the Square. As many windows as you see lighted in these mansions of yore used now as rooming and lodging-houses—as many homes do they contain.

Can you help thinking it: if I were a poet or an artist, I surely would live here and nowhere else?

But, dear reader, because of your living here you would not be a poet or an artist.

John Masefield returned to New York for a short stay and I hope he won't forget to visit the village where he spent so many years of his life, long before the day of his fame and recognition. He will speak, on Sunday, the 16th, before the MacDowell Club. An extended lecture tour through the United States is before him.

Captain Hall's exhibit of marine scenes, forest scenes and especially his portraits of Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, are proving of great interest especially to those connoisseurs of art who are quite at a loss if confronted by something sincerely original but rather strange to the focal capacity of their eyes. The exhibition will continue on the walls of Bruno's Garret until the last week of January.

Sadakichi Hartmann will read in Bruno's Garret, on Tuesday night, January 28th, his dramatic masterpiece, "Christ," and on Wednesday night "Buddha." The readings will start at 8.15 sharp. Admission by ticket only. The seating capacity being limited it is necessary to close the garret if this limit is reached.

Mrs. E. C. Moloney, of "M. Y. Q." fame, recovered from a serious case of blood poisoning. She is contemplating a very busy social season during the coming month of balls and merriment.

Rossi Bros.' tea-room right under Bruno's Garret is busy as ever selling stamps to those who do not wish to walk to the nearest post office station, which is very far off. There is a sub-station somewhere on Bleeker street, but outside of the sign indicating that there should be a post office, one cannot detect anything of its existence. Greenwich Village should have a post office of its own known as the "Greenwich Village Station," and no better place could there be for its establishment than in Rossi's, where everybody does his letter stamping anyhow.

Charles Keeler is at work on a new book of poems—"The Mirror of Manhattan." They are realistic glimpses of scenes and people in the city, written in free verse, with reflections from many angles of life, high and low. Many compressed stories are suggested in the familiar settings of New York, and there are hints scattered through the work to make one think of the meaning of it all.

In a recital at Bruno's Garret on the evening of Monday, January 24th, Mr. Keeler will read a group from this new work. He will give a program, with one or two exceptions, of numbers that have not hitherto been heard. Among them are his Knight Songs for children, and a group from "The Victory," including picturesque and musical numbers in marked contrast to the realistic note in his poems of New York life.

Tragedy

My soul was fashioned quick as fire
From struggle, love, and pain.
You took it in its glow and strength
Beside your own to reign.
Your own was dull and clogged and dim,
And made for sordid day
One night my young soul flared too far;
Quivered, and fled away.

KATHARINE S. OLIVER

Regarding Clara Tice

I would not be unkind, as G. G. was to Clara Tice,
He said her drawings were not nice—
I couldn't be so rude,
But still I hope some day she'll draw a nude with pulchritude,
And more abundant curves
Those skinny nymphs of hers get on my nerves.

F. R. A.

Christmas Toys

By Charles Keeler

A LITTLE child, with nose flattened against the big plate glass,
With eager eyes is peering in from the street,
Devouring the fairy toyland there displayed,
For it is holiday time and Christmas will soon be here!
There are dolls and blocks and elephants,
And barking dogs and jumping frogs
And books and games and Santa Claus.

Through the cold and the slush of the streets,
The passing crowd sweeps by,
But the little face is pressed against the pane,
Spelled by the wonder and joy of the scene.
So, I fancy, God peers in at the show window of the world,
Fascinated by His toys—His clowns and jumping jacks,
And dreams wondrous dreams about them.

"I Don't Want a Kitchenette. I Want a New Saddle for My Horse," said Alice

IN the evening you can see them, leaving stealthily their elevator apartments or their hotel suites, mounting a bus, with upturned collars and the hat deep into the face to protect them against the sharp wind, pilgrimaging down to the dear old haunts in the village. Years ago they used to live here in some obscure rooming house or in a "studio," right under the roof of a dilapidated mansion. Gonfarone's used to be their Delmonico, in their times of ebb. But their tea pot on the window sill and the grocer around the corner on Sixth avenue could tell you of a good many breakfasts, lunches and dinners "at home."

And then came the times when tea-pot and grocer were forgotten; and some good luck, and they moved up town.

But the longing for those good old days returns sporadically and overcomes them and they cannot resist the call of their hearts, and down they go to the places that the quite modern lust at large for "Bohemianism" made grow over night like mushrooms. They eat roast chicken and drink red wine somewhere at a small table in a dimly-lighted, badly-decorated spaghetti house with bad music. It isn't as it used to be; they miss something. And they speak about the good old times. But all is the same as it was, only they themselves have changed and they never can be the old ones again, because they have tasted their chicken in Delmonico's and know their imported wine lists by heart. And they remember their good old quarters with tea-kettle and delicatessen. And for the atmosphere they did not bring with them to the spaghetti houses they are searching in apartments with kitchenettes.

A kitchenette! When two are just married and have no other object in life but to spend every minute possible together—all apart from the world, and if they don't wish to have intruders (guests) or if they cannot afford to have an establishment of their own, how nice it is to have this kitchenette; in those days when eating is nothing but a necessity to furnish nourishment to the body, when to be alone means more than the culinary offerings of the finest chef. But later on in life, when many ideals are so near in reach that they are almost forgotten, when one has developed the ability to enjoy a meal as an art creation, the cosiness of a kitchenette affair is something that really exists so long as you don't try it.

What these apartment dwellers are really searching for and cannot find is their old dear selves.

But why not be satisfied to place flowers upon the grave of a beloved one? Why try to dig out the coffin and look at the corpse?

That new self of theirs, which has so much sentiment and so many good thoughts for their own self of by-gone days, is surely just as good—if not far better.

Spaghetti houses have usually soiled linen and not very clean silver. If there is a kitchenette, someone must peel the potatoes. And dinner tastes ever so much better after an hour's ride on horseback, and anyhow, holding onto the reins doesn't spoil one's hands. What a pity, if they are such nice hands!

Books and Magazines of the Week

ANTHOLOGIES seem to be in vogue. Especially the poets of the good old school of jingles and rhymes, who have to keep up with the procession and nod grudgingly acknowledgement to vers libre and imagists and all other individualistic expressions foreign to their *anima laureata* seem to be busy making compilations of other men's work and sitting as judges upon the poetry of last year.

Old man Braithwaite, the anthologist of the Boston Transcript, spoke the far-reaching words of this year and the diamonds he selected from periodicals and magazines are sparkling in his anthology recently published by Lawrence J. Gomme. Others whose names are household words to the readers of monthly and weekly advertising mediums called popular magazines, had their selections published and now after the fields of current poetry are well-pastured, the short stories of 1915 are a welcome tooth-sharpener. The mere idea that a man would read two thousand two hundred and some odd short stories in about five months in order to detect the best among them makes one shudder. But Edward J. O'Brien did it, and he had enough strength left after this rather herculean exercise to sit down and write an article about the American short story of 1915 and write a compilation of the best stories among them. The anthology was published in the Boston Transcript of January 8th and a selec-

tion of the stories, with stars, will appear in book form, similar to the anthology of Mr. Braithwaite. If there has to be a judge of the best performances of American writers in periodicals and newspapers, Mr. O'Brien, who is a young poet of no mean abilities himself, an idealist, surely must be welcomed. Just think what would have happened if Brander Matthews, the simplified speller, or William Dean Howells, the old stand-by, or some other dried-up representative fossil of American letters had been chosen in his stead!

But heartily do I agree with Mr. O'Brien that the worst story of the year was published in the Saturday Evening Post, and I would not hesitate to express my opinion in the plural and say that the worst stories, not only in 1915, have come from that seat of culture in Philadelphia.

Kreymborg Anthology

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf announces for publication in March, 1916, an anthology of the new verse from *Others*, edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Fifty men and women have contributed to *Others* during 1915 and the best of their work was chosen for this anthology. I hope Mr. Kreymborg will not forget himself. I still contend that a few pages on which he printed his own poems in his magazine are those most worth while reading.

Poetry

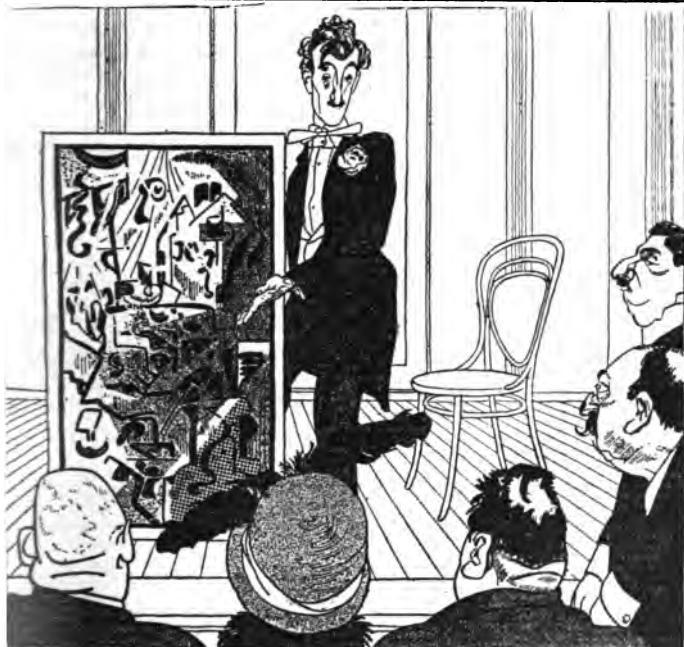
The guarantors, the contributors and editors of **POETRY** will assemble on January the 23rd in the club rooms of "The Cliff-Dwellers" in Chicago and celebrate the recent beginning of the fourth year of this publication, which has been the standard bearer of poetry a la mode in America. "Poets of Illinois and other states will read new poems and guarantors will, it is hoped, express their feeling about the art and the magazine." Reservations at \$2.50 a plate! Think of poets dining at \$2.50 the plate! I'd like to see those guarantors express their feelings about the art and the magazine. Pass the plate, please!

The Minaret

The third number of this new periodical of Washington's schola poetarum contains the first installment of a series of "Silhouettes of the City," by Harold Hersey, which are exceptional pen sketches of everyday incidents, as we can see them "as we walk out on the street." I find among the editorials a very good suggestion for Vachel Lindsay to have a few of his rag-time jingles set to music.

Expression

This newcomer among the small magazines calls itself "a monthly magazine of truth" and is edited by Alfred E. Henderson, of the Society of Expressionists. A dramatic playlet by the editor "The Call of Love" contains a charming little poem, "The Face in the Fire."



Marinetti re-christened his painting, "The Carnival of Paris" into "The Bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims," by Blix, from "Simplicissimus."

Bulletin of the New York Public Library

The Bulletin for December, which just reached our desk, contains a list of works in the New York Public Library pertaining to prints and their production, by Frank Weitenkampf, chief of the Art and Prints Division. "The object of the list, naturally and primarily, is to show what the library has of the literature of a subject the interest in which is steadily increasing."

Walhalla

Otto Lohr, the editor of this literary and historical weekly, is publishing very unique poetry in the pages of his magazine. A poem by Prince Karolath in the current issue shows the poet's creative genius.

Art Notes

The Macbeth Gallery publishes "in their own interest and the interest of American Art" a handsome little monthly magazine with good reproductions of paintings in their possession.

Zippa, the Mosquito

This is one of the short masterpieces by Paul Scherbaert, the co-editor of "Der Sturm," the review of the small group of Futurists in Germany, who died recently. Translated by Guido Bruno.

OH, COME, come nearer to the lamp," gleefully exclaimed Zippa. Her wings fluttered and two hundred little mosquitoes followed the invitation of little Zippa, happy, joyful, without hesitation, without thinking.

Under the lamp, which was covered by a green silk screen, sat an old man eating his supper.

And there came Zippa with two hundred mosquitoes, and Zippa felt hilarious like never before.

"Dying! Dying surely is the sweetest thing in life! How we do wish to die! Just to die!" And all the mosquitoes repeated Zippa's exclamations.

With merry laughter they fluttered against the hot chimney, and soon they lay convulsed with pain next to the supper dishes of the old man. He wanted to kill quickly the dying mosquitoes so that they would not suffer a long death agony.

But Zippa cried while she shook her burnt wings. "Just leave us alone. We are happy to die—dying is so beautiful!" And again all the dying mosquitoes repeated what Zippa had said.

And everybody was laughing—and died.

The old man continued his supper.

He was hungry.

Maude: A Memory

By Guido Bruno

(Continued from last issue)

Maurice had entered the room noiselessly and approached Kenneth. He talked to him for a few seconds in a low voice.

"Courtland," said Kenneth, "Maurice informs me that one of your office nurses would like to talk with you on a very important matter. If you do not wish to communicate with her just now, let me tell her so."

"It will distract my mind," answered Courtland, "I would rather hear myself what she has to say." He went to a little table in a corner of the library. He took the receiver from the hook of the extension phone. He listened for several minutes. The peaceful quietness of the room was suddenly broken.

"What!" he shouted into the instrument and jumped from his seat holding the receiver tightly to his ear and talking intently into the mouthpiece. "Repeat that name! Tell Mrs. Regan that I will be at the office presently. It will not take longer than thirty minutes to get down there. Are there any newspapers in the office? Don't let her see them under any circumstances. Do you hear? Under any circumstances!" was the abrupt sounding order Courtland gave after the nurse had answered at the other end of the wire.

Kenneth was near his friend. He tried to look uninterested but every fiber of his face seemed to vibrate and the big question was written on his face. A few seconds passed in silence. Courtland turned to his friend. He appeared calm and quiet. His voice, tired and disinterested only a few minutes ago, had the old metallic ring of a man possessed of his ability to direct others.

"Will you please let me have your car, Kenneth? I am sorry for your chauffeur. I hate to discommode people when they think they are through with their day's work."

Kenneth rang the bell, gave Maurice the order to phone to the garage to have the car ready. After the butler had gone, Courtland approached Kenneth. He stepped near him. He looked into his eyes in an imperative way. "And now, Kenneth," he said, "I invite you—unless you prefer to stay at home and retire—to come with me and meet the woman you defended a few minutes ago. A woman who has the face of a true ideal companion for a man who has longed for her all his life, who has the soul of a liar and a deceiver! She wishes to speak to me—to me the physician. Maude Regan is waiting in my office."

The elevator man was asleep in a comfortable chair he had put in the car. The halls of the big building resounded with the footsteps of the two late visitors. Only a few electric lights shone mistily in the corridors. Mechanically the elevator door was shut by the sleeping guard and in no time they had arrived at the sixteenth floor. The doors of the anteroom were open. Courtland and Kenneth entered. They took off their coats and hats and threw them upon the canopy. One of the nurses came out. She whispered for a few minutes with the Doctor. Courtland's face was rigid. A severe sternness had settled on his forehead. His eyes were hard as Kenneth had never seen them before. He passed the door of the reception room where she waited. He went into his own den.

Contrary to his custom he turned on the big candelabra in the middle of the ceiling. He turned on the lights on the walls and turned on the different lamps on the tables and on the mantel. "I want light, Kenneth," he said, "light and truth are friends. Dreams, darkness and twilight are always companions. Dreams and twilight disappear, submerging in darkness, leaving nothing behind but disappointment and despair."

He rang the bell, the nurse opened the door leading to the operating room. "Tell Mrs. Regan I am at her disposal."

The highest tension of a peculiar dramatic climax seemed to lie in the air of the daylight-illuminated room. Comfort and peace seemed to be everywhere. Kenneth, his back turned to the door and to his friend, looked intently at the miniature painting of some strange-looking woman in the attire of a court lady of the time of Louis XIV. It struck him funny to look at the severe features of the young face and he admired the exquisite detail work of the artist who, perhaps, had spent months to bring out the real face effect of the Stuart collar, draped graciously around the lady's neck. He did not understand the

strange behavior of his friend and he wished for seconds that he might be at home in his library to finish the book he had started early in the afternoon.

But again he recalled the helplessness of Courtland down on Michigan Avenue in front of that jewelry store where he had first seen that picture of the woman on that dreadful pink page. Sympathy for the man standing there expecting to face the hardest situation a man is ever called upon to face, swept through his heart, and while still feeling like an intruder, he was glad he was in the room.

She wore a black tailor-made suit. The white lace ruffle around her neck, the white lace cuffs over her black kid gloves, relieved the somewhat severe impression of her attire. She wore a black felt hat with a very small brim.

Courtland had forgotten to answer her greeting. He startled her like the creation of another world. She had started to explain her presence in his office at this late hour. She noticed the extraordinary actions of the doctor. She stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked helplessly back and forth from Kenneth to Courtland, and then into Kenneth's face whose big eyes were staring at her. Kenneth looked at his friend, torturing his brain for some remark, a word that would relieve the situation.

"You are Maude Regan?"

(To be continued).

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Ilseka Karas

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Wednesday, 2:15 p. m.	Children's Hour and Disc Concert on the Square.
Thursday, 8:15 p. m.	Performance at the Little Thimble Theatre.
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Ask or write for ticket of admission to The Little Thimble Theatre performances. They are free of charge.

BRUNO'S WEEKLY



**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

January 22nd, 1916

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No. 4

JANUARY 22nd, MCMXVI

Vol. II

*Always acknowledge a fault
frankly. This will throw those
in authority off their guard
& give you opportunity to com-
mit more.*

*Yours truly
Sam'l L Clemency
Mark Twain*

July 3 '77.

2

*From the autograph collection of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan,
New York.*

Greenwich Village of Yore

Greenwich Village: The Place Where One Meets Spectres

GREENWICH VILLAGE always has been to me the most attractive portion of New York. It has the positive individuality, the age, much of the picturesqueness, of that fascinating region of which the centre is Chatham Square; yet it is agreeably free from the foul odors and the foul humanity which make expeditions in the vicinity of Chatham Square, while abstractly delightful, so stingingly distressing to one's nose and soul.

Greenwich owes its picturesqueness to the protecting spirit of grace which has saved its streets from being rectangular and its houses from being all alike and which also has preserved its many quaintnesses and beauties of age—with such resulting blessings as the view around the curve in Morton Street toward St. Luke's Church, or under the arch of trees where Grove and Christopher streets are mitred together by

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the little park, and the many friendly old houses which stand squarely on their right to be individual and have their own opinion of the rows of modern dwellings all made of precisely the same material cast in precisely the same mould.

The cleanliness, moral and physical, of the village is accounted for by the fact that from the very beginning it has been inhabited by a humanity of the better sort. From Fourteenth Street down to Canal Street, west of the meridian of Sixth Avenue, distinctively is the American quarter of New York. A sprinkling of French and Italians is found within these limits, together with the few Irish required for political purposes; and in the vicinity of Carmine Street are scattered some of the tents of the children of Ham. But with these exceptions the population is composed of substantial, well-to-do Americans—and it really does one's heart good, on the Fourth of July and the 22d of February, to see the way the owners of the roomy comfortable houses which here abound proclaim their nationality by setting the trim streets of Greenwich gallantly ablaze with American flags. As compared with the corresponding region on the east side—where a score of families may be found packed into a single building, and where even the bad smells have foreign names—this American quarter of New York is a liberal lesson in cleanliness, good citizenship, and self-respect.

And how interesting are the people whom one hereabouts encounters (with but the most trifling effort of the imagination) stepping along the ancient thoroughfares which once knew them in material form!—Wouter Van Twiller, chuckling over his easily won tobacco plantation; the Labadist envoys rejoicing because of their discovery of a country permissive of liberty of conscience and productive of good beer; General Ol' De Lancey—wearing the Tory uniform which later cost him his patrimony—taking the air with his sister, Lady Warren, the stout, bewigged Sir Peter, and the three little girls; Governor Clinton, with the harried look of one upon whom an advance copy of the Declaration of Independence has been served; Senator Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, who honored Greenwich by making it his home during the session of Congress in 1789; Master Tom Paine—escaped from Madame Bonneville and the little boys in the house in Grove Street—on his way to the Old Grapevine for a fresh jug of rum; shrewd old Jacob Barker, looking with satisfaction at the house in Jane Street bought from a butcher who had enough faith in him to take the doubtful notes of his bank at par. Only in Greenwich, or below the City Hall—a region over-noisy for wraiths—will one meet agreeable spectres such as these.

Thomas A. Jansier

Limburger Cheese is the Wagner of the Nose

Thomas A. Edison.

The Vow: The True Story of an Ancient House

I

"I struck my dear son; I, his sire,
An idiot made him in my ire;
I hear him mumble in the sun,
And see him listless walk or run.

II

If I by penance might atone,
And kneeling wear away the stone!
If I might hope by prayer or fast
To absolve me of my sin at last!

III

Can any fast or penance heal
The stare thy father's hand did deal?
What withering vigil can restore
Thy happy laughter as of yore?

IV

Thy mother of thy daftness died,
She did not hear thee at her side;
Thy vacant eyes became her doom,
Thy jargon laid her in the tomb.

V

See! by my side he loves to stand,
And puts into my own his hand;
And at my knee his favorite place,
God! how he smiles into my face!

Stephen Phillips.

This never before published poem of Stephen Phillips, the recently deceased English poet, was part of a collection of autographs sold by Reverend Baunt of England, in order to provide English soldiers of his parish with Christmas presents. The manuscripts were bought by Patrick F. Madigan.

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington.

January 1st.

IN the theatre world of London there is nothing to be seen at the moment but musical comedies and pantomimes. The theatre which at Christmas always tends to develop a saccharine sentimentality touches at present the depths of banality. The titles of the pieces now running such as, "A Little Bit of Fluff," "To-night's the Night," "Charley's Aunt," "Tina," "The Spanish Main," "Betty," and "Shell Out," suggest that managers do not feel the present to be the moment for originality or enterprise.

The two most important art exhibitions of the winter, the New English Art Club and The London Group, have recently opened their doors. The war again and the bad conditions which it creates for artists have reduced the attractiveness of these groups considerably.

The New English Art Club was indeed in doubt for a while if it should give a winter exhibition. It has done so, but there is little to comment on in the result. Mr. Augustus John, the most brilliant figure of this Club, shows some Irish peasant types drawn with the reality of which he is a master and not a little of his on-creeping mannerism.

The London group is generally the most revolutionary of the art exhibitions. Futurism and Vorticism are usually in violent activity there, but this session neither Mr. Epstein nor Mr. Wyndham Lewis—two of the most interesting figures of the advance guard—have sent anything. The Neo-Realists, Gilman, Ginner, Bevan and company, maintain a steady average of honest effort. They are essentially honest painters, these three, well mannered, industrious and not without talent. They still hold their Saturday afternoon salon up in Cumberland Market, a beautiful old London haymarket, full of light and the atmosphere of early Victorian days. Two or three years ago some painters discovered its charm and its good light, and began to colonize in the queer old rickety houses.

I looked into the Poetry Bookshop in Devonshire Street the other day and great activity was evident. The public in London really buys a lot of poetry at Christmas and the New Year. It has a preference for something exquisitely bound and printed, but the cheaper little books sell well too, as Christmas or New Year cards. This house has just issued two chap books, *Images*, by Richard Aldington and *Cadences*, by F. S. Flint. They contain some charming lines. Both volumes I believe are being published shortly in the States.

I should like to call the attention of your readers to A. E.'s *Imaginations and Reveries* (Maunsell 5*s*). A. E. (George W. Russel) is well known of course as one of the men who brought about the wonderful Irish Literary movement which is undoubtedly the most important literary development that has taken place in these isles for a long time. Justice has perhaps never been done to A. E. Purposely he has kept himself in the background, happy enough to be able to work for his ideal which has been to breathe a new soul into his beloved country. It is only now beginning to be generally recognized what Yeats, A. E., Lady Gregory, Synge and all the abbey theatre group have done not only for Ireland, but even for England. They have provided that tradition, that sense of co-operation and security which alone makes a national art possible. They have shown the writers of young Ireland that the best way to serve themselves is to serve something greater than themselves—an ideal.

Imaginations and Reveries is a fine book, finer perhaps in its details than as a whole, and I know that a book of such character could not possibly have come out of England. Its inspiring words flame behind a background of rich and communal life. Reading them one feels the Irish people, their passions and their dreams, and above all, their great and undeniable love of their country.

I hope to be going to Ireland this week, so that perhaps in

my next letter I may have something to say of the literary isle, of Dublin and of the Irish poets, some of whom I am sure to meet.

Edward Storer

Eternal Minutes

By Guido Bruno

THE two men sat in the summer-house back of the big residence. It was dark. The white candle on the table flickered an insufficient yellow light. The river far below seemed an untransgressable separating depth of the high hills that grew into the heavens on the other side. Not a star shone on the clouded skies. A big ugly moth did her best to commit suicide in the flame of the candle. The air was laden with heaviness. It was one of the nights that we declare our love, that we exchange confidences, in which we regret lost chances and resurrect dead memories. The man with a sad, almost mourning look, broke the silence.

... "And so I gave up because of my real, eternal, never changing love. I never thought that I could do it. But love wins. I watched her closely. I tried to understand every one of her actions. I indulged her eccentricities. She was sick. I felt her pain. I watched over her day and night. And her husband was always at hand."

"Your life has always been simple, my dear fellow. You don't know what it means to love a woman, to receive favors from her, all those small and big favors that make life worth living—and then, you have to say good-night every evening. You have to make appointments to meet at this and that place when you know that she should be with you all the time. Then there were her children. It's a funny thing about those children. Wouldn't you expect rather strange, even shard feelings towards the living testimony of her devotion to another man? But no—I never did. They seemed to be a part of her. I loved them almost as much as herself.

"You know, we went on this way for months. Women are such masters at burning life's candles at both ends. They know that the two lights must meet some time. And that then there will be darkness. But they don't think. They don't feel the creep of the inevitable shadow.

"We met every day. We lived. We kissed. We loved... God! The torture of it! When I sat evening after evening in my quiet quarters with her picture in front of me. And she... I don't know what she was doing. I only imagined: I believed in her with all my heart.

"She loved her home, the old furniture so carefully selected by her and for her, the old servants upon whom she depended; she hung with all her soul upon the everyday routine of living that she had followed for more than twenty years. I was now a new factor in the new routine—a beloved one, but an addition."

(To be continued).

Little Tales by Feodor Sologub

Two Candles, One Candle, Three Candles

Translated by John Cowmoss

TWO white candles were burning, and there were many lamps upon the walls. A man was reading a manuscript, and people were listening in silence.

The flames trembled. The candles also were listening—the reading pleased them, but the flames were agitated, and trembled.

The man finished reading. The candles were blown out. Every one left.

And it was just as before.

A grey candle was burning. A seamstress sat sewing. An infant slept, and coughed in its sleep. Gusts of cold air came from the wall. The candle wept white, heavy tears. The tears flowed and congealed. Dawn came. The seamstress, with red eyes, kept on sewing. She blew out the candle. She kept on sewing.

And it was just as before.

Three yellow candles were burning. In a box lay a man, yellow and cold. Another was reading a book. A woman was weeping. The candles flickered from fright and from pity. A crowd came. Chants were sung, incense was burned. The box was carried away. The candles were blown out. Every one left.

And it was just as before.

Three Gobs of Spit

A man went by, and spat three gobs of spit.

He walked away, the gobs remained.

Said one of the gobs:

"We are here, but the man is not here."

Said the second:

"He has gone."

Said the third:

"He came precisely for the purpose of planting us here. We are the goal of man's life. He has gone, but we have remained."

A Marriage

A drop of rain fell through the air, a speck of dust lay on the ground.

The drop wished to unite with a hard substance; it was tired of its free, active existence.

It joined itself to the speck of dust—and lay on the ground a blob of mud.

Fruit Illum

The days I have lived and longed for

Have come and have gone at last

But not all the sorrows of future

Can deaden the joys of the Past.

Tom Sleeper

Golgotha

THE withered leaves have fallen
 The stark and naked trees
 Stand shivering bleak and hopeless
 While every chilling breeze
 Drives cold November rain.

A little youth—a little hope
 A striving to attain—then
 Like the trees the grave lies drenched
 By cold November rain.

Tom Sleeper

The Cigarette

SHE was a very young and very poor waitress.
 She had only one passion, or better, one longing
 very good Egyptian cigarettes.

I gave her a few.
 One day I kissed her.
 She did not object very strenuously.

Later on she said: "I am sorry—I don't enjoy any more
 these fine cigarettes so much. Heretofore, I had them for
 nothing."

After the German of Peter Altenberg, by Guido Bruno.

Extra! Extra!

LITTLE Low Lizzie is shiverin' cold,
 She ain't goin' to live a lot more;
 Over there she's a-lying
 By the empty ole stove
 Just a bundle of rags on the floor.

She's sufferin', too, I kin tell by her breath
 Comes an' goes with a queer sort of sound,
 But soon she'll be put
 Where she's wantin' to be,
 In a bit of a box underground.

Lots of times, just the same,
 When I ain't sold me papers,
 When I'm hungry and me fingers is blue,
 I hitch up me belt and blow on me hands,
 And thinks, Lizzie—I wish I was you.

Tom Sleeper

Allah Knows Better**Just a Turkish War Story**

AN aga of Moerch, in Gen, had been fighting against the
 rebellious Christians of Macedonia. Because a Christian—
 so thought the aga—is never a good soldier, the dogs of
 Macedonia had cut off his right hand. Therefore, he petitioned
 for a pension claiming to be an invalid. But the bey decreed
 that only such were invalids as have neither arms nor legs;
 but the aga having still his left hand and both legs could not
 be considered to be made the beneficiary of a pension. The

aga was a learned man who knew well the laws of his country and who even had learned how to write. Therefore, he wrote with his left hand to the pasha of his district, claiming to be an invalid and entitled to the pensions granted by the government. The pasha decided in his favor, but because he had directed his claims directly to him and not to the effendi, he had the aga punished with twenty lashes on his soles. The aga received the twenty lashes and then entered a complaint to the ceraskier, who commissioned the military kadi with the investigation of the case. The ceraskier found among old laws and codices that only he can be a soldier of the sultan who is in full possession of his right hand, and he also found a military law according to which soldiers could write to their superiors, using their right hand only. The aga put in as defense that he was not a soldier any longer at the time he lost his right hand. The wise kadi was of the opinion that the aga had been a soldier until dismissed by his bey, no matter whether he was in possession of his right hand or not; and therefore, he should have written to the pasha with his right hand. After careful deliberation he arrived at the decision that the aga who, while being a soldier had written with his left hand to a superior officer, should be punished very severely. His left hand should be cut off. Such was the verdict of the military kadi and he added: "Allah knows better."

The grand sultan said, after having been informed of the verdict pronounced by the kadi: "By the beard of the prophet, only a right-believing moslem can be a righteous judge."

Translated from the German, author unknown, by Guido Bruno

In Our Village

WHAT would you answer a stranger, who after jumping through the open window into your room should ask: "Who are you?—in whose room am I?" Would you be kind and obliging and tell him who has annoyed you who you are and what the name of the street is on which the house stands upon which he has intruded, or, would you be indignant and throw him out?

Isn't it about the same if the telephone bell rings violently, interrupting you in work, sleep or conversation, and then you hear some impertinent-sounding voice asking: "Who is this please?" And you know that this happens to you almost every day. The telephone is a wonderful invention. But blessed are those who do not need it. Its advantages are indispensable, but the annoyance it causes to the individual constantly does not permit us to rejoice over this commerce-promoting invention. Especially here in Greenwich Village the service is unpredictable and time-absorbing because of its inefficiency and annoying on account of the ignorance, indolence and unwillingness of the operators. We pay a nickel for each call, and I believe we are entitled to an immediate connection; we are en-

titled to a report on a number which we do not get. The telephone pay-stations in the various drug stores and hotels (the nickel pay-stations) are still worse than the private wire. The report "Does not answer" or "Busy" is rarely given if not asked for specifically by the user of the telephone. 'Information' needs an unusually long time to look up a name or a number. And then there seems to be an inefficiency which makes itself hard felt in the regulations concerning rooming-houses and lodging-houses. A good many rooming-houses in our village—so-called studio buildings—extend to the inhabitants telephone privileges. The people who live there are naturally not registered in the telephone book but the owner of the telephone, who is either the care-taker or the proprietor of the house. Very rarely do we know the name of the people and if we ask 'information' to give us the telephone number of such and such a house at such and such street, the information will be denied because we don't know the name under which the telephone is entered, and especially hard is it to get the number in such a house where there are several instruments installed and the owner or care-taker of such a building neglected to state his occupation at the time he signed his contract.

And if you have an instrument of your own on your desk or in your house, how often does the bell ring and it is a "mistake" or you don't get an answer at all or an indignant-sounding voice will answer; "Who is this?"

Complaining!—it won't do any good. Where there is no competition, there is absolute independence. No matter how disappointed, you have to continue it or go without it.

Life is so short that we really should try to exclude everything which adds unpleasant moments to our days. And who hasn't had unpleasant experiences with his telephone?

The Greenwich Village Battalion, United States Boy Scouts, has become an important factor in the lives of the youth of the Village. Organized less than two years ago, it now numbers more than three hundred members, has an up-to-date equipment, with drum, fife and bugle corps of sixty pieces and frequently shows at theatres, exhibitions and at every local affair. It's four Captains have seen service with Uncle Sam's regulars. Drills are held each Monday and Thursday night at Public School 95, Clarkson Street, near Hudson Street.

A committee of lifelong residents of Old Greenwich Village with Charles F. Dillon, as Chairman, John McFarland, Secretary, and Jesse Heim, Treasurer, assist Colonel Nolan and his officers.

The exhibition of paintings, marine scenes and forest scenes, including portraits of Abraham Lincoln and of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, by Captain George Edward Hall, will continue on the walls of Bruno's Garret until the last days in January.

Charles Keeler will read in a recital in Bruno's Garret, on the evening of Monday, January 24th, a group of etchings from

his new collected poems, "The Mirror of Manhattan." They are realistic impressions of people met in the metropolis, with reflections from many angles of life, high and low. His program comprises, with one or two exceptions, only numbers which have not hitherto been heard. Among them are his "Knight Songs for Children" and a group from "The Victory," including picturesque and musical numbers in marked contrast to the realistic note in his poems of New York life.

The reading will start at 8:15 sharp. Admission by ticket only. The seating capacity being limited, it will be necessary to close the garret if this limit is reached.

Charlotte James, well-known to the frequenters of Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre, is severely ill and will not be able to appear at her usual seat at the piano, for quite a while.

Robert McQuinn, the scenic artist, who designed the stage settings for the "Hip-Hip-Hooray" and for the latest Dillingham success, "Stop, Look and Listen!" closed last week a contract for a new production. He will spend a few weeks in Atlantic City, his home town, before he engages in his new work.

Pepe & Brother, the real estate kings of the village, are rebuilding at present several old residences into studio buildings. They are combining the useful with the pleasant, taking into consideration the light and space requirements of people who wish to work in comfort.

Miss Gertrude C. Mosshart, publicity agent of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, of Washington, D. C., made a thorough investigation of our village during her recent short stay in New York and she thought it would be great to start a sort of a village in the capital.

Passing Paris

Paris, January, 1st.

THE enthusiasm sending a Charles Peguy — a humanist in his opinions to the war should be a proof of my assertion as to the popularity of this war at its outset before opinion had been fanned by the Press and the cabal of optimistic falsehoods which MM. Tery in *L'Oeuvre*, Compere-Morel in *L'Humanite*, and that tardy patriot Herve (who once said the dunghill was the only proper place for the national flag, in *La Guerre Sociale* are now, somewhat late in the day and long after the public has opened its eyes of its own accord, beginning to criticize. Yet one may ask oneself whether this artificially created optimism had not its advantages if it helped to contribute to the stoicism shown by the French to every one's, including their own, surprise.

The Germans argue that war cannot be conducted courteously. The French may reply that as it cannot be conducted without

hatred, therefore, as with other munitions, the more there is of it the better, and that whatever is done to increase the supply is justified by the end in view.

If purists of the truth, humanitarians, pacifists and socialists, etc., had not undergone the metamorphosis they did it is possible Paris would now be as German as Brussels. Which would be a grievous pity.

One of the leaders of the symbolist movement, Stuart Merrill, has just died at Versailles, his residence, at the age of fifty-two years. Like Jean Moreas, like the Comtesse de Noailles, like Renee Vivien, Stuart Merrill was a foreigner—an American of the United States—who had elected to express himself in French in preference to his native tongue, in which he had, however, made his first poetic attempts. He had acquired familiarity with the language of France during his childhood, having been educated at a Paris *lycee*. He had named his different volumes of poetry *Les Gammes*, *Petits Poemes d'Automne*, *Les Quatre Saisons*, and *Une Voix dans la Foule*. M. Anatole France said that he was a poet appealing only to the ear, but a poet who can hold attention by this means is a clever man. The criticism cannot, however, be extended to all his poems indiscriminately.

M. Ricciotto Canudo, an Italian who writes in French, author of *La Ville Sans Chef*, a book with ideas, has been distinguishing himself in Serbia, where he has been promoted to the rank of captain—a title that I believe he alone among literary soldiers has as yet attained.

The poet-humourist Guillaume Appollinaire, who has occasionally been quoted in these columns, is a second lieutenant.

Muriel Ciolkowska.

Extract from a Letter to "The Egoist," London.

Books and Magazines of the Week

OUR old friend, Hippolyte Havel, has reached the goal of his ambition. He has a magazine of his own. Hard and discouraging were his tribulations, but now the two numbers published of his paper, "The Revolt," must compensate him fully. And there is another credit due Hippolyte Havel: he is the man who conceived first the idea of starting a kind of an eating-house in Greenwich Village, a place where artists and writers could eat wholesome food in a congenial atmosphere. The Greenwich Village Inn, as it was originally on Washington Place and still longer ago in the basement of 137 MacDougal Street, called "The Basement," was his creation. His contributors are men well-known to the average magazine reader. But in what a different vein do they give themselves in Havel's "Revolt"!

Reedy's Mirror

"Three years go," says Mr. Reedy in the current issue of his *Mirror*, "the Encyclopedia Britannica was sold widely at a

good, plump sum on what looked like a positive guarantee that it would never be cheaper in price at first hand. Now there's an edition advertised at a reduction of 46 per cent. Even though this edition is put forth by Sears, Roebuck & Co., a corporation headed by philanthropist Julius Rosenwald, there's something like a swindle in this procedure. The purchasers of the earlier edition were deceived or the new edition is not, as advertised, the equal of the first. The publishers of the first edition would appear definitely to have broken faith with those who bought the book, to have robbed those purchasers of the 46 per cent. The purchasers of the new edition are said to save."

Others, For January

Edward J. O'Brien, the man who read two thousand two hundred and some odd short stories in order to select the best and publish the titles and the names of their authors in the Boston Transcript, is represented in the January issue of Kreymborg's Magazine of the New Verse with a gentle poem, which discloses him as a luring shepherd. Max Endicoff has in the same issue, a few etchings. He thinks just as every one of us does, things we read a long time ago somewhere else. But he writes and calls it "Etchings." That is the difference, "see?" Yes, he is courageous.

The Missouri Mule

It is a monthly magazine of fun, philosophy and puns, the good old sort of paper which used to come from our western back-woods. It really makes us laugh and it is free from the intricacies of artists and writers who wish to be at least twenty-five years ahead of themselves.

The Nutshell

From his studio in Carnegie Hall, A. G. Heaton, the artist and traveler, sends The Nutshell, his little monthly paper. He sends it to his friends to whom he has owed letters for quite a while, and to such people as he wants to remind of his existence. It's a good idea to have once a month such a wholesale letter day.

The Egoist

John C. Cournos contributes in the current issue of the London "Egoist," to this new era of revived Russian men of letters of twenty and more years ago, a vivid picture of Feodor Sologub, author of twenty volumes comprising almost every literary form, of which *The Created Legend* is best known to English readers. A few translations of his characteristic poems taken from this issue of "The Egoist," are reproduced on another page. "The Egoist" is today the only journal, which finds its way from Europe to our editorial table, not saturated with this tiresome war business, giving a review of everything of interest in literary matters and in art, and even not excluding Germany and Austria.

Loose Leaves

Number 6 of these flying fame pamphlets published by our London correspondent, Edward Storer, contains a very original article on "Absolute Poetry," five poems by John Goodman, and a few verses by F. W. Tancred, bringing us a new breath from the English shores. Among all the realism of our contemporaries there seems to thrive a small group of idealists, of artists. These poets are like architects who have abandoned the designing of public buildings in different styles and have started to work on temples consecrated to gods, gods who are so real that one could mistake them for the ancient divinities of the Greeks and Romans. But they are just their own real gods.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre: Its Real Mission

JUST to make it clear once more: Mr. Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre has no other purpose but to give young American musicians, composers, poets and playwrights a hearing. To act as a free forum accessible to everybody who has done something that he considers worth while and to give him a chance to be heard by an unprejudiced audience.

Judging from Mr. Edison's mail, a good many people seem to be under the impression that the Thimble Theatre is a kind of philanthropic institution for musicians and singers out of employment, others mistake it for a concert hall where artists of fame will be heard. The mere fact that one has a known name, that one has a pocketful of newspaper clippings or has sung or played before European princes and members of royal families and has received medals and crosses of honor, bars him from an appearance in the Little Thimble Theatre.

It is just the American who works and toils honestly in this country and has not had, for some reason or another, a chance to be rejected or accepted by an American public, that Mr. Edison is interested in.

We live in an age of recognition. The tragedy of a Poe could hardly be repeated to-day. The good work done will ultimately gain recognition and it is solely up to the man himself to create for himself the right circle of activities. America needs good music, good poems, good books. While the writer has it comparatively easy to persuade a publisher to see the merits of his works, the musician is handicapped by that supreme illusion which has taken hold of all impresarios and producers of plays: that America has no music and that the American has to look for real good stuff to Mother Europe. But the worst of it is they don't want even to lend themselves to an experiment. They are afraid of everything that hasn't got the European label.

It would be megalomania to assume that the activities of the Little Thimble Theatre, even if successful beyond expectation,

could change this condition. But the little snowball kicked off incidently from the high mountain grows to be a big avalanche. And if the larger public cannot be reached and the composer or musician derives no other benefit but to play in public, his self-confidence is being strengthened and he returns home filled with new ambitions, and plunges into his work with new vigor.

Mr. Edison invites every American musician, composer or singer to take advantage of his Little Thimble Theatre. Serious efforts will find serious consideration.

The Story of Oscar Wilde's Life and Experience in Reading Gaol*

By His Warden.

I NEVER saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little patch of blue
Which prisoners call the sky;
And at every wandering cloud
That trailed
Its revelled fleeces by

AN ex-prison warden who was at Reading Gaol during the entire period of Wilde's incarceration, has drawn aside the veil that hid the ill-fated man of genius during his degradation and despair "in the depths."

The publication of the posthumous book by the great literary genius, who "sinned and suffered," has induced this warden, who had charge of Oscar Wilde during his imprisonment, to tell how that unhappy man of letters "circled the centre of pain," as he in poignant phrase described the daily prison ordeal.

"The warders strutted up and down,
And watched their herd of brutes."

wrote Wilde on his release, and in this fragment of verse can be read his own bitter self-contempt. Of the warders themselves, he made no complaint — he regarded them as simply instruments of an iron, soul killing system that might be right—or wrong.

The warders, on their side, knew how terrible was the punishment the former pampered pet of society must be undergoing, for they could see he was suffering a thousandfold because of his strangely sensitive temperament and previous ignorance of all hardships and iron discipline.

"Poor Wilde," writes his former prison custodian, who is by no means the iron-hearted creature warders are generally supposed to be.

"I remember, before he was transferred from Wandsworth Prison, the governor of Reading Gaol said to us, 'A certain prisoner is about to be transferred here, and you should be

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Patrick F. Madigan, who has the original, in the handwriting of Oscar Wilde's warden, and also the two manuscripts mentioned in this story.

proud to think the Prison Commissioners have chosen Reading Gaol as the one most suitable for this man to serve the remainder of his sentence in.'

"The governor never told us the name, but directly the prisoner arrived, we saw that 'C33' which was his prison letter and number, afterwards made famous by him, thus signing the 'Ballad of Reading Gaol,' was none other than Oscar Wilde.

"The probable cause of his transfer from Wandsworth Prison was his inability to comply with the regulation tasks allotted to his class of prisoner. On one or two occasions he had been brought up before the governor there for idleness at oakum-picking or talking.

"I remember my first sight of the fallen literary idol of whom all the world was then talking in terms of infamy.

"A tall figure with a large head and fat, pendulous cheeks, with hair that curled artistically, and a hopeless look in his eyes—that was Oscar Wilde as I first met him.

"Not even the hideous prison garb, or 'C 33,' the badge of ignominy he bore could altogether hide the air of distinction and ever-present intellectual force that lifted him always far above 'the herd of brutes,' as he so bitterly afterwards styled his fellow convicts and himself.

"From the first it was apparent to us that he was totally unfitted for manual work, or hardships of any kind, and he was treated accordingly.

"He was no good for anything—except writing, and that as a rule, has small place inside a prison. But on account of his former greatness a small concession was made him, and he was allowed to read and write as much as he liked.

"Had this boon not been granted him he would, I am confident, have pined away and died. He was so unlike other men. Just a bundle of brains—and that is all.

"When he arrived his hair was long and curly, and it was ordered to be cut at once.

"It fell to my lot as warden in charge to carry out this order and cut his hair, and never shall I forget it.

"To Oscar Wilde it seemed as though the clipping of his locks, and thus placing him on the same level as the closely shorn, bullet-headed prisoners round him was the last drop in the cup of sorrow and degradation which he had to drain to the bitter dregs.

"'Must it be cut,' he cried piteously to me. 'You don't know what it means to me,' and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It may seem somewhat ludicrous to some who do not know, as I do, what a curiously constituted character was that of Oscar Wilde, but I know it cut me to the heart to have to be the person to cause him his crowning shame. Warders have feelings, although their duty will not always allow them to show it.

(To be Continued).

Maude: A Memory

By Guido Bruno

(Concluded)

Anything, the most unusual thing that Courtland would have done could not have astonished him more than this hoarsely uttered question.

Mrs. Regan involuntarily made a few steps back toward the door of the waiting-room. There she stood for seconds that seemed hours. Kenneth, watching the doctor, did not seem to pay any attention to her presence in the room. She opened the door. She opened it slowly; inch by inch the interior of the waiting-room could be seen from the doctor's den. A nurse was busying herself noiselessly with some papers on a small table. In a deep leather-upholstered chair sat a young woman. Shortly after she had espied Mrs. Regan, she jumped to her feet, crossed the room with hasty steps. "Will he go, mother? Is he coming with us?" She stood in the open doorway. Both men looked at her.

"Courtland!" exclaimed the girl, approaching the doctor with extended hand, "I know you'll go with us, please do."

"So you are not married, Maude?" was the answer of the doctor who had grasped the hand, holding it tightly in his.

Mrs. Maude Regan was introducing her daughter Maude, to Kenneth. There seemed to be method in the madness that she had feared to read in Courtland's face, in his actions.

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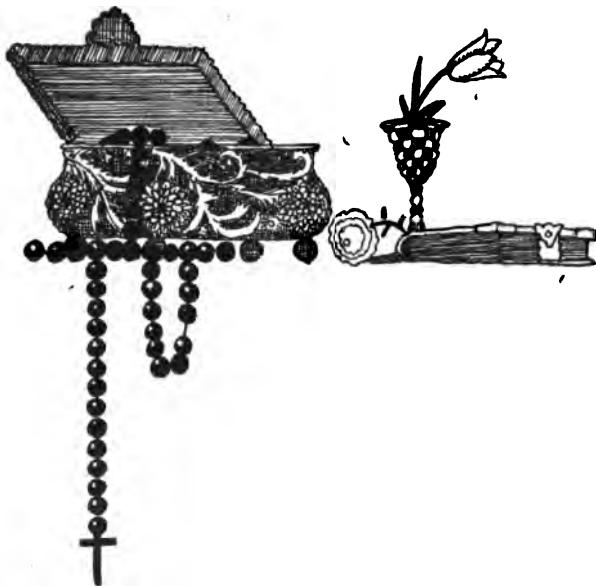
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

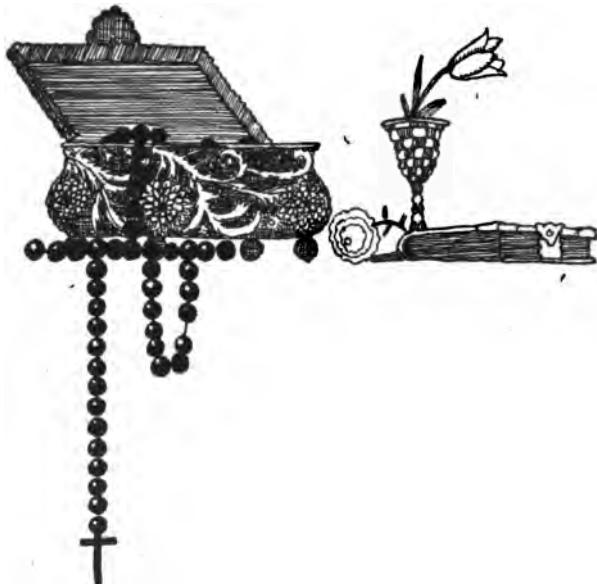


Coulton Waugh

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

January 29th, 1916



Becka Karatz

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A Philosopher Among Russian Dancers

An Interview with Adolf Bohm.

THE tumult and the shouting dies, the press-men and the veils depart—and what is left?—Some cosmetic errors, the sound of the stretching of the arch of multitudinous feet and Adolf Bolm.

He it is who has discovered himself next to Najinski, now that Najinski has gone. He is the pampered, over-familiar Le Negre, of the chosing of that top-heavy though attractive high-hipped Zobeide. He, who is Chef guerrier of Le Prince Igor, not forgotten in Les Sylphides and still on view in La Princess Enchante and Soleil Du Nuit.

He comes through the melieu of the Ballet with the smile of the man who suffers in three languages.

"Eakst—ah, there you have not only the savage, you have also the artist. I have often thought, how dreadful to be the picture—you know what I mean? No? I shall explain. Notice the eye of the connoisseur of arts, then imagine yourself their goal. See? It is so with the costume. Therefore, I say, how dreadful to be the picture but how still more lamentable to be the costume.

"Bakst is a successful organ; he has a keen appetite, a nose for cafes, a delightful sense of humor, an impressive style of flirting. His advances are of a marked and successful nature, considering his natural inborn plainness. Of his retreats one might say they are masterly. He sails a boat and drinks tea with graceful repugnance.

"He has however one fault—ah, an immense trifle—his head-gear the hoods, the turbans, the what-nots that he conceives for the heads of his disciples—Beautiful? Yes, as only ugly and vulgar things are,—but—"

He paused knocking his gold cigarette case upon his palm. "But my friend Leon forgets that in the classic arts the feet should have pre-eminence.

"Is Bakst new, is his art the art of the creator? Often I am asked that, very often I hear others asked that. There is an answer. The tragedy of man—there had been a past; the tragedy of nature—there will be a future.

"Without your yesterdays all would be great today. No, of course, Bakst is not new. Egypt may have been builded on the dust of an older Egypt, Rome may have fallen once again on Rome.

"In Russia there are other Russians—better perhaps, and also, perhaps not. Bakst happened to come when he was needed, when the world was ready for him.

"It is harder, I admit, to become known for what one has not done than for what one has. Bakst took the easiest way, he became known for what he did. Not for his restraint, but for his vigor. One can say of him what Wilde said of Hall Cain—he creates at the top of his voice.

"Therefore it is that one should not say Bakst dares, one should say Bakst dares again.

"Some of his designs are purely graphic. From the mind, for the paper. These are the kinds I have reference to, when I say how painful to be the costume. I have had to outrage Bakst, because Bakst has outraged me.

"He invents, say, something he considered decorative, but imagine trying to dance entangled with all the intricacies of Bakst's mind.

"Well, we have made our concessions each to the other" he added.

When I asked him if America could appreciate Russian art he answered:

"You are not asked to understand Russia. You are asked to feel. One does not understand death, one only reacts to it."

I said that the whole production had struck most of us as art under the skin. "A matter," I added, "of gastric acoustics, arteries and undressing or over-dressing," also concluding, "but only of the kind we lament because that savage sharpness, that peasant bitterness and vitality given us so richly in the literature of the Russian and in the Russian history, is missing.

"In other words they seem to be economizing on perspiration." I finished.

"He has fallen into the estate of the man who forgets that destruction is more necessary than construction. The rich perversity of a decaying flower is only transcribable in the still richer, still more perverse flare of the decaying art. The happier midways of life and death. The conception that feeds on itself,—that is the most beautiful and the most destructive. Bakst has forgotten, it seems to me, and has instead tried to make something too new, and in consequence has made it too raw. Wounds are all very well but only in that they bleed. Bakst is a wound in which the arteries refuse their waters."

Bolm shook his head "Yes and no, as the peasant says. I admit that he is not always simple. That is what I tried to point out just a few minutes ago. It is his insincerity that sometimes gets in his way, nevertheless his art is a fine thing and the world is coming to know that, and then there will be others.

"Now let me say something that touches America. You want too many doctors. Only people who go around with the assurance given by *medicins* could expurgate so freely your books and shave down to so fine a point, your arts. When you have ceased to have stomach troubles you will not mind the hard and healthy spleen of the children of L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune."

Djuna Barnes.

Whoever will be free, must make himself free:
freedom is no fairy's gift to fall into any man's lap.

Friedrich Nietzsche

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington.

January 10th.

IN my letter this week I must give you some Irish news, for I have been spending a few days over in Dublin and the vicinity. I paid a visit to the Irish poet, Joseph Campbell, who lives out at Enniskerry, in the Wicklow hills. Going down in the train from Harcourt Street station, I looked at Synge's, *In Wicklow and West Kerry*. It was in Wicklow that the author of the *Playboy* picked up so much of that picturesque mixture of folk-lore, racy idiom and incident which make the quality of his comedies. "A great country for tramps," he says, "and for tinkers. The abundance of these folk has often been regretted, yet in one sense it is an interesting sign, for wherever the laborer has preserved his vitality and begets an occasional temperament of distinction, a certain number of vagrants are to be looked for."

Driving through this gray and rather desolate country-side and coming across the low snuggling inns or the country 'characters' in the lanes, one could not escape thinking of Synge at work with his fine mind among this peasantry and tinkerdom. I could picture to myself how he did it, and when we passed one old fellow, whose face suggested a wealth of racy reminiscences by its character and quaintness I said: "Now if we were Synge we would stand that old fellow a drink and draw him out." "And well amused he would keep us, too," my friend replied.

Passing through this Wicklow country revealed Synge to me in a new way. I saw how lonely and miserable the poor fellow must have been in spite of all the glamor and courage he has put into his pages.

Campbell is well known in America, I fancy, as the author of *Irishry*, the *Gilly of Christ*, *The Man Child*, etc., and many lyrics in Miss Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*. He is one of the most vigorous figures of the younger Irish school, and has added his name to the list of authors who have written plays for the celebrated Abbey Theatre. Campbell feels strongly on the subject of the modern Irish theatre. He told me he believed that one might say that the Abbey, considered as an art theatre, was dead. It has worked out its ideal and there was no fresh one arising. The plays that are produced there now are only comedies or satires. It is true that they are given in rather a better spirit than at the ordinary commercial theatre, but that is all. Of all the plays produced there, only those by Yeats and Synge will last. The point that Campbell particularly made was that what Ireland wanted at present most of all in her theatre was the drama of beauty. And that of course is very true, not only of Ireland, but of any country. Slightly pessimistic as such intimations are, it is plain that as an art-producing country Ireland is at the moment superior to England.

A visit to the Abbey—so often heard of yet never seen—confirmed my views. There were two pieces—*The Suburban Grove*, by W. F. Casey, a young man I remember meeting in London some years ago, and a new playlet, *Fraternity*, by Bernard Duffy.

One has heard so much of the Abbey Theatre—it is a little Bayreuth of modern English theatrical art—that to visit it for the first time is quite exciting. It was once a court-house of some kind, my friend tells me, and the interior of the building preserves still a little of the judicial sternness. It is very severe; the proscenium admirable in black and gold lines against a dull white. A few bronze escutcheons rise in high relief from the walls. It is all very simple and unpretentious. The audience contains a much greater proportion of young men than one would find at any time in a London theatre. Obviously, theatre-going is differently regarded here. The seats are very cheap and we sit in the cheapest—my companion, a young Irish painter, and myself.

The Suburban Grooves proves charming. It is a volatile trifle, a comedy of suburban manners, delicately written and delicately acted and admirably true to life. Yet it would not stand a chance at the commercial theatre. It would be too simple, too natural. The whole play has nothing remarkable about it except that fact that it is a genuine little play, written for the love of the thing, by a whole man who had not sold himself to the devil. The novelty of the evening proved to be very amusing, too. It was a satire on the Ancient Order of Hibernians. To judge by the comments around me it did not seem to please the audience very much.

To turn to English news, Thomas Beecham has been made a knight and Henry James has been given the Order of Merit. Decorations are always showered in England at the New Year upon a number of people who have spent the previous twelve months, or longer, deserving them. Sir Thomas Beecham has done a good deal for music in England if not for English music. Indeed, his work has been chiefly in connection with Russian opera and ballet. The name Beecham is closely connected with those delightful evenings we used to spend in the great gallery of Covent Garden or Drury Lane a couple of years ago. That was the full flowering of an art-form which a year or so earlier in the less gross atmosphere of Paris had blossomed most perfectly. Behind all that fantasy and luxuriance were the hard lives and the little realized ideals of the Russian composers Mousorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff and the brethren of the famous Band. They dreamed their dream of a Russian national music in St. Petersburg about 1860, and about fifty years later their art expanded to its fullest. By the way, an excellent little book on modern Russian music appeared here some short time ago by Montagu-Nathan. Lane, I think, is the publisher.

Edward Storer

Eternal Minutes

By Guido Bruno

(Continued from last issue)

"Well, I gave her up. I gave it all up. I didn't have the heart to induce her to give up the surroundings she loved. I know she would have been willing to do the conventional thing but I didn't dare do it. I loved her so much. I sacrificed everything for her sake. Life is worthless for me. I'll never

see her again and I'll never again feel warmth in my heart. I'll never see her again in my life and I shall long for her until I die.

"I might be happy at that . . . if it is happiness: the consciousness of my self-sacrifice."

The man with a sad, resigned face looked forlornly out into the darkness. There was a long silence. His companion did not move. It seemed an eternity, but it surely lasted an hour. Neither did his companion take his eyes away from the face of the man who was speaking. He seemed to try to read his mind and look deep into his heart. He was studying the features of his face and making comparisons.

And suddenly all the relaxation disappeared. He seemed active, dynamic. He lay back in the garden chair. He stretched his legs and arms, conscious of his strength. There was a vigorous exhalation from his powerful lungs that blew out the light.

. . . "Fool! . . . I would have taken her. I would have made only one appointment with her and that would have lasted for life. I would have made her forget her surroundings and her furniture. I would have made her sit with me in my lonely quarters. I would have passed to her a part of my own dish. I would have brought her happiness in return. I would have sacrificed everything but her, and conscious of that I would have been happy."

A glaring white lightning parted the dark skies. Thunder resounded from all corners of the earth. Heavy drops of an unexpected rain beat against the roof. The two men hurried back to the big lighted house.

(Concluded)

A Little Tale by Feodor Sologub

Translated by John Cournos

Captive Death

A LONG time ago there lived a brave and invincible Knight. One day he happened to capture Death herself.

He brought her to his strong castle, and put her in a cell. Death sat there—and people ceased to die.

The Knight was overjoyed, and thought:

"Now it is well, but it is rather a worry to keep a watch on her. Perhaps it would be better to destroy her altogether."

But the Knight was a very just man—he could not kill her without judgment.

He went to the cell, and, passing before the small window, he said:

"Death, I want to cut your head off—you've done a lot of harm upon the earth."

But Death was silent.

The Knight continued:

"I'll give you a chance—defend yourself if you can. What have you to say for yourself?"

And Death answered:

"I'll say nothing just yet; let Life put in a word for me."

And the Knight suddenly saw Life standing beside him; she was a robust and red-cheeked but expressionless woman.

And she began to say such brazen and ungodly things that the brave, invincible Knight trembled, and made haste to open the cell.

Death went out—and men began to die once more. The Knight himself died when his time came—and he told no one upon the earth what that expressionless, brazen woman, Life, had said to him.

From "The Egoist," London.

Balkan Stories

The End

IN Our Village" a Turkish officer said to me, "we have no graveyard."

"But where do you bury . . . ?"

Interrupting my question he said:

"Our people are always shot or hung somewhere else."

Bakshish

ON the morning of my departure from Constantinople I gave the letter carrier who had brought my letters during my sojourn here, half a medshid as a tip.

In the afternoon a man came up to me and said: "My lord, I am a stranger to you. You never received a telegram. But may it please you to know that I am the telegraph messenger. May it please you to know that it was up to me to deliver telegrams to you, if such had been received for you in our office. I surely would have brought them to you most quickly. I know you will be just and you will not harm a man who has always been ready to serve you; I cannot be blamed that I have never been called upon to be of service to you. I too deserve half a medshid."

Montenegro

It is widely known what an interesting way King Nicholas once knew to get hold of half a million in ready cash. He sent a trusted man to Triest addressing to him continuously postal money orders from Cetinje. The trusted man received payment for his money orders in the Austrian post office and returned home with the cash to the Black Mountains. King Nicholas never reimbursed the Austrian postal government. This episode caused a good deal of talk about the postal conditions in Montenegro.

Before I left for Cetinje my friends asked me not to forget to bring back Montenegrin postage stamps of all denominations I could get hold of. At the post office of Cetinje the clerk gave me stamps in the denominations of one, two, three, five, ten and twenty heller. "But should you also wish stamps for fifty heller apiece," he said, "you will have to go up to the palace and see the king. The fifty-heller stamps are being kept in His Majesty's private cash box."

After the German of Roda Roda, by Guido Bruno.

God Save the King!

SCREAMING in agonies of Hell
 The volunteer from Dublin fell.
 The lead tore hotly at his gaping lung
 A withering thirst choked thick his blackening tongue.
 And yet, when later in the day
 They found the muddy hole in which he lay,
 He smiled up at the surgeon at his side.
 "Hero or fool?" he questioned, then he died.
Tom Sleeper

Lions' Roars

By *D. Molby*

WHENEVER one is out in a kind of desert country, at night, where there are some lions and one of them is roaring, one is likely to get quite a fright. If the lion roars as loud as he can, one can hear him a long ways. How far, depends on what kind of a night it is and on whether he is back in some hills or is on the front of one. If it is a clear night and there is a moon and the lion is standing on a rock that looks out over a valley, the sounds will go several miles before they stop.

The reason he can roar loud is that his neck is big and his vocal cords are strong and his chest powerful. When he roars and the echoes come back, he knows that he has every other animal for miles around scared so bad that he can't move. He is the king of beasts and he wants them to know it. And the vibrations in his chest and the firmness in his legs bring him the consciousness of his power.

When he roars this way, he makes the Earth tremble under his feet, or if he is on a rock, it jars the rock. The night is his and the hills are his, and he rules them with his roar.

Prithee, To What Purpose?

THE speckled hen in the back yard scratches, feeds, and lays an egg which is destined to become a speckled hen which in the back yard scratches, feeds, and lays an egg which is destined to become a speckled hen which in the back yard scratches, feeds, and lays an egg which is an egg become feeds speckled

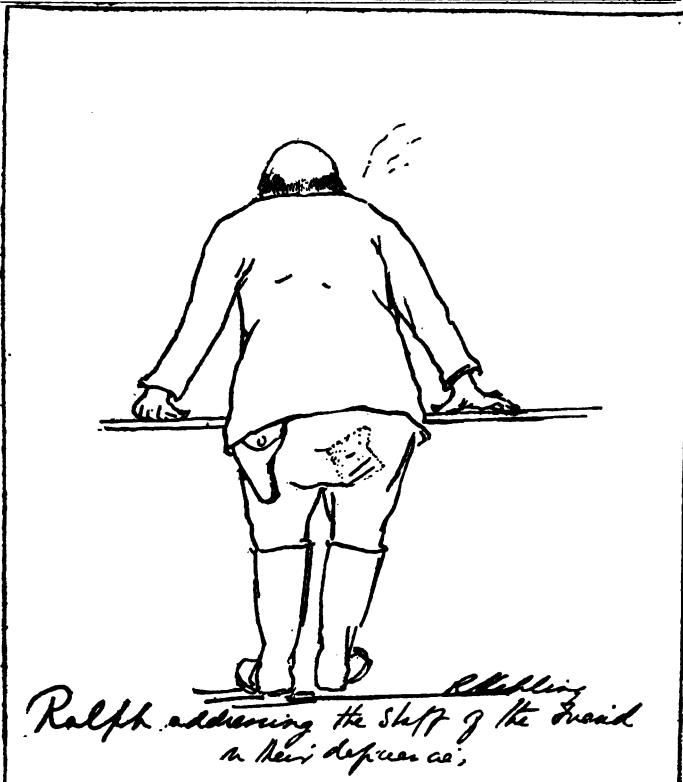
Tom Sleeper

A Dream

IN heaven a white-robed angel laid aside his harp and, going to the Lord, said, "Father, I would sleep again."

Tenderly smiling, the Almighty replied, "It is permitted." On that morning a child was born.

Karl M. Sherman.



Original Drawing by Rudyard Kipling. (Size reduced.)

From the Collection of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan

War and Books

THERE is an intimate relation between war and books. This may not be apparent because the effect does not follow the cause immediately. Nor directly. The Welt-geist is prodigal of means when the end is not in sight. It accounts to no one. And it has plenty of time.

That there is an intimate relation between wars and books is evidenced in the nature and amount of literature after the conquests of Julius Cæsar. After the struggle of Russia with Poland. After the French Revolution. And after our own two greater wars.

The conditions governing the output of books in these several

instances are so varied as to preclude the possibility that the mere vitality of periods of reconstruction could fertilize a barren soil of letters.

It is true that Rome was rich during her Golden Age. And America by sheer force of her natural resources, was prosperous after her two wars. But the increased confidence due to restoration of order following disturbed conditions, as little explains the most brilliant period of Latin literature and the sudden leaps in American cultural activities, as it accounts for the great dramas of poverty-stricken Russia or the famous novels of a bankrupt French republic.

Just what happens one can never know.

It is as simple and natural, doubtless, as the change of a larva to a pupa. And as the transformation of the pupa to a winged butterfly. Metamorphoses are effected in darkness and under conditions that preclude observation.

But at least something like this occurs.

During war-times the voice of the people is heard. Petty differences are forgotten. Men gather in the streets and shout in unison. They hiss and they cheer. And at each explosion there can be no doubt as to whether it is a hiss or a cheer.

And it follows that in the white heat of some noble excitement a pamphlet is printed. Some individual writes it but the people have created it. And in passion and in exaltation songs are struck off.

Everybody reads the pamphlets and everybody sings the songs. They are active, timely, popular. That is to say that both these expressions of a feeling—pamphlets and songs—came from the people and are again absorbed by them.

This is creation, fecundation, germination.

After peace is declared these songs are forgotten. The pamphlets once sold at a penny are exchanged for dollars in auction rooms, as curiosities. Maybe as historical evidence. But the folk-idea behind the little book and the verses is living in the people. It grows and spreads.

After a while a restlessness is generally apparent. A feverishness that means a generally diffused desire for expression of something not yet clearly defined.

A hundred poets and writers, too feeble to make the sound that can be heard and the gesture that can be seen, try to embody concretely what everybody feels is in the air. The ninety and nine fail.

Then come the men that will be heard: Marcus Aurelius, Sienkiewicz, Zola. And for us the poets and novelists that wrote between our wars and after them, whose sentiments can be traced: pamphlets of Franklin and Payne. And to those of the abolitionists.

Uncle Tom's Cabin and the more pretentious poems of the standard American poets are reflexes of and reactions from war feeling. And who can estimate the number of novels related to each other by kindred sentiments that were inspired by recorded expressions of popular feeling during the civil war?

The tragedy of brothers meeting face to face in opposing battle array; the horror that an agricultural people would feel at the shooting of a spy; the beauty of reconciliation. These were the themes of the novels and poems.

As to just what will be the general trend of the literature that will record the true feeling in these days when our news stands are overflowing with extra war editions, it would be interesting to speculate.

Doubtless, horror of the incredible spectacle of the foremost nations sacrificing human lives by the thousand in the name of the Almighty, to uphold an abstraction, prejudices all our conclusions.

But it's safe to say that no sentiment in the present crisis will inspire a woman to write a Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Cora Bennett Stephenson

Books and Magazines of the Week

A very interesting pamphlet was sent to us by C. Alphonso Smith, Edgar Allan Poe, Professor of the University of Virginia. It is called "Ballads Surviving in the United States" and it appeared in the Musical Quarterly, 1916. Professor Smith, its author, was Roosevelt Professor in Germany several years ago and wrote at that time the only authentic history of contemporary American Literature extant in the German language. He is writing at present a biography of O. Henry which will clear up a good deal of the mystery and the fantastic stories connected with the personal life of America's greatest short-story writer.

"Every student of folk-lore has noticed that the last few years have witnessed a remarkable revival of interest in the folk-song. This interest has not been confined to the United States, but is probably more manifest in the United States because it has here assumed its most definite form. The American people, not having the rich store of antique ballads found, for example, in Germany or Scandinavia or Servia or Spain, have gone zealously to work to collect the ballads that drifted across with their forebears from England and Scotland and Ireland. The Bureau of Education in Washington issued a bulletin in January, 1914, containing a list of the three hundred and five English and Scottish ballads and urged the teachers of the United States to form ballad societies in each state for the purpose of finding and thus rescuing these valuable folk-songs before it is too late."

The Cheerful Liar

New York has a new paper. It guarantees that

"it can lie better than any other newspaper published. We are Champion Liars. If the public is foolish enough to spend their money for a bunch of unreliable news, we propose to get into the game also and get some of the coin. We are honest about it and tell you by the name of this newspaper what you can expect. There is no attempt made to obtain your money under false pretenses. Only our advertisement columns are genuine. They all guarantee their goods to be as represented."

There is just one exception I would take with its editor. Where is the cheerfulness in their lying?

Bookplates of John E. and Samuel Pepys

Howard C. Levis' new work dealing with the somewhat humorous passages in the diaries and correspondence of the two famous seventeenth-century *virtuosi*, John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys, which touch on the subject of engraving, will be published shortly by Messrs. Ellis. There are chapters on Evelyn's own etchings on the bookplates and bookstamps of the two diarists, on their portraits and the portraits of their wives and on the frontispieces and illustrations of their works, together with a short bibliography and an index.

Der Sturm

The editorial staff of this organ of the small futuristic group of German internationalists suffered another loss, as I see by the last issue, which just reached our desk. August Stramm, the poet whose works created such a sensation in England just before the outbreak of the war, upon their appearance in English translation, was the victim of a hostile bullet, in the Belgian trenches.

The New Review

The New Review Publishing Association, which publishes the "New Review," the theoretical magazine of American Socialism, announces its entrance into the Book Publishing field. Its purpose is to publish books dealing with current events and problems.

In Our Village

THE chaotic conditions prevailing in the American art world of today are but a true replica of what is going on among the artists of our village. The times of Babel seem to be here again. The great individual efforts towards the one big achievement seem to be perturbed. Everybody is working as hard as he can and trying and failing and starting out again with new energy and doing his best . . . but he seems to do it in his own language, a different language from that of the universe. And everybody else fails to understand him. I am not talking now about artists who are busy getting out orders for magazines and commercial purposes, and I am not thinking of imitators who are trying to create sensations with the empty language of others who really meant sincerely what they presented to the world.

There are men and women among us trying to do one thing or the other, who are using their paints and brushes for no other purpose but self-expression. They are the people who will have found themselves in the course of the coming ten or fifteen years and who will really have something to give, to a generation which will have grown with them in the meantime.

Almost as many studios as we have down here,—just as many different ways and means of expression of impressions "to the world" do we have. And these creations drift eventually up-town and are exhibited in "leading" galleries on the Avenue.

Shall and can experiments be taken seriously? Shouldn't those in authority, especially the keepers of galleries refrain from using their walls for experimental purposes, especially when the artist today might laugh at his creation of yesterday? Must the public be the goat here, too, as well as in the other branches of the free arts, for mere commercial reasons?

The individualistic expression of a man is of course, the most ideal way to attempt the big. But if he uses, in order to express himself, a language not understood by anybody else, and if he is not able to compile at the present time a dictionary to be used by those interested and eager to understand, because in most of the cases he doesn't know himself what he wants, why not refrain from exhibiting? Why not take the consequences of the prerogative of the self-expressionist: "I don't care what you think about it—if you can understand it or not; it is just exactly as I see it and that is sufficient unto me," and keep his creations unto himself until such a time arrives where either he shall have found a medium which is not strange to our eyes and which we really can see or feel, or our posterity shall have adjusted their focus, in the course of the progress of the world, which will enable them to see and to feel.

The grotesque seems to be favored at present by magazines who are willing to pay large prices for something that outdoes this week the unbelievable of last week.

Money is the great lure in the career of our artists.

Do away with the money which can be gained by the sort of production everybody seems to aim at at present, and most of the members of our hopeful colony of geniuses will return to the diligent study of drawing.

And now be honest to yourself—What is the most wonderful idea worth and the most glorious and impossible color scheme, if you don't know how to draw and if you think that composition is something that one can do away with?

The exhibition of paintings, marine scenes and forest scenes, including portraits of Abraham Lincoln and of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, by Captain George Edward Hall, will continue on the walls of Bruno's Garret until the last days in January.

A group of Russian artists will have a joint exhibition of their work from February 3rd to February 10th. They comprise impressions of everyday life, landscapes and portraits.

Sadakichi Hartmann is back home in East Aurora. Keeping dates is something unknown to him and engagements are always optional with him reserving himself the right to cancel whenever he should see fit to do so. But this time really serious illness prevented him from reading his "Christ" in Bruno's Garret as announced.

Monday, February 7th, is set aside for a poetry reading of H. Thompson Rich, whose war poems, "The Red Shame" found favor in the eyes of editors all over the country, evidenced by their various reprints in newspapers and magazines. The reading will start at 8:15. Admission by ticket only.

Tom Sleeper, well-known to the readers of these pages, is living at present in the seclusion of the New Jersey mountains and plains and only rarely descends to the regions of our village. He has promised for the near future a few of his "Pastels in Prose," which are really gems, set in platinum—even though he claims that nobody outside of himself knows their real meaning.

The Candlestick Tearoom, right around the corner from The Thimble Theatre, has put new shades on all its candles—some very interesting silhouettes which look very much like life.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

A Performance On Ellis Island

THE Thimble Theatre went a traveling last week. The entire ensemble of last Saturday night followed an invitation of chief clerk, Augustus Sherman, of Ellis Island, and repeated the performance for the benefit of the immigrants detained at present on Ellis Island. More than four hundred men, women and children from all parts of the world listened to the music, this international language of humankind which finds its way to heart and soul and was reflected in the faces of all those whom the United States did not welcome to her shores. There were well-dressed men and women of Northern Europe right next to the manly, hard-set faces of Russian peasant women. Next to a countenance upon which was written the simplicity of mind sat a man whom you would not wish to meet at night in a dark alley. There were hosts of children, in all ages. Mr. Sherman explained that some of his charges had been ordered deported as far back as eighteen months ago, but on account of the present European complications most of the orders cannot be carried out. The people seem happy and contented as much as they can expect to be, with the uncertainty of their fate hovering above their heads.

The Sunday afternoon concerts are held in a building whose size is similar to that of an armory. The acoustics are rather bad, but the audience was very appreciative and the artists did their best to add a few pleasant hours to the lives of these poor, involuntary residents of the Island. Especially the Irish Ballads sung by Miss Foster and the folk songs by Miss Edens evoked the enthusiasm of the listeners. Mr. Keeler's recitation of children's poems and nursery rhymes, with his phonetic interpretation of sounds dear to the ears of the little ones, which evidently must be the same all over the world, gathered around him girls and boys who wanted each time just a little bit more and his recitation lasted quite longer than had been intended.

The concert on the Diamond Disc, a selection of operatic airs in several languages, old hymns and chorals, concluded the program. It was amusing to watch the little ones seated in the first rows and nearest to the instrument. They didn't know where the voices and the music came from and it is doubtful if their parents, whom they questioned wonderingly, were able to give a proper answer.

The Sunday afternoon concert, one of the many humanitarian innovations Mr. Sherman has put into effect, is looked forward to eagerly by the detained immigrants; this is one more proof that music, good music, finds a quick response in the heart of every human being, even if he doesn't know the technical meaning of what he hears and of what appeals to him.

This Week's Performances.

A piano recital by Miss Sarah Shapiro, a young artist from Waterbury, Conn., will be not only interesting as an interpretation of some of the best music of Rachmaninoff, of Chopin and of Mendelsohn, but on account of her playing for the first time before a public audience compositions of her own. Miss Shapiro is known as a concert artist in her home town but wishes to enter upon a New York career.

Mrs. Lila Collins will sing "Aria-Enfant Prodigue," by Debussy "Dearest," by Homer, and "Spring Morning," by Wilson, as a selection of her repertoire very highly appreciated in the West and the Middle West, where she is well-known as a concert singer. Recently she came East and her appearance this week in the Thimble Theatre will be her first attempt to conquer the New York public.

Richard T. D. Stott, a concert singer for some time is preparing for a career in light musical comedy (operetta), where he will have a chance to do both singing and dancing. Among the numbers in his repertoire for this week are, "O du, Mein Holder Abendstern" by Wagner, "Mother Machree," by C. Olcott and Ernest R. Ball, and "A Song of Sleep," by Lord Henry Somerset.

The Story of Oscar Wilde's Life and Experience in Reading Gaol*

By His Warden.

(Continued).

"The only task Wilde was put to was to act as 'schoolmaster's orderly,' which was in the nature of a great privilege, for it meant that he could take charge of the books and go round with them to other prisoners, besides having the pick of the literature for himself. Strange as it may seem considering his literary bent, he failed to accomplish even this task satisfactorily.

"Chiefly he remained in his cell occupied with his books, of which in his cell he had a large supply, consisting of poetic works and foreign authors. On his table was always a manuscript book—full of writing in some foreign language—French

**I am indebted for this story to Mr. Patrick F. Madigan, who has the original, in the handwriting of Oscar Wilde's warden, and also the two manuscripts mentioned in this story.*

or Italian I believe, and Wilde often seemed busily engaged writing in this.

"I think this must have been 'De Profundis'—the work of self-analysis that has just been published.

"His hair was always kept closely cut until about five months before his discharge, and I remember when he was told that it need not be prison-cropped any more owing to his impending release, how pleased he seemed. And he was a man who so seldom lifted his bowed head of shame to smile.

"Wilde was superstitious to a degree, and I recall one striking incident that proved his superstitious fears to be well grounded.

"I was sweeping the walls of his cell, for he seldom followed the prison regulations with regard to scrupulously cleansing his cell daily, and I disturbed a spider which darted across the floor.

"As it made off I raised my foot and killed it, when I saw Wilde looking at me with eyes of horror.

"It brings bad luck to kill a spider," he said. "I shall hear worse news than any I have yet heard."

"At the time I paid little attention to it, but the following morning he received the news that his mother, whom he had deeply loved and honoured, had died, and that his shame had hastened her end."

"The saddest story I know of Wilde was one day when his solicitor called to see him to get his signature, I think, to some papers in the divorce proceedings then being instituted by his wife—a suit which, of course, Wilde did not defend.

(To be Continued).

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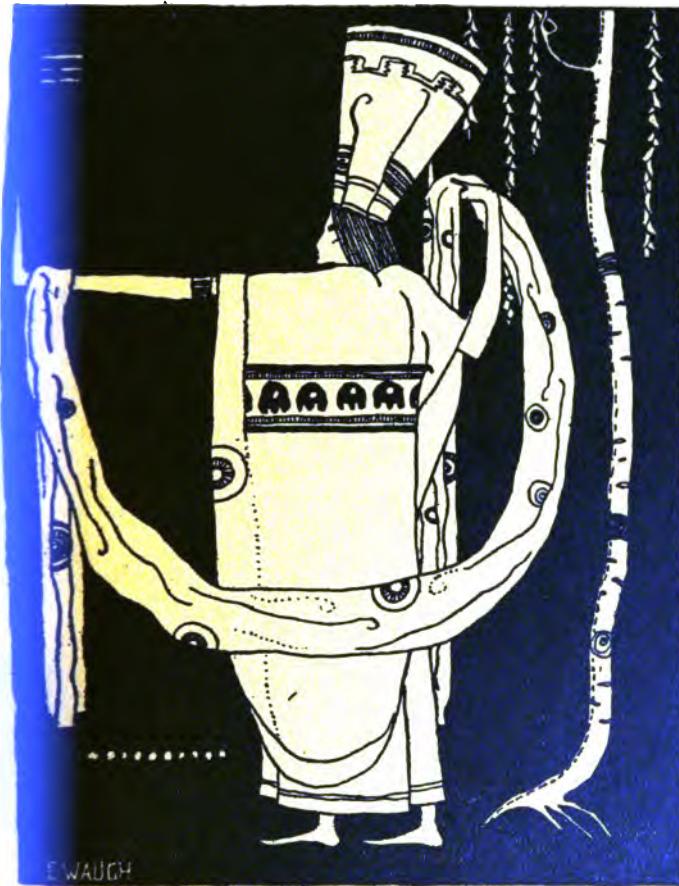
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This Week's Performances and Concerts

Wednesday,	2:15 p. m.	Children's Hour and Disc Concert on the Square.
Thursday,	8:15 p. m.	Performance at the Little Thimble Theatre.
Friday,	8:15 p. m.	Performance at the Little Thimble Theatre.
Saturday,		9:00 p. m. Children's Hour and Disc Concert on the Square.
		8:15 p. m. Performance at the Little Thimble Theatre.

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

February 5th, 1916

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Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 6

FEBRUARY 5th, MCMXVI

Vol. II

*I like to see in my mind's eye
the gaunt form of Lincoln
walking through these halls*

Theodore Roosevelt

Jan 24th 1903

From the Collection of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan

Lincoln's True Face

LINCOLN had a shield of honesty in his face, in which every man could see his own conscience; and Lincoln would judge from his embarrassment his character. This instantaneous knowledge of Lincoln rarely made a mistake.

I came to meet Lincoln in this way. I had nearly recovered from my wound when I returned to Washington to find I had been honorably discharged because of its severity. I decided to see Lincoln about it. With fear and trembling, I sent in my little card, stating I was a wounded soldier. He at once admitted me, leaving Generals, Senators and others waiting.

I asked him if there was not some way I could serve my country more. "Well, my boy, you are serving your country by being wounded. However, I am glad you want to serve your country more."

He was reading a letter as I entered. He looked at me over his spectacles, then lifting them above his eyes on his forehead, he looked at me searchingly, as if looking for my wound. Then he took off his glasses and laid them on the table. I remember it was a long table piled with maps and books. He arose and walked slowly around to where I stood—no longer with fear, but as if I had met my best friend. He put his hand on my shoulder. "And you would like to go back to the front? But you are too badly wounded for that! Wait a little. Go back home and get well and strong. We are thinking of organizing an Invalid Corps to displace able men now on guard duty, and when we are ready for wounded recruits, send in your name and you shall do more duty for your Country!" He then asked me

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where and when I was wounded. "Oh, yes, these bad bulls that ran, but the last was not so mad-bad as the first." He then asked me about the management of the second Bull Run battle. I told him I felt my commander, McDowell, had been sacrificed by the jealousy of other generals. And I had the pleasure of entertaining him quite a little, while the great men waited in the lobby. This illustrates the great good feeling of the man who gathered his wisdom from the lowly multitude.

And I, today, remember as if it were but yesterday, that benevolent face and the great hand that encompassed mine as he said, "My dear boy, don't forget to send in your name for the Invalid Corps. God bless you, good-bye!"

I sent in my name promptly and was promptly appointed Second Lieutenant and ordered to Providence, R. I., where I was again mustered into the United States service, and from there ordered to Washington, appointed to First Lieutenant and placed in command of the 4th Company of this new corps, doing guard duty in the vicinity of the White House. And then I saw considerable of Lincoln until promoted to Captain and ordered with my company to this city to guard criminals. And then and here came the saddest duty of my life—to guard all that was mortal of the immortal man while he lay in state at the City Hall for the weeping multitude to gaze upon. Little thought I when I saw his face in life that I should so soon be called to guard his face in death. And now, at seventy-seven, I am devotedly trying to recall that sublime face, that the people may see it as I saw it then in life. And I have no help but my memory, for his face has been commercialized by artist and artisan until it has become a caricature, rather than a character. Even a death-mask has been produced to villify his gentle face in death; and one purporting to be a life cast leaving the mole off! If it had been from life, Robert T. Lincoln would have never written me: "As to a cast, I have none and have never wanted one, I don't like them." And God save the mark! our halls and our parks are filled with Lincolns that never were.

This is a gullible age! But there is a time coming when the idealism of Lincoln will go into effect and nature will have her own in art as well as in life.

Captain George Edward Hall

Reedy On Preparedness

PREPAREDNESS is the bold-typed slogan on the front pages of our newspapers and in politics and a feature of our traveling President's speeches. In the current issue of his "Mirror," William Marion Reedy discloses himself as the only editorial writer in the United States who dares to look this question squarely in the face, writing his editorial so plausibly and so clearly that after reading it we are looking forward to the big politician or the big organizator who will accept circumstances as they are and find a way to "preparedness."

Here is what Reedy says about the problems of preparedness:

"Reading most of the articles for preparedness you'd think it is going to be an easy thing to get prepared. But don't you believe it. First, it's easy to say 'Let us have a standing army of 500,000.' But where are we to get that many men? The army cannot be kept up to its present complement of men. Americans won't enlist in numbers, save in hard times, and the record of annual desertions is depressing. Well then, "Let us have the Government take over the militia of the states." But the consent of the individual states must be secured, and that is not going to be easy. The states will not want to bear the expense and give the Government control. 'Let us adopt the Swiss system, then.' Here, again is a difficulty. The Swiss system begins with training in the schools. The states support the schools. They won't want to pay their money to educate soldiers. Later it will take men from their work. They will have to be paid for their time. Who will pay, the states or the United States? Suppose we go to conscription. The people will not stand for that. The National Government cannot quickly do much of anything without co-operation of the states and that co-operation will involve changes in the National Constitution. Secretary of War Garrison makes all these points clear, and the main point is that with regard to the military system there is no unity of authority, responsibility and control. Secretary Garrison plans a small regular army and a continental army, raised 133,000 men at a time, each to serve three years, until it reaches 400,000. The continental army is to be "recruited territorially," say 333 each year from each of the 400 Congressional districts. But if the men won't come? Compel them. It will be seen, that while the Secretary of War finds it easy to knock out all other plans of preparedness, his own plan is up against the objections to those other plans. Chiefly the individual states are in the way, and then the people are not wild for military service. Nor are they hot for centralization. The present Constitution is an obstacle. It will take time to change that and, considering the theory that there is no time to be lost, we cannot wait on that change. But can we proceed extra-constitutionally? It is not likely. Preparedness is easy—to talk about."

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY.
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington.

January 20th.

RUSSIAN fiction and Russian literature indeed of almost every kind is the rage in London. No one knows how these things happen. Work is being done now in a few months which should have been spread out over the last twenty years. We have had to wait an absurdly long time for English translations of some of the best known Russian classics. Now the publishers—immoral sheep—are tumbling over one another in their efforts to be first with editions of Andreieff, Sologub, Dostoevsky, Pushkin, Gorki, Tcheckoff, Gontcharoff, Artibaschew, etc.

It is all very absurd and discreditable, and of course, as a consequence there will be a reaction when no one will look at a Russian book.

One might prophesy an interest in Belgian literature which has never received its proper attention in this country. Courrouble, Eekhoud, Lemonnier, Rodenbach, Demolder would translate well enough. Probably something will start off a Belgian translation boom one day.

I wonder if you have ever heard of Rutland Boughton and the Glastonbury Festival theatre which proceeds with its work in spite of the gloom and discouragement of the war. It is an interesting venture and I hope to give you an account of it some day. Last week "Bethlehem" was given at Glastonbury. This is a setting of the Coventry shearmen's nativity play. I understand the text was modernised and amplified in some respects, and that Zarathustra was added to the Kings, while the Warwickshire dialect was replaced by that of Somerset. Boughton is a most ambitious man, whose ideas on the development of music-drama were set out some time ago in a little book called *The Music-Drama of the Future*. One of his ideas is that it is impossible to develop any art in the unreal and commercial atmosphere of a great city such as London, which I think is true, if not self-evidently true. Boughton believes that as art has generally sprung out of a communal life, it becomes the first necessity of the artist to secure this communal existence to be the mother of his art-work. Hence, he hopes that by building up in Glastonbury a communal village life he may at the same time provide the matrix for a national art of music-drama. But there is more than this in his plans—a great deal more, and I must return to it some day.

In connection with music, Madame Liza Lehmann's musical version of the old morality, *Everyman*, has just been given at the Shaftesbury theatre, with Mr. Poel directing the scenic and lighting arrangements. It is doubtful if any music could add anything to the curious power of *Everyman*, and to destroy the artistic unity of the play by cuts and alterations in order to superimpose a mood of modern music on the mediaeval morality seems nothing less than ignorance or selfishness.

The French edition of the book I mentioned in my last letter, Romain Rolland's *Au-Dessus de la Melee* is receiving considerable attention here at the hands of the reviewers. In a long article in the *New Witness*, entitled *The Impartial Mind*, Mr. V. Y. Eccles writes of Rolland. "He is a citizen of the world, and perhaps the last of the French romantics. Only it is a pity that he cannot think, or that he cannot be silent."

The English and American editions will not be long in appearing now I fancy.

Edward Storer

"All Right; I'll Be a Crook," said Rich
MR. PHIL RICH, day laborer, was betrayed shamefully by
his betrothed. With the explanation that his income was
too uncertain to risk upon it a marriage, she handed him, after

seven years courtship, his walking papers. Mr. Rich was hurt to the roots and he vowed revenge. A very peculiar one. He decided to become a criminal. Not a very desperate criminal, but still one whom they would lock up. And if his betrothed would have only the slightest inkling of a conscience and recognize that it was she who had caused his downfall, her tortures would be terrible. At the same time he wished to combine the pleasant with the useful and to have as good a time as he could. Therefore he chose the profession of a crook and started upon his new activities by entering an automobile factory. He said: "My name is Rich, formerly day laborer. I wish to get an automobile with as many horsepower as you can put in it."

"Just as you please," replied the very polite salesman, "Do you wish to pay in cash for it?"

"Not right now," replied Mr. Rich frankly. "At first I would wish to get it on credit. I just happen to be out of work, you know."

The polite salesman was very sorry not to be able to oblige Mr. Rich and advised him to go to the competitor across the street. He followed the advice but here, too, they did not seem to be very eager to count him among their customers. Everybody simply refused to trust. This astounded Mr. Rich. He always had heard and read how easy it was to get credit, and still two people had refused already to sell him an automobile. But this could not discourage him. He went to a bank. He introduced himself as Mr. Rich, day laborer, and asked for a loan of ten thousand dollars. But here, too, the result of his expedition was very sad. The manager of the bank gave him even a lackey who should show him out of the building. But that was all he was willing to give him.

In the meantime, his monthly room rent became due. Mr. Rich was not able to pay and informed Mrs. McIntyre, the keeper of his boarding house, to that effect. He assured her at the same time, that he was willing to take from now on in addition to the breakfasts included in his rental, dinner and supper with her. Mrs. McIntyre didn't seem to approve of this new business arrangement.

"The devil git ye!" did he scream at the top of her voice, "Do yez think Oim crazy?" and she gave him a push and down the stairs he went. All four flights at once. His possessions she forwarded to the sidewalk where he had landed, through the window.

"It's just my luck," he philosophized. And now it had become most urgent to turn some trick or another because his thirst for revenge was diminishing from day to day.

His last recourse was the cook. These beings are supposed to have savings. He wanted to get a hold of them, promise marriage, he wanted to have a good time and then he wanted to welcome his fate no matter what might come. But nothing came. Mr. Rich, day laborer, remained an honest man. Even the cooks wouldn't give him anything. And so he was at the end of his wits. He knew nothing more! To take away the

pennies from little children which they kept in their hands, if sent to buy something in the nearby grocery store, seemed even to him in his desperate mood, too dastardly.

And again he became a day laborer. But if ever anybody mentions to him how dead easy it is to get the best of credulous people, he will declare it emphatically as pure invention and just newspaper talk.

After the German, author not named, by Guido Bruno.

Three Things by Tom Sleeper

Elenore

WHERE the sullen sea is sounding
Throbbing, moaning, ever pounding
Where alone save for the sea birds
There I wooed you, Elenore.

In an abbey long deserted
Ruined arches, ivy-skirted
Underneath the vault of heaven
There I wed you, Elenore.

How exquisite were those hours
Spent among the tangled flowers,
Alone with you, the birds, the flowers,
Ah, I loved you, Elenore.

To a Buttercup

DAINTY waitress, pretty maid
Your actions are demure and staid
Is it that you fear abuse
That you can find no excuse
For serving me with delicatessen
And in that way incur my blessing?

O' Quae Mutatio Rerum.

"O" F course you can go"—and I had told her so on many occasions. She always kissed me and went, leaving me to my books and researches. It was pleasant to feel that her youth was enjoying the things she craved . . . and Sam was really quite a delightful fellow . . .

Ah, yes, books and researches. My mail reaches me now at the University Club.

A Fable

ONE summer evening a moth flew into the lamp of a student who sat reading by the open window of his garret.

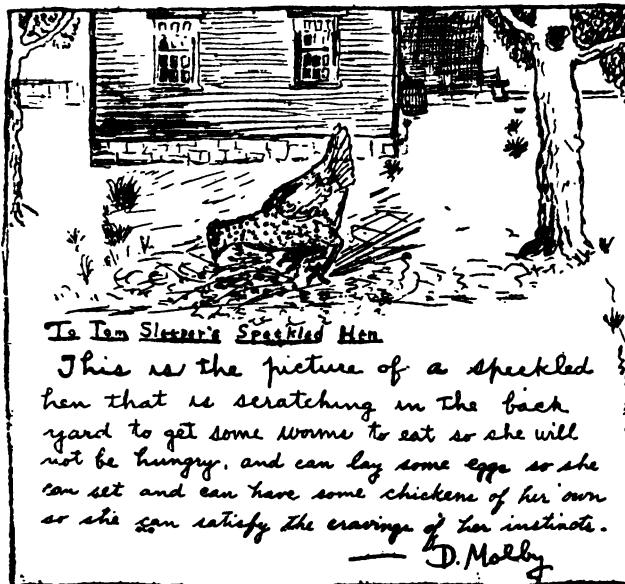
While the insect's legs and wings were being withered to ashes it screamed frantically: "I am burning to death," and perished. "Wasn't that terrible?" said the June bug.

"Frightful," answered the gnat.

"Plague upon all lamps!" said the mosquito.

"But," asked the spider, running to greet a fly that had become tangled in his web, "whose fault was it?"

Ralph Johnson



As I Walk Out On the Street

In the ice cream parlor where I buy my cigarettes and stamps every day, I noticed a big yellow tin box where one can insert money as donations. The red inscription—a happy color combination is red and yellow—says thousands of Belgian soldiers have nothing to smoke. A few nights ago the "Sun" gave away one thousand loaves of bread in half an hour "to one thousand Americans who had nothing to eat."

Lying back in the barber's chair, while Henri stropped the razor, listening to the animated war discussions of the fat man in the next chair, who was having his hair curled, I thought: "My brothers and friends are perhaps just now, at this second, killing or being killed somewhere in the European trenches."

Cat-Paw

In the Playhouses

The Weavers, at the Garden Theatre

Just what Gerhardt Hauptmann's "The Weavers," means to the German in Germany it is, of course, quite impossible for a New York audience to know and therefore, to feel.

A storm in Germany may be only a draft here. So it is that in spite of ignorance of the German tongue one senses that great things are being striven for. Sincerity, the passion of

pain, and despair, though all three emotions are a little shop worn when at last we get them from over seas.

"The Weavers," like any other flat-footed play, that is, a play that was originally intended for the whole, the entire surface of the foot, has been plunged into a mincing patter of Fifth Avenue buskins—slightly soiled.

Shaking dust onto a high hat has as yet, failed to make a high hat into a cap, and lime or dust on a pump has failed to make that pump into a slipper, into that heel-less thing that the poorest and the most heart-broken of us wear.

Sorrow, great tragedy and desolation have always rested on broken arches. Traditional poverty and the heritage of tears are never heel-high from mother earth. Thus it is that at the start, a play with immense fatality and fathomless depths, has been lamed with false sincerity.

It may seem small to pick on shoes, and it is. In self-defense, let me say: keep the story of Cinderella intact only substitute brogans.

Is the picture the same? No.

Still, one forgets to remember, sometimes, the tremendous quality of the under voice that rises throughout all the high-pitched cries of the weavers.

What old Baumert was ignorant of old Hilse knew: that birth is swifter than death, that death itself is not only the penalty of life but also the penalty of death.

What Moritz, because of his youth, shouted, those older quieter men, who "Must once in a life time show what we feel" suffered, aye and knew too that which none of the New World can—the genius of scientific starvation. Making it something that they do not only well, but superbly.

"What grows, grows," said Hornig the dealer, "And what dies, dies," says Hauptmann.

When it shall be and how is left in the lives of these weavers, entirely to the dictates of their hunger. It is an ignominious death, indeed—death by the pit of the stomach.

There is no dispute, however, that the play written for the troubles of an older age, are more than applicable to nineteen-hundred and fifteen, when one remembers only Bayonne, Perth Amboy, but also Colorado and its past.

The only question is: can a Reicher production be a Reicher production, with some one playing Reicher's part anonymously?

D. B.

The Boomerang, at the Belasco

The great success of "The Boomerang" in the Belasco Theatre, can be easily understood. No exaggerations. Just people on the stage as in every day's life. All these characters could be your friends or your neighbors. Nothing unexpected happens. Joy is joy and sadness is sadness. And then there is that natural jealousy and that healthy foolishness which we hate occasionally in our own make-up. And therefore this play is a success. Therefore the houses are sold out daily and therefore again the great truth is established once more: that the theatre-going American does not crave for exotic sceneries and im-

possible stage effects, not for depraved characters or fool saints, nor for half-clothed women and shocking situations. But he enjoys a little bit of everyday truth, characters male and female whom he would not hesitate to introduce to his own family and a solution which is similar to that in life: no need for a *deus ex machina* before the last curtain drops.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

Estelle Robinson who has entered upon an operatic career in New York will sing "J'ai pleure en reve," by Georges Hue, "Der Asra," by Rubenstein, and "The Elf-Man," by John Barnes Wells, this week Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Percy J. Smith, a ballad singer, will convince the audience that the good old ballads of yore are still touching our hearts and flattering our ears even today, in the distinct age of ragtime.

Kathryn Wilton Walton, the youngest toe dancer in New York, will interpret, through the spoken word and through the dance, W. Aletter's "Rendez-Vous" and Strauss' "Pizzicato Polka."

A vocal and instrumental selection on the Diamond Disc will conclude the program.

The artists who appear this week are taking advantage of Mr. Charles Edison's offer to American singers, musicians and interpreters of rhythm to appear upon the stage of his Thimble Theatre and offer their art to their supremest critics—the American audience.

Cowley Brown Is the Man

Alexander Harvey in the current issue of his "Bang" makes anonymous mention of an old friend and brother wayfarer on the hard road which leads the writer to become a publisher and subsequently an editor and then a writer again, just a writer.

"For a long time now 'A Non,' whoever that may be, has conducted in the Chicago Musical Leader, a 'page headed "Major and Minor."

Cowley Stapleton Brown is "that whoever it might be." He is also editor of the *Ten Story Book* of Chicago, and his editorial column "Reading and Rot" is about the best book criticism written today in the United States. And while I am saying "best criticism" I am thinking of two or three other men whom I admire for their brilliancy and their understanding. But Cowley is the only one who always dares and dares to write and to say exactly what he thinks.

He is about forty years, in the prime of his life, in that age where one has digested one's books and where one sets out with the new vigor of full manhood to achieve the ideals of boyhood days. With other words, he knows the world as it is, has no illusions about anything and has decided that the good old ideals of an old world humanitarian education, leaving out its little hypocrisies and substituting cosmos for sect, is about the real thing. In the early '90s he arrived on the friendly shores of America. He had antagonized his English contemporaries in London by being an enthusiastic admirer of

Oscar Wilde. His little magazine *The Anti-Philistine* had created a season's sensation. During the Chicago World's Fair he took daily sun baths in our literary firmament of the '90s. Eugene Field, Opie Read, Bill Reedy, Michael Monahan, Darrow, and many others were contributors to that bold and fearless free lance sheet he started, *The Goose Quill*. A few numbers are lying right before me while I am writing these lines. Marvelous seems the clear foresight he had twenty years ago. In a powerful language, quite forgotten since literature has ceased to be taken seriously by others than such as are commercially connected with it or who handle it as a commodity similar to other manufactured goods in order to sell it to best advantage, he denounced men who have been denounced since by sincere men of letters. He called Kipling "dead" for ten years, and that was twenty years ago. He took Hall Caine as a joke, and that was the flourishing period of Caine's short-lived glories. He admired Ambrose Beirce while nobody else paid attention to this most powerful American writer and critic who has not been long enough dead to have been discovered yet. He went with fighting sarcasm after McCutcheon and Ham Garlin. And both had just started out on their career as geniuses and everybody seemed to expect from them wonders. And they seem to be "best sellers of last season."

Real jewels of aphorisms and criticisms are contained in those few numbers of the *Goose Quill* he succeeded in publishing. And later, after he had left the West and tried his luck as publisher in New York! How he characterizes and paints with true pictures the puppets and make-believers who in those days were the featured gods of Sunday supplements and magazines. Dear old Cowley! He is contented with his lot. He edits the *Ten Story Book* every month once and he writes his page of "Major and Minor" . . . and then he reads. He reads modern books and his Latin classics, and he looks through the English and German and French magazines he can get a hold of. How often did we spend a pleasant hour in a certain dingy Chicago office reading aloud Homer or Horace, and he translating wonderful passages of the Iliad, in hexameters . . . and the elevated was thundering on its nearby structure, and we were at the top floor of a twentieth century office building.

He, as many other literary men, is not a man of letter writing. "Out of sight out of thought" is most likely his motto . . . but never "out of heart," I am quite sure. If his eyes meet these lines, a good spirit might move his pen to write us some of his everyday thoughts which are occasional Sunday—too often anniversary—thoughts of the average being.

Books and Magazines of the Week

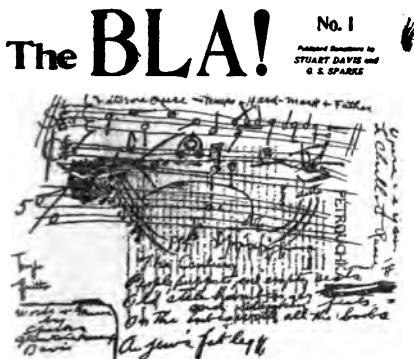
Contemporary Verse

It surely is not contemporary verse which this new literary (sic) venture of Washington, D. C., offers to us. There is not one among all the poems of its sixteen pages quarto that possibly could have been written by a contemporary who lives

among us. Its poets seem to be readers of books and absorbers of verse written two thousand years ago. They seem like a class in school—these eleven people whose names appear as contributors, and each of them brings along his composition on some theme or another. Their real lives have nothing whatever to do with their school lives. There is a two-page poem by the distinguished interviewer of poets for the trade paper of American book publishers, which sounds like the yearning of little Mary after this year's West Point hop—so elated and so sentimental and so nice jingles!

The Bla

This too is a new magazine. It appears in Greenwich Village. It out-stieglitzes Mr. Stieglitz's "291." It's only one sheet. Here is a reproduction. See what you can make of it.



Branch Library News

The current issue contains a list, in alphabetical order, of interesting books on Shakespeare. At all branches of The New York Public Library there are now displayed special collections of books about Shakespeare.

In Which

Norman Geddes enlarged his picturesque magazine with its January issue, considerably. Of interest is his article on the one popular Art museum in America. "The Toledo Museum of Art," he says, "is visited by three-fourths of the city; big Chicago is nearest it with an average of forty per-cent and New York is lower still."

In Our Village

"Some" Literati

Verne Hardin Porter should really have taken a walk down to the village before writing his story "Naughty! Naughty!" for the February *Green Book*. He calls it "poor old Bohemia,"

and it is really sickening to read how he draws special attention to all those places which the newspapers all through the last months have featured, unfeatured and refeatured. I wouldn't be surprised if he actually paid a visit to Greenwich Village. But most likely—as all these Bohemia hunters—in the evening, and then just making the rounds. From one "ultra-Bohemian" place to another. Had he chosen the daylight, he never could have written about MacDougal Alley as follows:

"MacDougal Alley offered us short shrift. It was filled with rubbish-barrels, Italian children, teams and evidently, tenants. High rents—for even Bohemian Washington Square has its elite districts—seemed not to have frightened off budding or budded genius. Not a studio was for rent. Bedelia sighed—if from disappointment or relief, I did not know."

He means Washington Mews, evidently—the prolongation of the Alley this aristocrat among all our streets and thoroughfares on the other side of Fifth avenue right through to University Place. But that's how it happens. They come down here and drink red ink and eat roast chicken, admire a few short-haired women and a few long-haired men; they think it is a characteristic of Bohemia to be served on yellow tables and to sit on blue chairs . . . and they write and tell to the world in its "popular" magazines: What? Nothing. After you have read one of those stories you know just as much as before, and you were not even entertained while you were at it. But then there are some equally valuable caricatures and such a combination is irresistible, and even to you, it looks like something which it really is not.

Or, take for instance, that celebrated sage of *The Cosmopolitan*, Samuel Merwin. He, too, followed the vogue of the times and wrote a Greenwich Village novelette. Of course, in installments. It is the only thing that really pays. To say nothing in generously-measured amount of words and to continue to say nothing in several issues will make you the man whose name appears on subway advertisements. So Samuel Merwin left his Forrest Hills home and took quarters in the Judson Hotel, on Washington Square. There he was closeted in his rooms with his genius and his contract for a Greenwich Village novelette. And lo, behold! The Greenwich Village story was born, the January installment of his "Trufflers," which really should be called *Les Toughs*.

In his "Remnants of Bohemia," the third installment of his "New York of the Novelists," Arthur Bartlett Maurice tells you in *The Bookman*, about as much of Greenwich Village's great past, about its landmarks which are today, and might be torn down tomorrow, as is known to even well-informed sources and it is good to know that this interesting series will appear shortly in book form.

Captain Hall's Exhibit

Captain Hall's Exhibition of paintings, marine scenes and forest scenes, including portraits of Abraham Lincoln and of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, will be continued until February

15th. Especially in this month, the birth month of our great president, his portraits of Lincoln and of Nancy Hanks will be of special interest. Captain Hall claims that there is not one picture or sculpture of Lincoln in existence today which really is a portrait of the great man, in immediate proximity to whom he was for quite a while during the Civil War and whose features he studied and impressed lastingly upon his mind. Captain Hall has a letter from Robert Lincoln, in which Lincoln's son agrees with him that the monuments and paintings erected as a tribute to the Union's preserver are creations of their artists but not preservations of those dear features that were. Among other interesting material Captain Hall has in his possession to prove that his conception of Lincoln is the true one are photographs by Brady, the war photographer, whose chemical and optical reconstruction shows the uncovered mole as can be seen on Captain Hall's paintings, and not that familiar wart which, as he claims, was not a wart but the twitch of a very prominent muscle. The widely circulated story of a death-mask taken from the president on his death-bed he disavows as fake, and in the face of the authenticity of this story claimed even by historical and semi-historical books and magazines, he is able to produce the testimony of Robert Lincoln to the contrary.

Poetry Readings

On Monday, the 7th, H. Thompson Rich will read a selection of his poems, including his war poems, at 8.15 in Bruno's Garret. Admission by ticket only. Write for reservation. There are only forty-two chairs.

On Monday, the 14th of January, Guido Bruno will speak about "Greenwich Village: what it was, what it is and what it means to me." Tickets can be reserved for this evening, by addressing the Garret.

The Liberal Club at 135 MacDougal street announces an exhibition of paintings by artist members. The doors will be open to the public until February 13th, every afternoon and every evening. Glenn Coleman is among the exhibitors. His pen and ink sketches of Greenwich Village will be remembered by the readers of this paper. His paintings street scenes and still life from quaint courtyards and quaint street corners disclose in him the same sincerity which made his black and white sketches real and alive to us.

The Washington Square Bookshop arranges every Tuesday afternoon in February, a poetry reading in its attractive quarters.

On the 18th of February, the Liberal Club will have its annual ball. A big pageant, in which the winners in the recent beauty prize contest of Greenwich Village femininity will be the main figures, is the midnight event. The Liberal Club affair

of last year—if I remember, the Arabian Nights—was a much talked-of success, and participants and guests are looking forward eagerly to the ball.

Coulton Waugh designed several book-plates very successfully and all he demurs, in executing commissions of this sort, are the ideas of the people who wish to own the book-plates. But that's how it is in this world. Song birds in gold cages can't sing in the night. Their mistress wishes to sleep and therefore covers them with a nice silk handkerchief.

Tom Sleeper's Awakening

Judging from my mail, Tom Sleeper's speckled hen caused a good many of the "flock" to scratch their heads. It will be up to the sleeper from the New Jersey hills and plains to say what he really meant. If it is worth while to scratch and to lay eggs to make more speckled chickens or not. Even D. Molby looked up from his microscope and after careful macrocosmic and microcosmic consideration decided to draw a picture of the hen so Tom might see her at work. The other letters I received I referred to the society for city and country economics and for sociological research. They will make good material for papers to be read in Junior Leagues and dramatic sewing circles.

A War Play in Bruno's Garret

Vida Ravenscroft Sutton read last Monday in Bruno's Garret her war play in two scenes, "Kingdom Come," which will be produced in the near future on an up-town private stage. Miss Sutton is a very good reader. She has a pleasant voice and no matter what she reads one could listen to her with pleasure for hours. She has been in Russia and she pictures in her play the Russian life. She really creates an atmosphere which keeps on being sympathetic even after we realize the crudeness of it.

Theodore Schroeder, of Cos Cob, Conn., lectured last week in New York and in Brooklyn and paid his visit to the village.

Children's Hour on the Square

THE change in the weather—even last week's snowfall doesn't change the program of the Children's Hour on Washington Square. Mr. Charles Edison plays now in the winter as well as in the past summer months, the part of the music man of the children of Greenwich Village. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons bring them music and dancing, real joy and merriment.

Near the Arch, around the fountain, facing the west, are children's playgrounds, closed to the traffic. The Diamond Disc is furnishing them music and the little boys and girls have a chance to get acquainted with dancing etiquette. Under the supervision of competent teachers and women who have volunteered their services as chaperones and dames de garde open air social dances will be arranged in the near future.

The Story of Oscar Wilde's Life and Experience in Reading Gaol*

By His Warden.

(Continued).

"Unknown to Wilde his wife had accompanied the solicitor, but she did not wish her husband to see her.

"The interview with the solicitor took place in the consultation room, and Wilde sat at a table with his head on his hands opposite the lawyer.

"Outside, in the passage with me, waited a sad figure in the deepest mourning. It was Mrs. Wilde—in tears.

"Whilst the consultation was proceeding in the 'solicitor's room,' Mrs. Wilde turned to me and begged a favour. 'Let me have one glimpse of my husband,' she said, and I could not refuse her.

"So silently I stepped on one side, and Mrs. Wilde cast one long lingering glance inside, and saw the convict-poet, who, in deep mental distress himself, was totally unconscious that any eyes save those of the stern lawyer and myself witnessed his degradation.

"A second later, Mrs. Wilde, apparently labouring under deep emotion, drew back, and left the prison with the solicitor.

"I fancy Wilde, when she saw him, was putting the final signature to the divorce papers, and I do not know if she ever saw her unhappy husband again. I do not think she ever did.

"At exercise, when he tramped what he called 'The Fools' Parade' with his companions of 'The Devil's Own Brigade,' he would pace along with bended head as though deep in thought and usually muttering snatches of prose or verse from his favourite authors.

"He took a most sympathetic interest in the sorrows and troubles of other prisoners, and commented fiercely on what he called the brutality of the prison system when a warden was suspended and finally dismissed for putting biscuits in the cell of a young prisoner whom Wilde believed to have been crying from hunger.

"The monotony of the life seemed appalling to Wilde, and when he was released he wrote, you remember:

I know not whether laws be right
Or whether laws be wrong;
All that we know who be in gaol
Is that the walls are strong,
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

"I have good reason to know that Oscar Wilde was satisfied with the way two of the warders treated him.

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Patrick F. Madigan, who has the original, in the handwriting of Oscar Wilde's warden, and also the two manuscripts mentioned in this story.

"After his release he sent us through the Governor, copies of his soul-stirring poem, 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol.'

"My copy is inscribed 'From his friend, the author, Naples,
February, 1898.'

"You remember the masterly way in which Wilde worked out the theme of that wonderful poem which told of the last days in prison of Trooper C. T. Woolridge, of the Royal Horse Guards, who was hanged for the murder of his wife at Clewer, near Windsor.

"Wilde, of course, never saw the murderer after his condemnation, but he heard the bell tolling for the execution, and it made a terrible impression on his mind.

(To be Continued).

I KEEP ON MY WALLS a permanent exhibition of autographs, manuscripts and historical documents, and have at present an especially interesting collection of letters and original manuscripts by Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Robert Louis Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Edgar Allan Poe. These are the original scripts of stories, poems and documents which have made these men famous. If interested, drop me a line, or better, come and see my exhibition.

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8:15 p. m.	Performance at the Little Thimble Theatre.

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



**Lincoln as seen by the
Cartoonists of his time**

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

February 12th, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 7

FEBRUARY 12th, MCMXVI

Vol.II.

I do the very best I know how,
the very best I can and mean to
keep doing so 'til the end. If the
end brings me out all right, what is
said against me won't amount to
anything.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln As Seen By the Cartoonists of His Time

THE caricature of to-day will be the historical mirror of the past for the future generations.

Small peculiarities in seemingly small and unimportant things, manners of speech and of gesture, habits of dress and the hobby diversion of men in the limelight of every-day life are indicative of their character.

The cartoonist sees and observes and preserves in his sketches and drawings what the ablest writer cannot express in words. We study the life history of great men in the writings of historians and in the essays of men who deemed the subject worthy for their pen. But not only a much better understanding could we gain by studying the results of momentary impressions received by the caricaturist with his quick-catching eye but we could find also many missing links not supplied by history chronicles in the oftentimes abruptly successive sequence of happenings. The caricaturist can bring us an understanding for this or that element in the character of a man and make us see the logic in hitherto obscure situations or startling occurrences.

Every man, woman or child knows the kind and grave features of President Lincoln. With reverence and love they gaze into the serious, manly eyes, wherever his portrait is seen.

The same men and women notice daily the cartoons in our newspapers. Many a hearty laugh and many an indignant word were provoked through the cartoonists' oftentimes grotesque conception of candidates during presidential campaigns.

But it is more than doubtful that any of the readers of the newspapers of to-day have ever considered that Lincoln might have been the target of the caricaturist during his time, just as Roosevelt or Taft or Wilson have been in our time. Even the thought of a ridiculed Lincoln they would brand sacrilege.

In the caricatures of pioneer American cartoonists, it requires no magnifying glass to discern immediately the important traits of Lincoln's character. He is seen always the same man,

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Prof. Lincoln In His Great Feat of Balancing
From "Vanity Fair," March 23rd, 1861.

even when ridiculed by the cartoonist of the eastern journal hostile to Lincoln's political cause. There were ever present beneath the burlesque of the caricaturist the grave seriousness, the unbound trust in providence, in God, in his fellow man, the sanctity of his once given word and his love of doing what the candidate promised to trusting voters before his election.

The art of caricature in America is not a very old one. Looking back perhaps two centuries, we are surprised at the unartistic, rude attempt by the cartoonist to express humor.

The days of the Rebellion and the big days of reconstruction which followed, moved the caricaturists to sketching their ideas, but these were expressions of unfair animosity, partial and sectional, and lacked art or humor.

The comic paper as an American institution was unknown. Scores of periodicals, that claimed the title, had been started



OLD ABE—Ain't there a nice crop?
There's the hardy Bunker Hill flower,
the Seventh Regiment pink, the Fire-
boy tulip—that tricolored flower grows
near Independence Hall—the Western
Blossoms and Prairie Flowers will soon
begin to shoot.

COLUMBIA—What charming plant is
this?

OLD ABE—That is rare in this country
—it will bloom shortly and bear the
Jeffersonia Davisiana.

From "Vanity Fair," May 9, 1861.

but they were universally short lived, generally on account of their triviality. They represented nothing,—an essential to even a comic paper—and they had no reason for existence. They were at best mere imitations of French or German periodicals and did not appeal to American taste.

It was not until Keppler adapted the vigorous and expressive art of the German school to American ideas that the comic



Wonderful Surgical Operation

Performed by Doct. Lincoln on the Political Chang and Eng.
Political Chang., J. B.—
Political Eng., J. G. B.—

From "Vanity Fair," November 3, 1860.

paper assumed its legitimate place in American journalism. Keppler was an Austrian, had traveled extensively in his native country and had aspired in the early part of his life to become an actor. In Vienna he was a contemporary of the great tragedians of the time at the Royal Play-house, the "Burg-theatre,"



Our Great Iceberg Melting Away
From "Vanity Fair," March 9th, 1861.

and he toured Europe and America with theatrical companies. He landed in the New World in 1872 and it was he who started the first comic paper of this country, "Puck," primarily in St. Louis and later in company with the genial Adolph Schwartzman in New York.

One of the forgotten comic papers of the early sixties is "Vanity Fair." Only a very few copies of this publication survived the destructive years of the war. The very limited circulation, which this weekly had, makes it very doubtful whether there are many duplicates of the seven volumes issued, in existence. The historical societies of New York and Chicago are not in possession of a complete set, but have only a few odd numbers.

Very little is known about "Vanity Fair." The first number of the weekly, published in quarto on sixteen pages, appeared in the year 1859. It expired gently in December, 1862.

Its contributors did not affix their names to their articles but employed queer pen names; it is not impossible that one or two men were responsible for the literary contents. Bobbett-Hopper was the cartoonist, the author of nearly every caricature published during the life of "Vanity Fair."

Many good things can be found there among insignificant products. The caricatures of Lincoln and many of the countless anecdotes, paragraphs and verses to and about him, while significant and typical of the time, are mostly unknown.

The cartoons we reproduce will be easily understood by those who know the history of the sixties and early seventies. The names of the caricatured subjects are now framed in history. The truth of Lincoln's philosophy, reproduced above as a motto of this article, is proved by the history of the United States.

In bas relief his name stands out, esteemed by all who revere the founders of their native country.

Abraham Lincoln is the greatest American of the nineteenth century chiefly for the same traits of his character and the methods employed by him in private life as well as in the service of his country, which were ridiculed in the contemporary cartoons reproduced in these pages.

Guido Bruno

A War Song

Mr. Augustus Snipes, late of the Journal of Commerce, rather flatters himself, that when a model for a War Song is desired, the following will be about the martial go:

COME draw your triggers,
And fight for your niggers,
Though nobody cares to disturb 'em!
These pestilent fleas
Must vote as we please,
Or, by Johnny Calhoun, we'll curb 'em!

For the ballot and box
Let us substitute knocks;
Hard knocks, and sweet stringing dry knocks!
Though we're rich in assets,
Yet we won't pay our debts
To a parcel of pestilent Shylocks.

O we rise as we think on
That scamp, Abram LINCOLN,
That beastly, belligerent Bucker!
O we swear all together
To tar and to feather,
Provided we catch him, the Sucker!

Then seize all your rifles,
And don't stand for trifles,
Like fratricides, burglaries, treasons!
So comrades! all come,
And in ramrods and rum,
We have five hundred excellent reasons!

From "Vanity Fair," June 15th, 1861.

The Side Splitter

(From "Vanity Fair," July 6, 1861.)

MR. LINCOLN, we shall find this compromise movement a hard thing to get through," said Chase, confidentially, as they sat together cracking nuts and jokes. "Never mind," replied merry old Abe, "I've had to get through many of knotty points in my days." "Ho, ho," chuckled the dignified Secretary of the Treasury, holding his ribs. "Really, Mr. Lincoln, you ought to be called the side-splitter."

Three American Birthdays

THE month of February has the distinction of being the birth month of those three American citizens whose names represent to the world all that's big and sublime in our country. Very little outside of geography is being taught in the continental public schools about America. But even the Hottentot children in the mission schools of Africa and the little Moslems who occasionally visit the open school meetings of the howling dervishes in Turkey know that Washington was the father of this country, who liberated the original English colonies from the inhuman yoke of their oppressors. They know the name of Abraham Lincoln, who really brought about the ideals set down in the Declaration of Independence: making equal in rights those that were equally born. They know Thomas A. Edison, who liberated mind from the limitations of space and lifted us far above the primitiveness which had hampered the world since its creation.

Washington, Lincoln and Edison are the three names which inspire the immigrant who comes hopefully to the shores of the country of his new choice. They are a demonstration ad oculos of what possibilities America opens up for everybody who has something to give. And while the Americans who have been naturalized for six or eight generations are proudly celebrating the birthdays of their greatest fellow-citizens, humanity at the same time all over the world is being inspired with new hopes and new promises for a new and for a better and for a more appreciated life in America.

As I Walk Out On the Street

A long row of automobiles lines the curb of the north side of Washington Square. The canvas canopy which protects men and women in evening dress from their auto to the door of the mansion on the corner of Fifth Avenue indicates that there is a reception in this patricial New York home. Lackies in livery open the limousines and assist the newcomers in descending to the red velvet carpet which covers the sidewalk.

And I walk on to the Square. The snow is muddy and little rivers of an ugly fluid make walking difficult. On a wet bench with a clouded firmament as far-away canopy stretched over it, is seated a man. His hands are deep in his pockets. His coat collar turned up, his knees and legs close together—he must be cold. A man in blue livery with shining brass buttons strolls up from somewhere out in the dark. He approaches the man on the bench. He assists him to the nearby police station.

Cat-Paw

Be courteous to your creditors.—Abraham Lincoln.

Yes, Hall of Fame. Bread? No

(Here is a letter of Marie Clemm, mother of Poe's wife, who shared good and bad days with the Poe couple and who survived both for almost twenty-five years. She was the only near relative of Poe and surely it should have been she if there was anybody to profit by the literary remains of America's first poet. Like hyenas were the Griswolds and their kind waiting to tear all that was left after the poet's death to shreds, to take physical possession of his literary remains. Publishers, moving-picture concerns have made millions in commercializing the stories and poems which never afforded poor Poe a bare living. And even today are gentlemen "of letters" who without blushing claim the ownership to copyrights to poems of Edgar Allan Poe.)

Baltimore, Dec. 12, 1864.

My very dear friend:

I received yours of the 8th, and I assure you the money enclosed (the so much needed) did not gratify me as much as your kind sympathy. Oh! how grateful to my desolate heart is a kind word. When you again see Mr. Lewis thank him most sincerely for me, tell him I will be so pleased if he will write to me. I am very happy to hear he is well and in good spirits. I am now writing with a large blister on my chest, which will be an apology for this brief letter. I have not anything of dear Eddie, but a few mutilated letters. I have been obliged in many instances to send part of those much cherished letters to kind friends who wished to have something he had written. Mrs. John P. Kennedy called on me a short time since, at the request of her husband, to solicit me for some of his manuscript. But alas! I have nothing more of his to give. Mr. Longfellow wrote to me a short time ago, for two of his autographs, as he wished to send them to a distinguished lady in Europe. I was obliged to get them from a friend, as all that I had was given away. If my beloved ones can look down from Heaven, they will thank and bless you for your kindness to the mother whom they loved. Do not for one moment think I wish to impose on your generosity, but if you can interest a few of your friends to send me a couple of bottles of wine, and a few oranges, or anything you think will be proper for a poor invalid I will be truly thankful. Oh! since I have been suffering so much how much I have wished for some little delicacy, for the food I get here is extremely plain and very little of it. While I was in Virginia, Mr. Lewis sent me a box of oranges which did me so much good. Perhaps you can prevail on him to contribute to the charity for his old friend. I do not wish you to give one cent towards it, I know you have not the means altho I am convinced you have the heart. One of the ladies here will go out today and get me some flannel as the physicians have ordered, and every time I see it, I will pray to God to bless the kind donors. I suppose you will scarcely credit me when I tell you, I often suffer for a cup of green tea, I cannot drink the miserable stuff they have here.

Every article is so enormously high, I suppose they cannot afford to furnish us with better. But dear friend I so much hope I will be soon where all wants will be supplied, and without money or without price, I hope I am ready to go when the good God calls me. If you succeed in getting me a small box of anything to add to my comfort, direct as you do the letters. Write soon to yours sincerely,

M. Clemm.

(This Letter is the Property of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan).

The Old Ass

THREE animals were frolicking on the soft young green of a joyous pasture: a young dog, a young horse and an old ass.

The young dog said: "Now I am having a good time—but, oh, later on! They will train me, they will teach me tricks. I will have to be watchful, I will have to get accustomed to kicks, and I will have to bear patiently the wildest temper of my master. In the long run a dog catcher will get a hold of me. Does it pay to live? Surely, it does not!"

And the young horse said: "Now I am leading a joyful life, indeed,—but, oh, later on! They will catch me, they will put a harness around my neck—I will have to draw heavy loads. Or, someone is going to sit on my back and will abuse me with whip and spurs. And then some day they will sell me to a butcher and they will mete out my flesh by the pound. Does it pay to live? Is it worth while? Surely, it is not!"

But the old ass, who had listened with astonished eyes, said: "I really do not know what's the matter with you. I have been in the employ of the same company for the last thirty years. I have a good position and surely I am doing very well. And I find that life is worth while living."

—*Guido Bruno*

Boulevard St. Michael

SIN, Sin, and be merry. Let who will
 Say Bacchus is an evil god, I swear
 I'd rather run my fingers through his hair
 Just once, and die, than live insensible,
 Forever! Lift the cup and drink your fill
 Of pleasure, for a wine is in the air
 To stain the afternoon and dull the glare
 Of the drunk October sun; and on the hill
 Of St. Michael Autumn's purple grape
 Hangs ripe and luscious. Soon will come the night
 When all about us, underneath the light
 Of arc-lamps, will parade the lovely shape
 Of lust incarnate, and the hill will burn
 With youth's consuming and hot lips that yearn.

Murray Sheehan

Germany's Angel

YOU surely will know that each of the belligerent countries has an envoy in the disguise of an angel kneeling at the throne of God and praying for the victory of the arms of his country. The Russian angel is praying day and night that the dear Lord may help the Russians, because only with his help can they achieve an ultimate victory over their enemies.

The French angel is also praying, and praying not alone for the arms of his own country, but imploring the Lord's blessing upon the arms of Russia so that France may not lose the billions of dollars which she loaned to Russia. And the angels of all other countries pray unwearingly. The dear Lord, gracious—as he always is—lends his ear to all of them. And while he looks over the number of the angels kneeling at his throne, he misses the envoy of Germany. With a look of inquiry the Lord turns to St. Peter.

"Yes," says Peter, "Germany's angel most likely is with the armies of his country and hasn't time to come up here; but after the war he will come to offer his thanks."

Replied Platitudes

Unfortunately, America's being the "Money Center," will not necessarily insure its being the center of sense.

A good heart under a poor head is a fine formula for a perfect fool.

It appears, that whether you measure temperature by Fahrenheit, or Centigrade, or Reaumer, the only significant points on the scale are: "Sweat in the shade," and "Shiver in the sun,"—all the rest is only filling.

Now, the love that can be measured in dollars isn't worth even a dollar.

Julius Doerner.

The Poet

BURY him under the yew
Deep in the night or the daytime
For his heart is the heart of the dew
And his shroud is the song of the May-time.

Splendid, and true, and fine,
Breath of the morning star—
This was his soul divine
Moulded of all things that are.

Edgar Allan Poe

His life was a cry in the desert—
His cry was an echo of pain—
In a world unborn of the soul of scorn
He shall come to his own again.

Joseph Lewis French

Books and Magazines of the Week

Repetition is the mother of decline.

A good many of our newest poets are starting to repeat themselves. They said all they had to say and now they are beginning to look around for new listeners, for such to whom their message will be new.

With hope and expectations did we watch the young journals come up in all parts of the country which devote their pages exclusively to poetry. Two distinct types of poetry magazines came from the presses. There were the mouth-pieces of those early promoters of verse unusual and unrhymed whose alma mater was and is Miss Monroe's monthly, "Poetry." Here we read for the first time the daring things of the English poets who have lived their lives since, but who are repeating themselves over and over again.

And then there were little magazines and magazinettes here and there, just flying pamphlets often only sheets with two or four printed pages. We welcomed these individualistic expressions because they came from men whose message didn't seem to fit in any existing periodicals, but seemed important enough to them to be sent to a good many more than they could approach through the spoken word. And gradually some died and others succeeded; some grew and some are merely existing. But new ones came up and are coming up almost daily fighting for an existence and for an audience.

The new camp grew. Where there was one tent there are avenues of tents now with side streets and piazzas and . . . blind streets.

The value of these one-man's efforts lay in their individualistic expression.

Names have been standardized, combinations formed, a new secession is inevitable in the near future. The poetry magazines of the independent sort are flirting with each other. Independence is kept up artificially but certain names have been standardized and you can find them signed to poems on the pages of all of them. Why not do the thing before it is too late? Why not combine efforts and have just one poetry journal, or if this seems impossible why not keep to the old standards? Or if there has been all said why not stop printing them?

The Poetry Journal

Mr. Braithwaite's anthology is spooking considerably in the editorial pages of this journal with the pink cover. Amy Lowell has her say and quite post festum but what does it matter. A good umbrella finds its appreciation even after the rain. It might be used as a parasol.

Others.

Distinguished is the February issue of Alfred Kreymborg's magazine of the new verse. It contains eight pages of his own poetry. Especially those poems which were originated in

his "Mushroom period" sound like the real Kreymborg. Here is one reproduced.

CONVENTION

Beware of a pirate who will scuttle your ship,
a cross-eyed toothless pirate!

I'll blow my great horn, carved of dead men's skulls,
right down your ear and freeze you.

I'll stick my big thumb into your eye
and my knife clean through your throat.

I'll pull out my goblet and drink your blood
while my foot rests on your belly.

I'll laugh a loud laugh that'll shunt your soul to hell
and spit on your face for an epitaph.

I'll kick your carcass to its coffin, the sea,
a sea that won't sing even a dirge for you.

Then I'll yank down the flag that you hoisted up so high
and raise the devil's own instead. . .

Beware of a pirate who will scuttle your ship,
a cross-eyed toothless pirate!

I crawl aboard when your sails begin to fail—
the sails that are blown by the strength of your will.

The Phoenix

Vance Thompson's "Drink and be Sober" incites Michael Monahan to draw a parallel between this latest production of Thompson and Jack London's "John Barleycorn."

"Thompson's book lacks this logic and appeal, to begin with; it professes to set forth a generalized experience common to all men who drink, and to educe therefrom a universal conclusion. His contract is therefore much larger than London's, and his failure has been correspondingly greater."

The Brooklynite

In the current issue of this official organ of "The Blue Pencil Club" of Brooklyn, Charles E. Isaacson describes England as the England of Charles Dickens, as the England which is in his mind and never can be effaced.

The Revolt

Hippolyte Havel's weekly contains three poems by Benjamin De Casseres, *Three Moralities* and "Change," by Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser says a good deal in these three columns. His sentences are short and not complicated. It is good if our popular writers have a magazine like *The Revolt* where they can say what they really think and do not need to stretch their thoughts in order to produce a substantial amount of words.

The Newarker

"Published monthly by the Committee of One Hundred as a record of work and a program of events for Newark's Two-Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration" is filled with historical and semi-historical articles relating to the history of Newark and New Jersey. The February issue contains a generous portion of Washington material and a facsimile reproduction of a letter of Lincoln dated February 19th, 1861, and addressed to the people of Newark.

Hippolyte Havel About the Village

WHEN I speak of Greenwich Village I have no geographical conception in view. The term Greenwich Village is to me a spiritual zone of mind. Is there any reason d'etre for the existence of a spiritual Greenwich Village? I believe there is. Those fellow wanderers who pawn their last coat in rue Franc Bourgeoise, who shivered in rue St. Jacques and searched for the cheapest brasserie in rue Lepic, those who crowded the Olympe in rue de la Gaiete, will understand the charm of the Village. A ramble along Charlton and Varick Streets is a reverie, not to speak of the sounds of—how do Minetta Lane, Patchin Place, Sheridan Square and Gay Street strike you?

To be sure the native of the Village has no especial distinction. He is just as dull as the native of Bronx, or the native of Hoboken. The apaches of the Village are more crude than the gangs of upper Riverside. So are in proportion, the alguecils of the Village more vicious and brutal than their confreres in other precincts. The Village has also its sneaking reformers and neighborhood centers full of apostles in male and female petticoats, good people who clean out certain parts of their territory from outcasts and drive those poor dregs of humanity into other parts of the city. The joints of the Village compare favorably with Doctor's and Barney Flynn's emporiums on the Bowery and Chatham Square.

The soothsayers of yesteryear assured us that the Village is doomed. . . . No danger so far though the subterranean barbarians are busy in reconstructing Seventh Avenue and building a subway for the men in a hurry. True also, the "Grapevine" has disappeared and we miss the pewters of creamy ale. But take courage, ye tipplers, there are other heavenly retreats in the Village. "Grifou" is dead, but there is a new brasserie de Lilla, yea, even a cafe Groessenwahn. Josiah Flint, if he should awaken from his grave would not be lonesome in the Village.

If you lose your illusions and the evil one takes hold of your soul, you leave your garret on the sacred Butte and rent a studio near Parc Monceau, you leave the Soho and take your domicile in Chelsea, or you become a traitor to Greenwich Village and move into an apartment on Riverside Drive. You will smile pityingly over the folly of the poor devils who lose their lives in ugly holes on Washington Square, or find pleasure in cheap restaurants among pickpockets on Carmine Street. But some evening after the West Indian has pushed you up to your steamheated apartment and after you have gone over your bank account, you will fall into reverie and you will sigh for the dear old haunts of the Village. Old reminiscences will float before your vision and old names will strike chords in your damned soul, and you will envy the silly chaps and maidens who remained true to the Village. Like a sneakthief you will return secretly some evening and you will look up the dear old places. But the charm will be

gone. Even the caravanserie on Thirty-first Street and the Zukunftstatt on Seventy-seventh Street will close their portals to you. Then you have lost your illusions, your enthusiasm and your idealism. Greenwich Village is a spiritual conception and shopkeepers are not interested in dreamers. The Village is the rallying point for new ideas. Its spirit reaches the heathenish bellyworshippers of Harlem, even nature fakers near the Zoo in the Bronx. The Bronxite points proudly to Poe's cottage, but come to the Village, mon chere, and I will point out to you "Grub Street" where another iconoclast, Thomas Paine, earned his bread and his fame in daily struggles with the economic devil.

Hippolyte Havel

In Our Village

Captain Hall's Exhibition of paintings, marine scenes and forest scenes, including portraits of Abraham Lincoln and of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, will be continued until February 15th.

A group of Russian painters will have a joint exhibition in Bruno's Garret from February 15th until February 25th. The works of art exhibited will include paintings, water colors, pen and ink sketches and miniatures.

On Monday, the 14th of February, Guido Bruno will speak on "Greenwich Village: What it was, What it is and What it Means to Me." Tickets can be reserved for this evening by addressing the garret.

On February 28th, Theodore Schroeder, president of the Free Speech League will deliver his lecture "From Phallic Worship to Secularized Sex." It is a frank discussion of problems for such as are not afraid of facts. "The viewpoint is evolutionary and psychologic. The purpose is to give enlightenment of a kind that is a bit unusual but needed—desired by most but often denied." Admission by ticket only.

Richard Oeckenden, better-known as "Dick, the Oysterman," who had catered to the culinary tastes of Greenwich Village for a good many years, died recently, a victim of pneumonia. His old basement on Third Street was famous as hang-out place of writers and artists of the last decade of the nineteenth century. O. Henry immortalized it in one of his short stories.

Ponville de Camoin, landlord to many a writer and artist on Washington Square for the last twenty years, was taken ill suddenly and is in a critical condition in a hospital. It was in his house that Jenny Lind stopped during her presence in New York and many famous men and women since have lived under its hospitable roof.

Charles Keeler, poet, playwright and world wanderer, arranges recitals, story evenings and poetry readings for the next six Saturday evenings in "The White Cat" tea shop.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

A program of unusual interest will be given on Thursday, Friday and Saturday in Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre at 10 Fifth Avenue. Miss Ruth Sapinsky will sing, for the first time before a New York audience, a selection of songs including Roger Speaks' "Morning."

Mr. Robert Wirth, a violinist, will execute on his instrument Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5, in G Minor," Fritz Kreisler's "Rondino," a theme by Beethoven, and "The Humoresque," the great Bohemian, Devorak's, best-known composition.

Mr. Ridgely Hudson, tenor, will sing Handel's "Come Beloved" and two songs by MacSadyeen.

Virginia O' Madigan will recite to music especially composed for her—Victorian Sardou's "Leah, the Forsaken."

To Clara Tice

The self portrait of Clara Tice and her dog Varna in a recent issue of Bruno's Weekly inspired W. J. Lampton and here it is:

A SPLASH of cold ink, Erebean,
 Forming her crown of glory
 Surmounting those dots of expression
 Which tell their own story
 Thrilling with cognizance infinite.
 Pendent, dependent,
 The markings straying hither and yon
 Through the whiteness,
 Apparently going nowhither,
 Yet reaching their destination
 Which like the end of a joyous journey
 Outjoys the journey,
 And this is Clara.
 Clara incarnate,
 But never, ah, never, the soul of her;
 Only the shell of the spirit
 Expressed in the splashings and markings.
 And there near the heart of her,
 Filling the foreground,
 Is Varna, beloved of her;
 Varna, made in the image, vaguely,
 Of a bunch of sausage!

W. J. Lampton.

THE LITTLE GIRL: (while she undergoes the much disliked procedure of having her hair brushed in the morning by her mother)
 "What makes my hair crackle every morning, Mother?"

MOTHER: "It's the electricity in your hair, dear."

THE LITTLE GIRL: "How funny, Mama! I have electricity in my hair, and Grandma has gas in her stomach."



Hats, by Fritz Schnitzler.

The Other Woman

I SEE her often, and though I am younger and fairer than she, I always feel strongly the force of her presence, and become suddenly conscious of any defect in my garb.

He is kind and most tender, my husband, and in no-wise does he betray regret that it is I, not she, who bears his name, yet today the confines of my heart seem narrowed. Memory brings only bitterness, and hope is as a dead thing.

That my child lifts eyes like his to mine is of no comfort, and that tonight I shall stand at his side and welcome the guests bidden to celebrate the fifth anniversary of our marriage is an empty honor.

Blanche Katherine Carr

The Story of Oscar Wilde's Life and Experience in Reading Gaol*

By His Warden.

(Concluded)

"He wrote:

The memory of Dreadful Things
 Rushed like a dreadful wind,
 And Horror stalked before each man,
 And Terror crept behind.
 The warders with their shoes of felt
 Crept by each padlocked door,
 And peeped and saw with eyes of awe
 Grey figures on the floor,
 And wondered why men knelt to pray
 Who never prayed before.

"Wilde told me that those moments when the bell rang out, and his imagination conjured up the execution scene, were the most awful of a time rich in horrors.

"I always found Wilde extremely good-natured, and he wrote several little things out for me.

"I had recently been married, and a certain weekly paper of-

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Patrick F. Madigan, who has the original, in the handwriting of Oscar Wilde's warden, and also the two manuscripts mentioned in this story.

ferred a silver tea service to the young couple who could give the best reason why this service should be given to them.

"I told Wilde of this, and he wrote out several witty 'reasons' which I have kept. Here are some, very apt, which should have secured the tea service:

- (1) Because evidently spoons are required, and my girl and I are two.
- (2) Because it would suit us to a T (tea).
- (3) Because we have good "grounds" for wanting a coffee pot.
- (4) Because marriage is a game that should begin with a love set.
- (5) Because one cannot get legally married without a proper wedding service.

"These are very witty, are they not, and he also wrote out a little essay suggesting the name of a baby boy that would be suitable for Diamond Jubilee Year.

"Oscar Wilde wrote this out in his own hand, and gave it to me. It was written in ten minutes, and began:

"Every baby born in the course of this great and historic year should have a name representative in some way of what this year signifies to the British Empire. That is clear. The only question is what is it to be?

"St. George would be a capital name—it is a real Christian name, and is borne by Mr. St. George Mivart, a well-known writer—the only objection to it is that it refers too specially to England, and leaves out St. Patrick, St. Andrew and St. David."

"Victor, the masculine equivalent of Victoria, would be good, but not the best possible. . . .

"People are sometimes Christened Tertius and Decimus, as being the third and tenth sons. Why not call the boy Sexagesimus?

"Thus the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign would be commemorated. Still that is an awkward name, and would not make the youthful owner popular at school.

"Well, we call girls Ruby, Pearl and other names of precious jewels, and the Irish call their babies "My jewel," and the French, "Tres bijoux." Mr. Walter Pater, whose prose we all admire for its noble qualities, called one of his characters "Emerald." Jacinth, which is a precious stone, is also a Christian name—the same as Hyacinth and Amethyst.

"Garnet is a Christian name and the name of a jewel. Lord Wolseley was Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"There is also a name "Royal." It is a very good name, but not sufficiently distinguishing.

"Diamond must be made a popular name, so I hope," concluded Mr. Wilde, "to hear it has been given to our baby boy."

"As a warder, I take off my hat to the memory of the author, who, by his sad and premature death, has now silenced for ever all who have criticised his conduct and rejoiced at his fall."

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I KEEP ON MY WALLS a permanent exhibition of autographs, manuscripts and historical documents, and have at present an especially interesting collection of letters and original manuscripts by Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Robert Louis Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Edgar Allan Poe. These are the original scripts of stories, poems and documents which have made these men famous. If interested, drop me a line, or better, come and see my exhibition.

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Thursday, 8:15 p. m.	Performance at the Little Thimble Theatre.
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Aubrey Beardsley

EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

February 19th, 1916

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**I do appreciate the sympathy offered
me by my numerous readers and friends
throughout the country, but two dollars
for fifty-two issues of Bruno's Weekly
will manifest the**

REAL SPIRIT.

BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 8.

FEBRUARY 19th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II

PRAYER FOR CONTENT WITH SIMPLE STORE

DEAR LORD, to Thee my knee is bent:
Give me content—
Full pleased with what comes to me,
Whether it be;
A humble roof, a frugal board,
And simple board;
The visiting fast-fish bride
The chimney wide,
While the sun-bright flowers appear—
And times about
The勇敢 dogs that guard my hearth
And household worth.
Tings with the embers' ruddy glow
The rafters low,
And let the sparks snap with delight,
As fingers might
That mark the swift measures of some time
The children crow.
Then, with good friends, the rarest few
The holdest store,
Ranged round about the blaze to share,
My comfort there—
Give me to claim the service meet
That makes each seat
A place of honor, and each guest
Loved as the rest.

— James Whitcomb Riley.

From the Collection of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan

The Fire In Bruno's Garret

FIRE of some unknown cause destroyed, on the 12th of February, on Lincoln Day, that part of my garret which I used as a store-room and where I kept my files.

Copyright 1916 by Guido Bruno

All back numbers of my magazines, *Greenwich Village*, *Bruno Chap-Books* and *Bruno's Weekly* were destroyed. Manuscripts of well-known authors, historical documents, rare books, pamphlets which never can be duplicated, material which I had collected for the last twelve years—all went up in the smoke.

And better than ever do I know to-day that there is no possession real which we do not carry with us constantly. Not in our pockets, but in our hearts. Not the property which we store in fireproof storehouses, or in safe deposit vaults; even that might be destroyed by earthquakes, or by Zeppelins, or other devices with which God and man manifest their existence unexpectedly.

But all we have in the eternal possession of our mind—all those things that we really know.

Knowledge is the power that cannot be destroyed.
Omnia mea mecum porto.

On Book Stall Row

AND so this, the first number after the fire which partly destroyed my garret, is the fitting occasion, dear reader, to invite you to take a walk through that part of the city which starts on the extremest boundaries of our village and whose important avenue leads to the Public Library—that supreme mausoleum of the citizens of the republic of letters; where are laid away, side by side, the remains of those who were worshipped during life and forgotten after their death and of those whom no one knew while they were among us and whose real life began after they had written the last page of their message to the world, a world which has ears now for the dead man's words.

Will you come with me and walk for half an hour on that Via Appia of New York where great men's work is put on shelves and bundled up and can be viewed by those who feel like worshipping where artists and writers found a friend who would plead their cause better than the newspaper critic, literary writer and the art editor. Let us go where the old worshipful building of the Astor Library still stands and whose closed shutters and deserted door-ways and stair-cases remind one of that eternal truth—sic transit gloria mundi! And not long ago—scarcely eight years—all intellect of New York assembled here on old Astor Place, in the midst of the old landmarks of a New York of by-gone days. There they worked diligently, and like in a bee-hive, gathered the honey to give it to the world. And the world came to take the honey and carried it to newspaper offices, to magazine editors and used it for nourishing and for luxurious, dandy dishes and served it to millions as bread and as dessert.

In those days of the old Astor Library, Fourth Avenue was the leading booksellers' street of New York, and therefore, of the world.

And then the palace was built on Fifth Avenue, right in the heart of the city, to receive the remains of the august man of

the world. The literary free-market, whose centre for barter and exchange had been on Astor Place, moved up to the new comfortable quarters. Marble and big spaces, lackies in livery and modern commercial office devices took the places of the good old home-like library rooms. Railings did not separate there the reader from the book-shelves and the tables were worn and ink-spotted; and where the authors of the books, in their old-fashioned attire, with their grandfather's manners, with their elegance and their "I don't care what you think of me, world!" seemed so near to us who leaned over their books.

But those booksellers—no less lovers of books because they sold them—remained in their shops on Fourth Avenue, in their basements and their little shacks with queer displays of book stalls and advertisements in old hand-writing tacked to their doors which seem to belong to another age, which seem to be the remnants of another school of men. A good many of those old friends of the frequenters of the library are gone. High buildings are erected where they used to read books and sell them to you—if you managed to get into their good graces. Don't shake your head incredulously! Yes, such were those old booksellers, who treated their books as you would treat your friends, and who would introduce you to their friends only if you were one with their spirit,—if they found in you "that certain something" which invites lovers of books into a society of lovers of men.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis! Mr. Edison put the candle out of use. His electric rails brought space and time into relations which enable the individual to live a life of many interests.

Greek and Latin, the old essayists of yore, and the art of writing letters are foreign to most of us. To have read your Caesar and scanned your Homer makes you a scholar for life-time to-day. And to have really read Horace and to have dived into Plato and Aeschylus entitles you to the highest honors newspapers, magazines and the country-at-large have to award. If you know how to write about these things and how to apply your knowledge so that the magazine editor can have it illustrated by some imitators of Bruneleschie or Bakst, that your work can appear serially in an unobjectionable family paper which is sold in two million copies by boys and girls who earn in such a way a "liberal education in business colleges;"—that it can be printed in book form to be bought by all public libraries and Carnegie and college and university libraries, and if it has such merits that the music of a Viennese operetta composer can be harmoniously combined with the words, making for a season's Broadway success.

Otherwise you have the best chance to starve and to be looked upon as a queer sort of a chap.

A few are left of those old book-dealers who used to dwell on Fourth Avenue and whom book-worms used to persuade to part with this or that precious tome. How those book-sellers differed from those of our own times; they knew their Latin and their Greek, they knew not only first editions and standard

editions from the catalogs of auction sales and "Book Prices Current" but they knew the contents of the books; they would give an equal chance to the well-known author whom they liked and to the unknown man whose pamphlet they discovered; reading and "discovering" was their chief occupation, selling books a mere incident—a very necessary one, of course, but still an incident only. They all had their hobbies. One would be interested in Mark Twain and would have stored away in some obscure corner of his book-shelves, as the kohinoor of his possessions, a rare pamphlet unknown to the world, and perhaps autographed by the author himself. Another one would be an enthusiast of Poe and would carefully gather precious items and show them to those he really liked—like a king who bestows upon the subject he wishes to honor a high order.

Authors and would-be authors found in these dingy shops lit by a flickering gas jet, in the atmosphere of dust and of old paper, congenial gathering-places. O. Henry was a well-known habitue of the book-shops on Fourth Avenue, and especially one situated in a basement to which led rickety wooden stairs was his favorite one. He used to rummage around the French books its proprietor kept and ask for translations and explanations, but he rarely bought.

Did I say a few of those shops are still preserved?—and did I invite you to come along and take a walk on Book Stall Row? They are, but don't be disappointed. They all have electric lights and cash registers and only far back behind the dust-covered desk of the proprietor—if you succeed in lifting the business mask from his face—will you find the book-dealer after your heart, whose face beams because he has succeeded in getting this or that rare item. And if you have that "certain something" of the book-worm which finds a response in his heart, he will forget his "Book Prices Current" and he will talk to you just to your heart's delight. And his hands and your hands will rest on the mutual friend—the book.

Here, I said, in these shops, which, if the proprietor has business genius and progresses with the spirit of the time, will become types of the ready-to-order, department-store-like-conducted book-stores, are the temporary interment places of literateurs who are either dead and not yet discovered or who are alive and therefore not apt to be discovered, or who are both dead and discovered. But their works have not yet succeeded in bringing high auction prices and therefore are not purchased by the libraries in their palacial mausoleums where they will find their final resting-place some day. To these shops the literateur pilgrimages if he wishes to dispose of his books—not because his shelves or his library are too crowded but because he has decided that a meal once in a while will be highly appreciated by his physical body. Down here to these basements or to these shacks crowded in by big business buildings he creeps stealthily and sells the books of his friends, given him in his better days with their inscriptions of friendship. He is ashamed of his act, but landladies have to get rent and Child's has a cash register which must record every sale of the day, even the most insignificant cup of coffee and the thinnest cheese sandwich.

Here to these shops the literateur, who ventured into the field of being his own publisher and editor of a short-lived magazine brings bundles of unsold numbers of his publication which were returned to him with many regrets and the bill for "return charges by the pound" from news-dealers and from news companies. The book-store buys them, and a dollar is a dollar—even if you have to procure it with five hundred or a thousand copies of something you put your greatest hopes upon.

No reflection is made upon the bookseller! He gives you more than you could get anywhere else. What other book-dealer in this city would buy old paper—and it is nothing but old paper so long as "Book Prices Current" doesn't mention the magazine's name and its rarity, and therefore, the goodness of its contents.

Here, to these shops, landladies bring the trunks which they did not permit to leave their premises because the unfortunate owner failed to pay his three dollars per week, and his literary future was too ample a security for her to continue to trust. And how many rejected manuscripts—often rejected because of their merit—will be found in that baggage hastily thrown together by her after she has locked the door upon him! How many letters will they contain showing the man in the light others saw him and wrote to him what to do and what not to do!

Here, to these shops, the unfortunate woman travels if her husband—the writer or the artist—is sick and doctor bills have to be paid, and again, that curse of everybody's life—rent bills and board bills.

And here finally is sold the worldly possessions of him who has laid away his pen forever, whom the rent collector for the typewriter will not bother again. His most-cherished books and letters from fellow-sufferers on the hard road to literary success and those benevolent lines of those who "got there," his scrap books and perhaps his diary to contribute to the receipts of undertaker and cemetery company.

DEAR READER, we live in an age where figures are staring in your face wherever you turn. Churches pass the baskets! Charity is standardized after the most efficient business methods of the country.

"Money, I want money!" is written in big, black broad letters over men and things. Therefore, it is up to you to eliminate money wherever you feel it a disturbing element. It is up to you to be the magician who charms away the things that can never "disappear" as everybody knows. Don't think of the rent and of the bills and of the pay rolls to clerks that these booksellers have to pay, but see them as I do back there in the dark corner of their shops—unlighted by electricity, back of a paper-and-dust-covered desk, reading on quiet afternoons and evenings when business is at a standstill and book-buyers do not require their services,—reading their favorites, those books they will not sell if you are not lucky and strike them at a time when bills are due, when rent has to be paid.

Guido Bruno.

Vaudeville Stars Tell Us Why They Act

I have not taken in a vaudeville show for quite a while. I have seen in the newspapers concerning the work of our vaudeville actors, several pages each week. And so I went to the Palace one night last week. The chairs are very comfortable and the ventilation is excellent. So it is possible to exist physically.

But how much humanity is wasted on the vaudeville stage! These men and women surely must have a reason for doing their silly acts over and over again for forty weeks every year!

There was Ruth St. Denis, for instance. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was down at my garret the morning after I had seen Ruth. The famous poetess adores Ruth; her husband adores Ruth, too. They saw her for the first time in Paris, some years ago. "She is adoration, she is a prayer, she is a sermon," Mr. Wilcox remarked after the curtain had rung down. Mrs. Wilcox was of the same opinion. Sermons and sermons are different. So are prayers. Mine surely differ from those of the Wilcox couple.

"Why do they act?" I wanted to satisfy my curiosity. Here are the answers that I received from a few of the headliners at present features in Broadway theatres and vaudeville houses.

Gaby Deslys (in *Stop! Look! and Listen!* at the *Globe*)—"Because I love it—I like money much, but my art, ah, that is the thing I like very much, much more."

Harry Pilcer (also at the *Globe*)—"Because *eight per* doesn't hold any charms for me."

Harry Fox (in *Stop! Look! and Listen* also at the *Globe*)—"To get my hot meat. This is the life."

Joseph Santley (also at the *Globe*)—"Merely to keep me out of mischief."

And here are a few who appear at present at the Palace:

Harry Carroll: "To get out of a contract with a music publisher."

Paul Morton and wife, Naomi Glass (in a vaudeville sketch): "We need the cash—that's all!"

The Dolly Sisters (in a vaudeville sketch): "Because of our rapid success, because of the money that's in it, and because we can't keep our feet on the ground."

G. B.

Any House in the Court

PAPA SUMMERFIELD is a very bad man. He loves his wife, or at least he loved his wife very tenderly, fourteen years before the curtain rose. In those days he had been a successful lawyer, with indisputable business integrity. And then—she died. He locked the chamber in which she had been an invalid before her death and it remained for years a closed room in the house. He kept the key in his pocket, and every member of his household tiptoed when passing this door, and nobody dared mention its existence, or the mother's name in his presence. Papa Summerfield killed his grief and his love in

business ambition and anything that came along was good enough as long as it kept his mind busy and prevented him from thinking. He also developed into a house tyrant, forbidding the two daughters the men of their choice, and turning them coldly from house and hearth after they decided to become wives and mothers. But Papa Summerfield has a "better self." And this better self is of utmost importance to the play. It really is the nucleus of the play. The better self appears in a not any more unaccustomed way on the stage. It is Mr. Summerfield's double. It looks like Mr. Summerfield, it parts its hair in the same remarkable way that Mr. Summerfield parts his, from forehead to neck, it wears the same picturesque necktie and clothes, and appears at opportune moments in a spotlight and tries to reason with his "evil self."

And there is that great big corporation committee that wishes to buy the honesty of Mr. Summerfield with a vice-presidency, and with fat fees, and there is the honest young man who cannot continue to be secretary to Mr. Summerfield because he cannot bear the idea that his revered master will do something dishonest. This secretary also has a little side interest which his heroic standpoint brings to a happy conclusion. David, that is his name, has won the heart of the youngest daughter of Mr. Summerfield, and now, in the sublime moment when she realizes the "evil self" of Papa, she decides to follow David and take up with him the struggles of life. And then, there is a highly melodramatic private conversation between "better self" and "evil self" of Papa Summerfield in the death-chamber of the departed wife. It is one of those scenes that are enjoyed by cooks and chambermaids, digested after working hours from those ominous paper-covered thick volumes known ordinarily as dime novels, whose price has been raised to twenty-five cents. It would be enjoyed as a scene commonly known as one "that gives you the creeps," that "starts the goose-flesh."

Papa Summerfield leaves the mysterious death-chamber of his wife and returns to his library.

Enter all persons in question as there are: The honest secretary with the youngest daughter ready to leave forever, the disinherited daughter, who has a baby at home and the son-in-law "who shall never cross this threshold again." They expect a parting for life. But lo! Old man Summerfield is his "better self" again. "You all can remain," says he; "I have thought the matter over and I am going to join forces with my sons-in-law. Honesty will lead us to success. David, I welcome as the husband of my youngest daughter——"

One looked expectantly toward the door; but the nursemaid with the baby upon her arm did not appear.

Owen Davis and Robert Davis are the "two selves" that manufactured this show piece. One might be a very successful magazine editor, and an expert in selecting and purchasing the kind of stuff that people are supposed to like in our popular magazines. But a successful career of this sort is poor experience to write a drama for American theatre-goers. Even such features as there were on the program, "that the curtain never

rises and never is rung down between the acts and scenes of "Any House," is an insufficient feature after the street exterior of the house is lifted and the living room of this fashionable mansion is right next to the sidewalk. The appearance of the personified better self of a man is as old as the development of stage tricks. It was used in France and Germany to much better advantage early in the Eighteenth Century.

Papa Summerfield saved the situation temporarily by excellent acting. He was "the evil self" of a man as well impersonated as it is in real life. But that "better self" was just a poor attempt at something unknown. At what? Ask Mr. Davis!

One must be a creator and a critic, and sincere in everything in life and in art in order to be able to write a drama.

The editor, the able editor of popular magazines, might do well to follow his real metier: to write vaudeville sketches.

G. B.

Hassan and His Wives

AND it was at the hour of the full moon, the doors of the castle were pushed open and there entered silently into the garden, Hassan and his seven wives, crossed over to the melodiously splashing fountain, disrobed, and seated themselves in a semi-circle.

And Hassan Bedr-ed Din, said:

"I am your master, creatures of the curved rib, but verily rather would I be a hunchback beggar than your master solely! Because my soul is thirsty for love."

And he looked into the deer-like eyes of Butheines:

"What is the utmost that you can do for me, woman?"

"Singing and dancing will I do for thee, O lord!"

Hassan shrugged his shoulders and turned to Kuttel Kulub:

"And you also, only singing and dancing?"

"I will tell you a thousand fairy tales: About the Prince who was turned to stone, about the veziers of the King Junan, and Isrit and about the old Scheichs."

"What can you give me, Scherezade?"

"Every lust of the body, lord! My blood boils like the wind of the desert!"

Nushet-es-Saman said: "I can be true to you, from the bottom of my heart, oh Hassan! And not because I have to!"

And Sophia: "I can relate to you the works of the Prophet, and I can explain them, and I know the secrets of the stars!"

And the dark-haired Dunja said, the one with the queen-like figure, fell to the feet of Hassan, covering them with kisses, and her voice vibrated like leaves in a hurricane: "I could die for thee, oh lord!"

A happy smile passed over the face of the master, and he kissed Dunja said.

The seventh woman sat still unquestioned, near the fountain. And she opened her mouth and said: "Why should I

keep silent and make a secret of my love, because you, oh Hassan, do not look at me?"

Hassan smiled snobbishly: "Arise! What on earth could you do for me after Dunja said is ready to die for me?"

"I could live for you, oh Lord!"

After the Persian by Guido Bruno.

Biography

A BLACK crow flapped his wings in a dead tree.
At that moment I was born.

A camel awoke, stretched and wandered away over the desert; just then my mate came into being.

We met quite accidentally at Dageeling, married, raised five children, built a house, and kept a cat.

Later, we died and were buried in the same grave.
This completes our history . . .

Not that it does anybody any good.

—*Tom Sleeper.*

Replies

By Richard Aldington,

I

WHEN I was hungry and implored them, they said: "The sun-beetle eats dung: imitate him."

I implored them for my life's sake and they replied: "Last year's roses are dead; why should you live?"

II

(THREE YEARS LATER)

THEY came to me and said: "You must aid us for the sake of our God and our World."

I replied: "Your god is a beetle and your world a ball of dung."

But they returned and said: "You must give your life to defend us."

And I answered: "Though a million of you die, next spring shall not lack roses."

—*From The Egoist, London.*

Decollete

SHE walked, an Eve,
Created not, mankindness to deceive.

And lo!
Quoth she, "Why are they draped so?

God made me,

Is it then,

Fit I should upholstered be by men?

L'Innocent.

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington,

January 31st, 1916.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT is doubtless a brave woman, but is she discreet? Undeterred by her great age or her physical infirmity she insists on appearing in public. There should be, as in Russia, a law forbidding actresses over forty-five or fifty from sacrificing their reputations, their beautiful memories to a foolish vanity.

Of course, the great public here doesn't take this view. Any-one to whom it has once given admiration or affection is for-ever sacred to it. We have comedians in London who have lived successfully for a dozen years on one good joke or play. Bern-hardt has been at the Coliseum this week with her voice—still marvellous to say, not without magic—and—poor thing!—her artificial limb. She recited *Les Cathidrales*, sitting in a great throne-like chair the while, and then acted in *Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur*, a little war piece. The latter was rather dreadful, but the Coliseum audience, one of the stupidest and most sentimental in London, was apparently enthralled.

At the Shaftesbury Theatre we have had another interesting though not quite successful entertainment this week. It is another case of a musician endeavoring to digest a literary masterpiece much in the way that Liza Lehmann did with *Everyman*, as I mentioned in my last letter. This time it is Sir Charles Stanford who has endeavored to turn Sheridan's *Critic* into a kind of music play or comedy with music. The result is not spontaneously successful. Sir Charles has no very light gift of musical humour and some of his musical jokes are very heavy indeed. The composer has mixed original music with parodies of Wagner, Strauss, Debussy and the old style of Italian opera like *Trovatore*. Sheridan is good and Sir Charles Stanford is good in his own way as a composer of light academic work and a professor of distinction, but the combination is unsatisfactory.

Quite a number of French and Belgian books and reviews continue to be printed and published in England. The Paris firm of Figuiere has a printing works at Cardiff—"The Welsh Outlook Press." There is a company of publishers in London, issuing new novels and other books in French, in the ordinary French format with yellow paper covers. Belgian and French novelists in veile issue their works in this way. *Et jai vouler la Paix*, by Andre Spire, is just published by the Egoist. Spire, who has passed most of the time since the outbreak of the war in Nancy, close to the firing line, has been recently engaged in buying leather for the French Government, and a little while ago paid a business visit to London. I did not see him, but he was taken to the Cafe Royal, I believe, to meet the poets and painters, and now, chiefly through the instrumentality of my friend, Richard Aldington, I fancy, we have this little volume of verse. The following is taken from a poem called *Images*, written at Nancy in September, 1914.

Mais pentends le canon aux portes de ma ville;
 Je vois sur nos canaux, nos places et nos rues
 Tes troupeaux de blesses;
 Je vois tes carbillards suivis de Veterans et de drapeaux.
 Et tes paysans fuir avec leurs fourrageres
 Pleines de matelas, de femmes et d'enfants
 Et je m'asseois. I'attends.
 Oh! Silence! Silence!
 Jusqu'an jour ou ces corps defaits, ces visages hagards,
 Ces cris, ces pleurs, ces lignes, ces pus, ces puanteuos,
 Une plus imperieuse image: la Victoire,
 Les aura deloges de nos zeux, de nos coeurs.

Thus there emerges from the poem the triumphant motive: which, perhaps, America, happy in the possession of peace, does not quite understand. I find in many American papers and reviews a frequent expression of commiseration for us in Europe with our terrible war. It is true that it is a horrible enough affair and that the amount of misery and tragedy in Europe is something fearful to contemplate, but there is, at the same time, an acceptance of it, a recognition that it is the eventable contrast against which joy shines, a kind of pride in it, in fact.

Among new novels, Arnold Bennett's *These Twain*, calls for a line, though since it has probably been published simultaneously in America, you will have heard all about it long before this letter appears.

An absurd book though of which probably you will not hear has just been issued in honour of Hilaire Belloc, who has risen to considerable eminence of late, owing to his false prophesies on the subject of the war. Two young men who should know better have perpetrated this fatuity—C. Creighton Mandell and E. Shanks. The book is divided into chapters such as Mr. Belloc and the Public, Mr. Belloc and Europe, Mr. Belloc and the Future, and so on. Perhaps you don't even know who Hilaire Belloc is?

But that I should not seem to give you notice only of bad or foolish books let me end by mentioning one that is excellent—Professor G. Baldwin Brown's *Arts in Early England*, of which Volumes III and IV have just appeared. It is full of learning and imaginative appeal.

Edward Storer.

Books and Magazines of the Week

RUSSIAN literature translated originally during the Crimean War and refreshed sporadically during the Russo-Japanese struggles is being warmed up and re-hashed and served on toast in England since the outbreak of the European struggles. As the good old boarding-house woman knows well what to do with her Sunday chicken on Monday, Tuesday and the subsequent days, so the publishers on Fleet Street fish out from their morgues hurried translations and then they are reprinted cheaply and fed to the populace.

The modern authors, of whom there exist a German or French translation, are being done into English by translators now "from the original Russian." Just look at these translations which arrive with every English boat. I daresay that at least two-thirds of these books came to England via France and via Germany. Russian can be translated into English. But only by such as have an excellent knowledge of English and a fair knowledge of Russian. There is too much German and French flavor and spirit in these Russian translations of our days. The wonderful primitive way of expressing situations by comparisons, of picturing life through the most difficult mosaic of life in detail is lost.

The American translations are far better. Russia is nearer to the heart of America than to the heart of England. Russia is to America the representative of everything Slavic in Europe. The Slavic element is very vital in our everyday life. The melancholy of those struggling for freedom—no matter if spiritual or financial—is well-known to us. The technical knowledge of the language has a big assistant: the sympathy of translator and of reader.

The Russia of a Gogol, the Russia of an Arzibashev with the struggling minority against the tryannies of a Czardom by "God's grace" against oppressors who want Russia's financial downfall, who want slaves in spirit and meek servants instead of free men, must find a sympathetic echo in the hearts of free Americans.

These translations, as published during the past year by Mr. Huebsch, and lately by Mr. Knopf (whose address, by the way, is in no directory, and letters to whom are being sent back as undeliverable constantly), are not only superior from a technical standpoint or from the standpoint of a linguist, but they really carry to us THE message. The great Russian authors, who are artists, apostles of a new and better era for their beloved Russia, and leaders of their people at large at the same time, speak to us in their own language. In most of the English translations they seem to be using a megaphone.

While reading a few days ago in a Bohemian magazine that Oscar Wilde's *Reading Gaol* had been translated into Bohemian and into Serbian recently and sent in thousands of copies to military concentration camps, I remembered another singer amid prison walls—one who suffered in Russian prisons and such torture houses as the Schluesselburg, twenty-five years of his life for the gravest crime one can commit in Russia; he was an independent editor of a paper that should tell his readers the truth and nothing but the truth. Nicholas Alexandrovitch Morosow, son of a nobleman and a peasant woman, after a liberal education in colleges and universities, decided, at the age of nineteen, to join the group of young Socialists which went, in 1874, preaching through the country, trying to make men and women see the real value of life.

He went to St. Petersburg and was editor in quick succession of those three journals that were severely persecuted by the Russian Government. He left Russia, warned by a good friend

that there was a warrant out against him. But he would not have been a Russian, a real Russian, if he could have kept out of his country for the rest of his life. And he came back.

Everything might be rotten in Russia, systems and administrations; but the filing-index on which are kept the names of those that offend the "sacro-sanct person of the Czar" or dare to suggest a better Russia, free of graft and injustice, is kept in constant working order. Morosow was arrested the same second he crossed the boundaries of Holy Russia. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Longing for freedom, for the freedom of his nation, had been the impetus of his life. After he lost his own personal freedom, he knew so much better how his nation in bondage suffered, how it was destined to suffer for centuries to come.

All his strength, all his sentimentality, all his love for his nation, for clean, pure air and for blue skies, and all the hopes and imagination of a new, of a free Russia are the threads with which he wove that wonderful Gobelain, his life work, that he started, worked upon and finished in the hopeless leaden misery of Russian prisons: his prison song.

Contemporary Verse

One distinction has the second number of this magazine which is everything but contemporary; the bad poet, who made a name for himself in a weekly book-trade paper, unjustly called Book Review, by interviewing similarly bad poets, is not among their contributors. Eleven names were contained in the initial issue of this new poetical gift that Washington, D. C., has bestowed upon us and if it loses every month one contributor, the December issue will be up to the highest expectations.

The Spotlight

This is a new periodical, whose Volume 1, Number 1, has arrived at our desk. "Edited and owned by the people," it says. It contains effusions against the policy of preparedness. Who is this "people"?

Alethian

The general issue of this pyschic magazine contains valuable information for our poets.

"Those who scoff at the thought that Spirit, or spirits, respond to special invitation to be present at gatherings of mortals at specific times and places may explain why a number of Alethian Students who had never previously produced a line of verse have spontaneously delivered commendable poetry at our lecture classes."

The Colonnade

"The essence of Strindberg," by Harold Berman, is an interesting attempt to understand and to appreciate "the deep-rooted mysticism with an original and dual outlook upon life as the motives underlying the enigmatic personality of August Strindberg."

"The Threefold Admonishment" is another one of Arthur

Schnitzler's stories, translated from the German, by Pierre Loving. The efforts of Mr. Loving to introduce to us this eminent Viennese writer are very laudable, but he chooses Schnitzler's early work. Why not try to give us some of his best? Those bits, full of life, and still of a rare quietness of which he has proved master?

In Our Village

FLORENCE GOUGH and Lindsey Cooper joined the small shop movement in the Village and opened a costume shop for the designing and creating of fancy dress costumes and modern clothes. Miss Gough is doing the designing. She has an unique color sense and she is proud of the wide opportunity she had for expression, not only in costuming, but in spectacular stage setting! "She also claims priority right to the daring color combinations regarded dubiously by the Academicians before the coming of Bakst."

And daring is the interior of the shop. The floor is tomato red, the walls are black, yellow and turquoise, the color is splashed on the walls as by the ire of genius. Of genius that simply must express itself in vivid glaring colors and that wouldn't care to sit even in a chair or on a stool which does not carry the flaming message to its organism in repose. Therefore, orange and lavender seating occasions.

Two large figures of yellow cambric, with disarranged anatomies, stand in the show window, like heralds of a new sartorial apostle.

And Miss Cooper, the director of the institution, assures that the faithful came from the first day, immediately after the yellow cambrics had hit their eyes. A large number of costumes, worn at the recent Censors Ball and the Beaux Arts' party emanated from here, and the Liberal Club Ball and the Masses' Ball will be vivid and glaring witnesses of this new shop in Our Village.

Alice Palmer, she of the Sunflower Shop, has opened The Village Store and announces that its mission will be a "Gift Shop." She will sell odd bits of brass, china, wood, furniture and souvenirs, at reasonable prices.

A frequent visitor to the Village during the past weeks has been Joseph Louis French, the poet.. He contemplates a new edition of his corrected works, poems that have appeared during the past twenty years in magazines and periodicals in the United States and England.

Charles Keeler has united many of his poems in a volume that will soon be published by Laurence Gomme, "in his little shop around the corner." They are called "Victory," and contain some of Mr. Keeler's best work.

Bernhardt Wall, the etcher, has conceived the idea of a series of preparedness pictures, to be produced as movie cartoons. He is hard at work at them and contemplating the acceptance of one of the many offers he has received from film companies.



Heloise Haynes plans for her many friends and admirers an informal dance for Saturday, the 19th, which will take place in her "Wardrobe."

Bruno's Garret

A group of young Russian painters will exhibit a representative selection of their paintings in Bruno's Garret. The exhibition opens on Thursday, the 17th, and will last until the 25th of February. The poetry readings and Monday evening lectures have to be interrupted on account of the fire until March the 5th. Upon this day, the necessary restoration work will have been finished and Bruno's Garret will welcome everybody that wishes to attend its house-warming.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

VIRGINIA O. MADIGAN, who was heard last week in her recitation to music of Victor Sardou's "Leah the Forsaken," has remarkable talent to interpret with her strong resonant voice, the words of the author. Music and spoken word seem to grow to a unit which does not fail to act upon our senses. Our eyes and our ears are similarly attracted. Miss Madigan, who just completed her eleventh year, will continue her dramatic studies.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week the program will include a selection of songs by Miss Sara S. Broughton, known as church singer and who aspires to enter upon a concert career. Her program includes: The Star, by Rogers; Where my Caravan Has Rested, by Lohr; The Years at the Spring, by Beach.

Miss Lila Van Kirk will give three of her Italian illustrated travelogues, "Two Weeks in Rome," "A Walk Through the Streets of Florence," and "Naples, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Venice (by moonlight) and Italian Lakes." This series is arranged as a trip through Italy, on this side of the ocean and Miss Van Kirk

has sought to make her individuality that of a purely conversational tone of delivery, thereby tendering the atmosphere of her historic subject.

Today

TRINITY CHURCH stands at the head of Wall Street. Facing East, it represents God. At the foot is the East River oblivion. The Stock Exchange is between, the Temple of Mammon; the Custom House is beside. It is the place of the law. We have here the channel and its ports. In the daytime a human tide here ebbs and flows. At certain seasons the flow is well defined; on the eve of panic from Mammon to God, as the herd gathers before the storm; in the panic the Street is in flood. Some are pushed into oblivion, but the Street remains full.—Curious paradox.—In the time of plenty, the tide sets to the place of the law. Man is mindful of its comforts in the hour of fortune; Gold has its concomitants; noblesse oblige. In the Temple of Mammon all is Babel. No tongue is of the Pentecost. They cry aloud and dance to the music of their throats. Then comes a hush. The place empties like a sigh. But after all is said and done the trend is up and down; some to the churchyard, some to the river. There is rest.

And old Trinity smiles down equally upon the mob and the dead. They are alike, incidents.

—G. E. M.

Song

SHE came like a falling star,
Sudden, and swift, and bright,
From the heaven of heavens afar
On the wilderness of night.

She came like a falling star,
Flashed by, and was no more;
But the wilderness where lost lovers are
Is darker than before.

—O. T. M.

Replied Platitudes

NATURALLY, people who never stop to trouble about the Truth, object to have the Truth stop to trouble about them, especially when the trouble about the Truth is: It never stops their troubles.

The man who needs a bracer, better brace up against the town-pump.

A world menace: the unteachable self-taught.

Julius Doerner.

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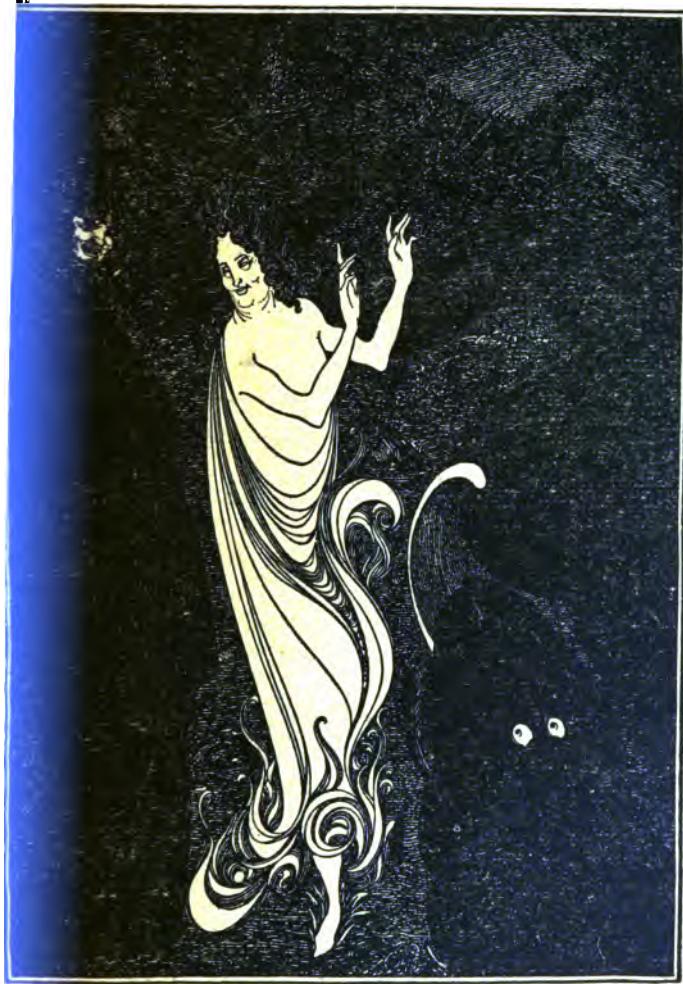
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Aubrey Beardsley

EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

February 26th, 1916

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BRUNO PLAYERS

AT

CHARLES EDISON'S LITTLE THIMBLE THEATRE
AT NO. TEN FIFTH AVENUE, GREENWICH VILLAGE, N. Y. C.



Miss Julia

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By August Strindberg

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Christine

Laura Arnould
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 9.

FEBRUARY 26th, MCMXVI

Vol. II.

A Song of Gifts to God.

When a frost Christmas Presents came, the straw where Christ was born,
Scent sweeten their frankincense, brighten their gold,
And a Wise Man said, "We will not give, the thanks would be but cold."

"They said the next to all new gifts To this gift or another,
Besides the high gratitude of God; when as he was, my brother,
Who had a falter from time, yet thanks him for a Mother."

"Yet here for them this yellow stone or thickly smello & sparse,
Who holds the gold heart of the sun that fed these Timber trees:
Nor any scents like ours for one that smells the stars."

"Then Spake the third of the Wise Men, the poorest of the three.

"We may not with the wildest love enlarge His treasury,

"Whose wings are wider than the world. It is not He but we."

"We say not He has more to gain, but we have less to lose,

"Nor gold shall go empty, nor say, the gold, if this we choose,

"Go to make heralds of the Quacks or breakers of the law.

"Kiss clouds before colossal feet hidden in the Underlight
To the blind gods from Babylon less incense burns to-night
To the high beasts of Babylon, whose mouths make most of night."

"Baby of the thousand birthdays, we that are young yet grey,
While with the cultures, still can find no better thing to say,
We bat with Sects & whims & were have wasted Christmas Day.

"Night then thy easier to Thyself, for all our fires are dim:
Stamp then this image on our sin; for Caesar's face gives grace;
And a dumb devil of pride & greed has taken hold of him...

"We bring thee back great Writindom, churches & towns & towns
And if our hands are glad, O God, to let them down like flowers
To not that they switch their hands; but they are seven per cent.

G. K. Chesterton.

From the Collection of Patrick F. Madigan

This poem of G. K. Chesterton appeared never before in print

The Bruno Players

THE BRUNO PLAYERS will open their season on February 28th, in Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre, No. 10 Fifth avenue, with August Strindberg's naturalistic

drama, "Miss Julia." They are a small group of actors and actresses that wish to interpret Strindberg, Tchekoff, Wedekind, Artzibashev and Gogol's works in the simple and sincere way in which these playwrights created their characters. Under the management of Guido Bruno, who is assisted in the direction by Langdon Gillet, they will play on three nights of the week, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and on one afternoon, on Saturday, in the Thimble Theatre, and later, the last three days of the week in an uptown showhouse.

The performances of the Bruno Players will not interfere and have no connection whatever with Mr. Charles Edison's work in the Thimble Theatre, benefiting American musicians and composers, which will be continued, and the free musicales will take place on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week.

The Bruno Players do not intend to do anything startling, unusual or sensational. Everything worth while in life is simple and made of very humble substance. To view life as it is, to see what is actually happening, one needs just a pair of good eyes, and in order to understand what others say, the things that they really mean to say, one needs knowledge of the language and a pair of good ears. Therefore, there will be nothing startling and unusual used in the theatre of the Bruno Players. No luxurious equipment for the audience. No new color schemes, no unexpected effects or revolutionizing stage features, no architecture, producing optical illusions on the stage. It will be a show house in the realest sense of the word. A house where something is shown.

The things which are put on show being the only reason for the existence of the house, and its main and sole feature.

Only with physical comfort is the human mind susceptible to new impressions, ready to listen, to like or dislike, to approve of or to reject. An unprejudiced mind must be housed in a comfortable-feeling, self-unconscious body. Therefore, comfortable armchairs are provided with plenty of room to the right and to the left, to enable one to change one's position easily, and plenty of space between rows, so that the legs do not feel stepmotherly treated.

The stage is simple. Just an elevation, with no other purpose than to expose the performers conspicuously to everybody present. ACTING IS GOOD AS THE RESULT OF BEING ITSELF. Therefore, stage settings of more or less conspicuous designs, decorations of all kinds, the appliance of the science of stage lighting are only irritating and distractice to the attention.

Miss Julia by August Strindberg

MISS JULIA is the strongest of the naturalistic dramas Strindberg wrote in the best years of his life. He considered it himself the best work that he had ever

done. The Swedish censors prohibited its production in Sweden, and it was acted in New York but once—at a private performance, some years ago, before an invited audience in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre.

Strindberg is no playwright, from the standpoint of the modern theatrical producer. He does not care for construction. He does not build up situations carefully. There is no painstaking architecture of actions. We do not admire the objective correctness, or consequence of the characters he paints; all we see is the gripping life and the brutal truth of detail. Strindberg is not satisfied that we see the things he chooses to show us, but we have to feel them on our skin. We have to bump against them if we find ourselves unexpectedly confronted with them. He is not a planner who builds up his work before our eyes. He is not a painter of decorations who provides for us illusions and perspective pleasures of the eye; he is the magician who spills everything right under our noses—too often, not over pleasantly, because he does not always charm forth peaches and canaries.

"Miss Julia" is a consciously naturalistic tragedy, very unreal in its construction. Strindberg has an uncanny power to paint the wild and hunted life of the minute, and the explosion of actions, the hissing vapors of wrath. He knows better than anyone else how to show us everything animal and primitive in the life of the soul, the hatred and anger, the combat between hostile wills, but also resignation, weariness, and dejection. But the naturalist with the clear and sharp eyes, is also a mystic, following Swedenborg into his translunaric world, one who knows how to charm before our eyes, the dark plays of dreams and the abysses of the soul.

Strindberg might fail very often, as his adversaries claim justly, to give us a deep psychological evolution of his characters, but he never fails to show us through his elementary dramatic actions, through his dialogues, to which one has to listen and through his effects, which cannot be ignored as less than explosions—real life.

To do on the stage what Strindberg did on paper is the intention of the Bruno Players.

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington.

February 10th, 1916.

THIS week I think I will begin with a little chat on some of London's literary book-shops—I mean the intime interesting places where an atmosphere of humanity and the humanities lingers. We have our share of the other kind too—glittering parlours where the new books are stacked in lifeless slabs, places full of choas and quantity. But there are perhaps as many as a dozen or so little places which

make for the pleasure and worthiness of book-buying in London. I scarcely know where to begin or with whom. There is "The Poetry Bookshop, and Dan Rider's, well known to American literary men and artists, and the Bomb Shop in Charing Cross Road, with its Socialist and Anarchist literature, and Beaumont's, opposite, with the delightful drawings by continental artists, and Reeves, by Waterloo Bridge, who buys the reviewers' review copies, and Mr. Shore's Book Parlour, off Holborn. There are the barrows in the roadway in the Farringdon Road, where you may get a beautiful text of Aeskylos or Terence for a penny, or unearth a neglected Aldine from a mass of rubbish, if you are lucky.

Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop, in Devonshire street, has been the subject of many articles, I fancy, some of which have appeared in American journals. Yet, possibly the real reason for the existence of such a shop has never been explained. In planning his venture, Mr. Monro perceived what all modern poets have had to face at one time or another of their careers that the ordinary channels of approach between author and public are closed for them. To the average bookseller all new poetry is dead. To him its birth certificate is also its death certificate. Under pressure he will order you a copy of a book of contemporary verse, but he would rather not. It employs the energies of his staff in an unprofitable adventure. As a result, the author of a book of new poetry has to find an opening for it himself. He must, when he has written it, become commercial traveller for it and actual, if not nominal, publisher as well. Mr. Monro saw this, as we have all seen it, and the obvious deduction from it was that in order that contemporary poetry may have a chance to exist, the public for whom it is intended must be brought together. First, this public, which, after the dissipation of the Yellow Book movement and the art-culture of the nineties, was scattered and lost, must be rediscovered. Monro set himself the task of appealing directly to this lost public, this audience of awakened and awakening souls. I am sure it was no easy task, but in a measure it has been successfully accomplished. The proprietor of The Poetry Bookshop was the man to carry the scheme through. He had a genuine love of poetry for its own sake, and in a sense he was incorruptible—that is, he would not come down to publishing rubbishy verse because the author of it was a wealthy person who could afford to offer a nice bonus over the printing cost. Monro had a quarterly review, Poetry and Drama, which he allowed to perish soon after the war began—too timidly, I think. The Poetry Bookshop is now—even in war time—a successful venture. Its danger, of course, is that it will be too successful and prefer a good balance-sheet to the austere service of the Muses.

Everybody knows "Dan's," or Dan Rider's bookshop. Dan is "the laughing bookseller," the friend of the impoverished artist, the proprietor of the smallest and jolliest Bo-

hemian club in London, the first man American writers visit when they come to London. In the little square room at the back of the shop many projects have been hatched. There, at his table, covered with books and papers, sits "Dan," dispensing advice or his cheerful cynicism to whomsoever may look in. The place is an institution often described in articles and novels, and I cannot do justice to it.

At the Bomb Shop you buy Socialist and Anarchist literature, Fabian wares, I. L. P. pamphlets, and suffrage literature. For first editions, especially of modern poets, and perhaps particularly of Francis Thompson, one would go to The Serendipity Shop, so named after the word coined by Horace Walpole. Everard Meynell, son of Alice Meynell, keeps this charming little book snugery. But, perhaps that is enough of book-shops for today.

Edward Storer.

Sex

After the German of Stanislav Przybyszewsky, Author of "Homo Sapiens."

By Guido Bruno.

IN the beginning there was sex. . . . Out of the voice box of the human being sex tore the first long-stretched sounds, it directed them to the tact of the pulsing heart, it formed them into rhythm and melody, it shaped them into the neighing, howling and growling of pain, into the snarling and grinning of hatred, into the murmuring and whispering of love, into the smuttered, heaven-high joyful shouts of gladness of the organism and of ecstasy:

Sex gave birth to the world:

And sex diffused itself with super-power into the muscles of the human body; it handed man the club as it came upon him to destroy his rival in the contest for his mate, it increased his powers unto the indefinite when he had to protect the life of his mate and of his brood. It helped him to clear forests, to tear apart the womb of the earth, to direct into new beds rivers and lakes, to subdue seas and to conquer mountains; sex awakened the brain from its slumber, forcing it into incomprehensible suffering and into the labors of never-heard-of work and into cunning and into the sly betraying with which he stole the fire from the gods and into audacious daring so that he mounted the Pelian upon the Ossa, and so that he broke open the doors of the kingdom of heaven.

Sex gave birth to the deed.

And sex forced its way into the heart of man. It filled it out completely. It awaked in man the desire to see everybody as happy as sex itself was in its sacred elevation of happiness. It incended in him the powerful wish to play music for the whole world to a joy-dance, so that every-

body might become self-conscious in blissful play and might join in the great sacred hymn of life. To the tables of richest banquets did it invite all, and therefore sex created pity and consolidation, it created father and mother, brother and sister, it united the human sex through bonds of blood and of friendship. But at the same time it became the origin of revengefulness and of inordinate desire of murder and of crime; it separated and crushed to every wind the seed of the Abel, of the Seth and of the Cain.

And so created sex the family, the clan, the nation. And then it tore open widely its eyes and looked back with inexpressible longing and looked far, far back towards its divine origin.

Millions and millions of years had it been staring into the sacred fire whose lustre meant life to all worlds and all animals on which it lived.

Sex craved for divinity!

And it expanded the chest of man with fervent longing, it saturated his heart with the sweet poison of weakness and of trust, it stole one beam after another from out of the aboriginal fire until it had incended in the soul of man a heart-flame through which it started to dissolve and to diffuse completely and forget its own self-subsisting ego.

In the love!

And there came to pass the miracle: Amorphos Hyle united with Logos!

The Holy Spirit descended upon sex and thus sex created —love.

And now the bars broken down and the doors of the human soul opened wide to the stars, to the heaven, to the sun; the beams of mercy and the most incomprehensible wonders sprouted suddenly from invisible origins; a thousand unknown feelings, comprehensions and perceptions expanded the human soul, expanded it to the bigness of the divine being; the arms were stretched out toward never-thought-of worlds; it bowed the knees before gruesome mysterious powers and man rooted up dust in terror, in trembling and in reverence; hidden forebodings became certainties and the certainty did hide in the deep, unlit darkness of the unknown —the unknown which was so indefinitely near. Mindful of its divine origin, sex nestled in the heart of man with the glad tidings:

Sex was the first one to talk to man of God! The super-power of sex grew with love and the consciousness of its divinity.

A hot stream poured out into the darkest hiding places and the most secret faults of the soul; it illuminated the darkest abysses with the sunny glow of light; it inflamed rocks so that they were glowing in blazing flames; it reorganized the worlds and created them into its shapes and in new forms. All instincts were directed into its broad bed; all forebodings, all lust and all pain, hatred and the blessed

ascension of man to heaven, the whole life's struggle of a boundless and unrestrained soul, and it carried the foaming waves to the opposite shore and threw them down at the feet of God so that He might rejoice in his image.

And thus sex became the confidant of God and carried Him glad messages of how man had been drawn nearer to HIM through Art.

Sex gave birth to Art.

And so sex is the Androgyne, "father-mother" of all that is, that was, that will be: the powerful original fountain of might, of eternal strength, of enthusiasm and intoxication, of the most sacred attempt to storm the heavens and of the gravest, most detestable Fall of Man, of the highest virtue and of the most devilish crime. There is no power that can compare itself with sex, and as such it is the extreme beauty and the only link uniting us with the Absolute, because there it originated and to thence will it return.

It is the hot gulf which melts the ice and which fructifies the earth, creating an Eden or a hell for the generation of men.

It is that ocean which encircles the whole universe, embracing it with loving arms. It is the one pledge and the one certainty of the divine in man. *Cat's Paw.*

The Betrothed

By Aleksei Remizov.

Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.

THREE years a lad played with a lass, three autumns. Countless were the words spoken in whispers. That was how Maria loved Ivan!

Who, among us, nowadays, loves like that?

The time came to put blossoms in the hair. And Maria was given to another, she was not given to Ivan!

Quickly the parents made the match between them. A nice, well-to-do son-in-law was found; the old folk were pleased with themselves.

And there was no more honey in life for her; dark grew the face of Maria, even darker than an autumnal night. Only her eyes flickered, like two candles.

Her soul was weary, a frosty cold congealed her heart. Desolate, she sang in the evening her dolorous songs. Death itself would have been welcome. Yet bravely she resigned herself, and bravely endured.

Three years Maria lived with the ungracious one, three autumns. And one day she fell ill. She did not pine a long time, but died during the feast of Kuzma and Demian.

And then they buried Maria.

O ho! the winter had come, with its frosts; white snow covered the grave! And Maria lay under the white snow; no longer flickered those eyes, the eyelids were sealed over them.

One night Maria rose from her grave; she went to her husband.

A sign of the cross made he, Feodor her husband, the ungracious one.

"What does she want, the accursed one?" and he would not let his wife in.

Maria then went to her father, to her mother she went.

"At whom are you gaping?" said her father.

"Where, witch, are you goin'?" said her mother.

The father was frightened, the mother was frightened, they would not let their daughter into the house.

Maria went to her godmother.

"Get you away, soul of a sinner, where you will, there is no room for you here," and away sent the godmother her godchild.

And Maria was now left alone, a stranger in this wide world; no other roof had she than the sky.

"I will go to him, to my first one, my earlier one," thought Maria suddenly, "he will take me in!"

And she appeared before Ivan's window.

Near the window she could see Ivan sitting; he was painting a picture of the Virgin Mary.

She knocked on the window.

Then Ivan wakened his servant. It was night, and together they went out with hatchets.

The servant, when he saw Maria, was frightened. Without looking round once he ran away.

She looked at Ivan.

"Take me in, I will not harm you."

Ivan was overjoyed; he approached her, and he embraced her.

"Stop!" she cried, "don't press me so tightly, my bones have lain for some time."

And she herself kept looking at him, she could not tear her eyes away; she caressed him, and could not caress him enough. That was how Maria loved Ivan!

Who, among us nowadays, loves like that?

Ivan took Maria into his house, he did not show her to anyone; he gave her dresses, also food and drink. And thus they lived until Christmas together.

On Christmas Day they went to church. In the church all began to look at Maria—her father and her mother, her husband Feodor and her godmother.

When the service ended Maria went over to her mother.

"Yes, I am your own," said Maria. "You will remember that one night I came to you, and none of you would let me in, and so I went to my first one, my earlier one, and he took me in."

And they all acknowledged Maria, and they gave judgment: they gave her not to her old husband Feodor, but they gave her to Ivan.

O ho! the spring had come, the snow had thawed away, the green grass sprang up, and upon the little Red Hill were wedded Ivan and Maria.

Here is an end to my tale, an end to my novel.

From the *Egoist*, London

A Fable

SEVERAL nights after the beginning, the moon came up through the dark appearing unusually sleepy.

When the stars who were envious of the moon's superior light, saw her worn-out condition they thought this an excellent opportunity for the wind to extinguish her as he had promised to do, and, calling to a comet who was visiting his friends in the heavens, ordered him to tell the wind that he now has a chance to fulfill his contract with them.

The comet fell through space till he came to the region of gales and told the wind what was wanted of him.

"All right," said the wind, and, whispering to the stars to steady themselves, filled his gigantic cheeks and blew a tremendous breath in the direction of the moon, expecting to see her totter and fall, black and lifeless, in the gloom.

Now the moon was utterly unconscious of the fact that an attempt to annihilate her had been made, and, slowly turning to the stars, who were shrieking and gripping at the sky in abject terror, said very blandly and without malice: "Say, little freckles of the night, what's all this fuss about?"

Ralph Johnson.

Ad Tabitham

Cat,
Twelve years old and old at that,
Shall I sing of thee today,
Eh?

Cat,
Tenant of my lonely mat,
If I did, what should I say,
Eh?

Cat,
As a subject thou art flat;
Go away and—play; nay—pray
Stay.

Catulus.

Replied Platitudes

ATHLETICS is simply physical exertions divorced from a utilitarian purpose; for if any utility inhere to the exertions, it at once becomes just vulgar labor, and no gentleman will have anything to do with it. Thus: playing golf is athletic exercise: but hoeing pototoes is vulgar labor: ergo gentlemen don't hoe potatoes.

Where a will won't make a wag, a wagward will sometimes will.

Hind-sight is to find out what was the matter with foresight.

Julius Doerner.

All

SONG! and a beam:
Life! and a flower:
Death! and a dream:
Scorn! and the hour.

Joseph L. French.

As I Walk Out on the Street

A LONG chain of carriages, delivery wagons and automobiles blocked Fifth avenue on one of the sunny and mild afternoons we had last week, and among other pedestrians that wished to cross over to Thirty-fourth street, I waited patiently until the green sign, "Go," should be substituted by the policeman for the peremptory red, "Stop." The policeman stood amidst all this moving and waiting mass of humanity of harnessed animals and of rattling automobile engines like a rock of safety or like a potentate among his subjects.

It took a long time. A very long time.

The imperative ringing of a bell, as is used on ambulances and the fire chief's automobiles, made me look into the direction whence these sharp sounds interrupted the monotony of my waiting and of my obeying. Human misery has something majestic, something that seems to give it a right to disobey laws. It was not an ambulance, and I also, could not espouse the flaming red-painted touring car in which the commander of his fire squads hurries to their temporary places of action.

It was a big, green, what seemed to be, a delivery wagon, driven by a policeman, and a few policemen were at the other end of the wagon. It was a patrol wagon. On benches alongside its walls behind bars, which admitted light and air into it, flanked by two policemen, sat a girl.

The patrol wagon, too, had to obey the orders of the traffic policeman. It stopped.

It stopped right next to a snow white limousine, with purple curtains, and with a footman next to the chauffeur's seat.

Both automobiles were side by side. I am tall. I could easily look into the vehicle:

A girl between two policemen. The charge against her was written upon her face.

The girl in the limousine, between two gentlemen. But a charge was also written upon this woman's face.

"In uniforms, they guide the one to her earthly fate," I thought.

"Plain clothes men look after the other."

A VERY large American flag was exhibited on Washington's Birthday, in a tremendous show window on Fifth avenue. The Stars and Stripes were draped around a life-sized painting of Washington and around painted signs, which told in big, black letters what "Washington had said about Preparedness," and what "President Wilson had said about Preparedness," and there was all over the window, in big black letters, the question directed to you or to me: "What will YOU do to defend your flag?"

A half an hour later, I was sitting in a spaghetti house on Sixth avenue, where one can get an eight course dinner

for fifty cents, and a breath of "Bohemian atmosphere." Washington's Birthday was celebrated there by an addition of a biscuit tortoni to the regular dinner. It was served in flaming red paper, together with the black coffee. A little American flag was stuck upon it!

How was I to defend this much abused flag?

The War

WE HAVE a new chambermaid in our hotel since the declaration of the war. She is a nice woman, slender, blonde, with a snub nose. She is not really a trained and experienced chambermaid, but for the last four years, the wife of one of our waiters, who was called to the colors. They took her in mostly out of charity, and she is helping out here and there. I gave her one krone, one day, which I had kept for years as a pocket-piece, and then, later on, I gave her several more krones, which I had not kept as pocket-pieces, and told her to buy some better food for herself. She was pale, and I thought that she needed better food than they served in the maids' dining-room.

One day I said: "Mathilda, you are not using my krones for better food and for little luxuries, but you are sending it to your husband in the trenches!"

She blushed, and answered: "Isn't that food and luxury for me?"

The next day after this little sketch had appeared in a local paper the young wife accosted me in the hallway where she had been busy on some errand or other, and said:

"I am so ashamed and so hurt because you brought me into the papers!"

"Ashamed? Hurt! It was an honor, Mathilda!"

"You poet, and you dreamer you! But I did not send the money at all to my husband. I ate it all myself! And not even that, I bought myself a new waist with it! How do I look now to you and to the world?"

After the German of Peter Åkeberg by Guido Bruno

A Poem by Richard Aldington

Happiness

C EASE grumbling, brother!
All men are wretched;
Some too rich,
Most too poor—
Happiness eludes them.

We have books and talk,
Women (not many)
And rich imaginings.
Let us pardon the gods
Who made us men
For they have made us poets!
From The Egoist, London.

Books and Magazines of the Week

W. A. BRENNAN, of the Medical Science Department of the John Crerar Library, of Chicago, has done tobacco in general and the much abused cigarette, especially, a great service. His book, "Tobacco Leaves," just published by the Index Office, Inc., in Wenasha, Wisconsin, contains the history of tobacco, in all the forms it is being used, from the standpoint of a scientist, from the standpoint of a manufacturer, of a salesman and of a consumer. There are chapters devoted to the botanical evolution of the tobacco plant and to the cultivation of the tobacco plant. There are a lot of statistics which are really a little bit dry for the average tobacco lover and tobacco user. But there are such relieving chapters as "Cigarettes," "Snuff," "Psychological Effects of Smoking." And then there is a vast amount of quotations from medical journals, and from the pages of the best books of our best authors. Here is one, that should be read by those who always advocate the cigarette as one of the causes of a national decadence. It is from the New York Medical Journal of July 25, 1914, an editorial: "Particularly do the uninformed enjoy an attack on the cigarette; it is small, and its patrons, numerous as they are, yet form an insignificant minority in our immense population. Therefore, the cigarette and its users are fair game for cheap and silly sneers; sneers which are capable, however, of cowering an entire legislature, as in Georgia, at this moment. Yet, beyond cavil, it has been proved scientifically that of all methods of using tobacco, CIGARETTE SMOKING IS THE LEAST HARMFUL. Some months ago, the "Lancet" undertook a careful laboratory study of the various ways of consuming tobacco, with the result that it was found that cigarettes, Egyptian, Turkish and American, yielded the least amount of nicotine to the smoke formed; the cigar came next in point of harmfulness, while the pipe overshadowed the cigar to the extent that from 70 to 90 per cent. of nicotine was said to exist in its smoke.

"As to the paper of cigarettes, the attacks are simply preposterous. Men are well within their rights in forbidding cigarette smoking and other pleasures and distractions to their employees; it is another matter when they seize an opportunity to compound with vices they have a mind to, by damning one they're not inclined to, especially when the latter affords solace and recreation to millions perfectly capable of judging what is and what is not good for them. In Europe, where a good deal of logical thinking still prevails, there is probably not one smoker of distinction in any walk of life who does not include the cigarette in his nicotine armamentarium."

Alfred Knopf and "Homo Sapiens"

I do not know whether it is true, but if the rumors that Mr. Knopf, who was arrested by Sumner, at present America's Anthony Comstock, for publishing Przbyzewski's

"Homo Sapiens" has pleaded guilty, he did something which commands even more respect than to publish the book in question.

I do not know who this Mr. Knopf is; letters I have written him have come back as undelivered; but if he really has the courage of conviction to sacrifice the publicity connected with such a process in court, and would rather suffer financial loss than to drag a work of art, which is unquestionably high above suspicion, through the sewers of our yellow journalism in order to sell a good many copies to seekers after the obscene, he must command the respect of everybody who knew Przbysewski. "Homo Sapiens" was written in the Berlin days of the then exiled Pole. All of his works written in German in his best years, are more vigorous and more methodical and convincing than anything he did in later years in Polish.

Much Ado

Harry Turner, the editor of this fortnightly, which carries Shakespeare on its front cover and a champagne ad on its back cover, uses on the pages of his fortnightly mostly drawings, articles, poems and stories which he has lifted from exchange copies sent to him by Bruno's Weekly, Greenwich Village, and Bruno Chap Books. We find in the issue of February 17th, a drawing by Coulton Waugh, which was used several weeks ago as cover design for Bruno's Weekly. Harry Turner has used a lot of other drawings by the artists known to the readers of this journal. He not only abstains from giving credit to the publications, but does not even mention the name of either author or artist.

This is the most detestable and the cheapest way of editing a magazine. It is like selling stolen goods.

Der Sturm

Herwarth Walden, the editor of this only international review appearing at present in Germany, publishes as the leading editorial of the current issue what he calls "The Song of Songs of Prussianism," a fine satire upon the Prussianism as it was hated before the war in all intellectual Germany, upon that militarism which appeared in caricature and sarcastic criticism in the leading art papers of Germany.

Bulletin of the New York Public Library

The January issue, just off the press, contains a very interesting impression of the New York Public Library upon Roman Jaen, translated from the Spanish by George M. Russell, first lieutenant, cavalry, U. S. A. The same issue contains a list of works upon American Interoceanic canals, which can be found upon the shelves of the library. It is compiled by John C. Frank.

The Trail

The second number of this new literary venture, fostered in and sent to the world from Weyauwega, Wisconsin, offers special prices of \$5 each for the best articles not to exceed

five hundred words in length, answering that eternal question, "Why Suffrage Should be Equal?" It is very safe to offer even a large price for the correct answer to this question in five hundred words.

The Minaret

This new magazine from Washington, D. C., develops, under the joint editorship of Herbert Bruncken, of Shaemus O. Sheel, and of Harold Hersey, into a very interesting contemporaneous miscellany. The February issue contains, "The Railroad Attorneys," another one of "Silhouettes of the City," by Harold Hersey.

In Our Village

I WAS down at Alice Palmer's "Village Store," right next to my Garret, where Aunt Clemmie used to have a dining-room last year and sell such excellent Southern food.

It was late in the afternoon, and the villagers were very busy sewing costumes for the Pagan Rout, the annual blow-out of the Liberal Club. The store was deserted. Alice Palmer, in a big chair, sat before the dying-out grate fire, busily knitting shoes that must have been intended for a costume too. It is a nice place to rest in this new venture in the small shop movement in Greenwich Village.

Alice Palmer is also a self-styled post-mistress. Anybody that resides in the village can have his letters addressed to the Village Store. The general delivery regulations are done away with here, and questions are not being asked. If there is a letter for you, you simply get it.

But I was a bit disappointed to find on the shelves and tables brass and pottery only, and on the walls only a picture here and there. Why not sell some foodstuffs? We haven't a decent grocery shop above Sixth avenue, and there are always days when we wish to "dine in."

Arthur H. Moss also entered upon a business career in Greenwich Village. He will sell in his Modern Art Shop "distinctly other things than other shops sell. Artists' supplies and art stationery" will be his specialty, and the dyeing of silks by Violet Trafford a side line.

Mark Dix and Alexander Saas feel spring even before the first swallow has arrived. "Window Boxes" is their slogan for the oncoming warm season. They have very handsome ones in front of their windows and cannot see how other people can exist without window boxes. They are contemplating to form a new society with the sole purpose of inducing everyone who has a window to hang a box with evergreen and geraniums and smilax in front of it.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the last one to view Bruno's Garret before its partial destruction by fire. She and Mrs.

Davis, the playwright, were the last visitors to write their names into the Guest Book. Here is her letter meditating upon the visit:

My dear Mr. Bruno:

I have always been considered a Mascotte and have been told I brought good luck to people. Therefore it was a great shock to my self-conceit to think you had a fire in your Garret so soon after my call.

Mrs. Davis, who is also a good-luck-talisman-sort of person, was struck amidship by the news of your misfortune.

We enjoyed our call so much. We hope you really do not see any relation between our call and the fire.

In those prehistoric days when I first published "Poems of Passion" (before you were born) the paragrapher would have found great food for jests on this incident, but I am sure it doesn't apply to my present self.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

An Evening With Bruno Players

MISS JULIA, the supremely tragic figure which we meet so often in daily life, the woman whose life is a constant struggle against powers she is trying to control, filled with longings no one appears able to satisfy; the valet, Jean, who is a bad servant, and therefore can never be a master; and Christine, to whom religion means self-confidence, a self-confidence which enables her to walk her own way, undisturbed by tragedies which mean destruction to others; these three, on midsummer eve, the mystical night of the Scandinavian countries—a few hours only.

Unspeakable pains are suffered, cruelties committed, sweet dreams dreamed—and then, in the morning, a new day has started and everything is just as it was before.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

Musicales

The last three nights of the week are devoted as hitherto to the furtherance of American musicians and singers. There will be no admission fee charged for the musicales on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, on which American musicians and composers will have a chance to appear before a public audience.

Miss Suzanne Michod, who aspires to become a concert singer, and who came recently to New York to complete her studies, will sing this week Ronold's "Down in the Forest," from "A Cycle of Life"; "Across the Hills," by Rummel, and "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold," by Whepley.

Mrs. Frances E. Gilmore, contralto, well known as a church singer in Brooklyn and the Queens, will appear on the same evening, for the first time before a New York audience. Her program includes Kursteiner's "Invocation to Eros," Brown's "The Gift," and Saint Saens's "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice."

Wall Street Reflection

TRAVEL south of Fulton street, Manhattan, in the so-called financial district, and you will hear everyone asking "What is the matter with the Market?"

A spirit of apprehension—a fear of something direful that may happen seems to be in the minds of people. Has it a basis, or are we merely "seeing things" and giving ourselves the shivers needlessly?

America is making money faster than ever—every mill is working capacity; railroads have more than they can handle, and January was a record-breaker for traffic. Labor is more generally employed—the idle are those who will not work. Money never was so cheap—largest bank deposits and greater facilities for meeting unusual demands; why this dancing a financial schottish?

What then is back of this one depression we know today; the depression of stocks? Nothing but our imagination. There is no profit in gloom—but there is profit in confidence. Rails are a good purchase. Steel and coppers most attractive. Wall Street presents a great opportunity for a bull leader, and when he appears the Market will boom.

A prominent stock exchange house has been flooding the country with advertisements and circulars about Argentine rails, a security so-called "wonderful opportunity." They have been on the London Exchange for years offered at 85, with practically no market.

Forewarned is forearmed; make a thorough investigation of these so-called wonderful opportunities, even if they are presented by the big ones.

If Wall Street has a deadline, financial fakirs have found a way to stumble over it without attracting attention.

"Junius."

Bruno's Garret

A group of young Russian painters are exhibiting a representative selection of their paintings in Bruno's Garret. The poetry readings and Monday evening lectures have to be interrupted on account of the fire until March the 5th. Upon this day, the necessary restoration work will have been finished and Bruno's Garret will welcome everybody that wishes to attend its house-warming.

For Houses, Apartments or Rooms, See

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I KEEP ON MY WALLS a permanent exhibition of autographs, manuscripts and historical documents, and have at present an especially interesting collection of letters and original manuscripts by Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Robert Louis Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Edgar Allan Poe. These are the original scripts of stories, poems and documents which have made these men famous. If interested, drop me a line, or better, come and see my exhibition.

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At No. 10 Fifth Avenue, Greenwich Village, N. Y. C.
Guido Bruno, Manager

This Week's Performances

Wednesday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Monday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Tuesday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Thursday,	8:45 p. m.	Musicale
Friday,	8:45 p. m.	Musicale
Saturday,	8:00 p. m.	Bruno Players
Saturday,	8:15 p. m.	Musicale

Ask or write for ticket of admission to the
Musicales. They are free.

BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Anarchy Boarding

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

March 4th, 1916

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BRUNO PLAYERS

AT

CHARLES EDISON'S LITTLE THIMBLE THEATRE
AT NO. TEN FIFTH AVENUE, GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.C.



Miss Julia

A Naturalistic Tragedy, In One Act

By August Strindberg

Miss Julia

Laura Arnold

Jean

Langdon Gillet

Christine

Alice Baker

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GUIDO BRUNO, Manager

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52 ISSUES FOR TWO DOLLARS

BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 10.

MARCH 4th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

A Proposal:

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the sea;
The scarlet crepey loves the elm
But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars, they kiss the sea:
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss — thee.

The oriole wed his mottled mate;
The lily's bride o' the bee:
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth —
Shall I wed thee?

Case Guidi, Florence.
Dec. 30, 1867.

Bayard Taylor

From the Collection of Patrick F. Madigan

The Cabaret: Its Origin, Its Rise and Its Decline

I. The Chat Noir, the First and the most Famous of the Cabarets
CABARETS, wine-houses and coffee houses are as old as the Rocky Mountains. And ever since they came into existence surely there have been singers and players of instruments who have given here, to their own and to the amusement of others, samples of their merry art. But the institution which we call today the cabaret—the Frenchman says, "cabaret chantant"—came into existence on the 18th of November, 1881, on that memorable day on which the painter, Rodolphe Salis, opened his famous *Chat Noir* at No. 84 Boulevard Rochechouart. Painters, poets and musicians—all kinds of elements constituting the intellectual proletariat, driven out of the old revered Quartier Latin, which was being modernized at that time, packed up their belongings and emigrated to the outer boulevard, to the sacred mountain, the Montmartre, the "Butte sacree."

At the beginning, Salis was only the landlord in whose

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place the "Hydropaths" assembled once every week. The only credit he can get in those days was that he induced this assembly of artists, among whom was Emilie Goudeau, to move from the left bank of the Seine to the Montmartre. Every Friday they assembled. They played, they sang and they laughed. Every guest who happened to come was welcome, no matter whether he took active part in the entertainment or whether he remained a listener. Very soon all Paris was talking about the "Black Cat," and the fact that there still could be found Bohemian life—that kind of Bohemian life known to all from Henri Murger's novels.

But for the rapid success of this cabaret and its being known in the largest circles of Paris, Salis had to thank the weekly he started to publish, "Le Chat Noir." Here the Parisians could see for the first time the marvelous caricatures of Riviere, Steinlen, Willette, Henri Somm and Caran d'Ache; there were poems and short pieces in prose by Auriol, Alphonse Allais and many others whose names are well-known since, in French letters. Salis proved to be a wonderful organizer. He always gave Paris something new to laugh about, as, for instance, that famous feast, "La Soupe et le Boeuf," and his memorable celebrations of the 14th of July.

Every Parisian had to see at least once this cabaret, and each new guest was welcomed by the "Cabaretier—gentilhomme" with a dignified, well-set oration. Salis knew always how to attract new talents to his house. And very soon nights were turned to days and the same happy merriment could be found in the "Black Cat" at any hour of the day. Salis did not charge admission fees. But the prices paid for the "consommation"—mostly a Stein of beer—were exorbitant; five, ten, twenty or more francs were paid for one glass of beer.

Whole Paris was enthusiastic; with the exception of just that part of the city which Salis made famous—the "Butte sacree." The "Sacred Mountain" had been for years the undisputed property of the toughest and the roughest population of Paris. Prostitutes and their protectors had here their hiding-places. These people looked upon the artists as intruders. They were their declared enemies since the first night the "Black Cat" opened its doors. They were ready to defend their rights with knife and gun. The different gangs were not satisfied with holding up guests on their way to the cabaret, but they even attacked the "Black Cat" itself. Salis laughed at first, but after one hard fight in which several of his guests were wounded, one of his waiters killed, and he himself had received half a dozen stiletto wounds, he gave up and decided to move away.

Salis bought in the street Victor-Masse—in those days it was the Rue de Laval—the good-looking house of Alfred Stevens, the painter, and equipped it with the help of his friends, magnificently for the purpose it should serve. H. Pille designed the front with its monstrously big black cats; the lanterns and a show-piece were done by Gasset, and in

the vestibule was the marvelous Venus of Houdon. To the left the *salle des gardes*, a beautiful room with a big window, the "Te deum laudamus," by Willette. There were pictures by Steinlen, by Riviere and many others. There were thousands of curiosities—things really worth while seeing. On the first floor were situated the "council-chambers," the real cabaret of the artists. On the second floor, the banquet hall where the famous shadow plays took place. The walls were covered with works of art. Anybody who knows modern Parisian art of today would be surprised how the "Seigneur de Chatnoirville-en-Vexin" saw the talent and recognized the artists fifteen and twenty years ahead of the world and of contemporaries. After Salis' death in 1897, the works of art in the "Chat Noir" were partly auctioned off by his heirs, and while the coming-off of the auction was unknown, still 116,000 francs were realized. Salis had paid a few years before, a few glasses of beer for some of the most valuable works of art in his house. But surely none of the artists entertained an unfriendly memory of him, because it was he who made known the light-living artist folk of the Montmartre to Paris, to France and to the world. And today, while many of these artists own wonderfully-appointed houses of their own, they will not deny that Rodolphe Salis, *Baron de la Tour de Naitre*, laid the foundation to their future success.

The removal of the "Black Cat" to its new home was an event for Paris. At midnight the emigration of the artists from the Boulevard Rochechouart started. At first came two heralds followed by the music band, then Salis himself in the garb of a Roman dictator. Two men in gorgeous livery followed him, carrying the standard of the "Black Cat," bearing the motto: "Montjoye-Montmartre." Four men in green academic coats embroidered with palm leaves, carried solemnly Willette's big picture "Parce Domine," while in a seemingly endless row of carriages the other works of art were transferred to the new home. Then came hundreds of artists with burning torches in their hands, and music again, and people, hoards of people.

Salis' wonderful success had to have imitators. Aristide Bruant, the greatest poetic talent of the "Butte" and one of the founders of the "Black Cat," separated from his master after Salis left the Montmartre and started a cabaret of his own; he called it "Le Mirliton," and conducting a weekly of the same name, created fame of his own. Hundreds of other cabarets came and went in the course of years. But only a few of them are noteworthy to future generations: "Le Chien Noir," "La Puree" and "Aux-4-z-Arts." As well as Salis with his "Chat Noir" so went the proprietors of these cabarets with their artists and their papers for short trips through the country, and very soon nearly every city in France had its own cabaret. Then they went out to the neighboring foreign countries. They went at first to French-speaking countries, as Belgium, Tunis, Algeria and Switzerland. A few of them toured very successfully Germany and Austria.

and left there the first seed, from which in the last decade of the nineteenth century sprang a crop of cabarets. Most of them were short-lived. The French had always featured rather the artistic element than anything else. The German cabaret degenerated very soon after its institution into commercial propositions linked closely with the demi-monde, becoming an important factor of the not-healthy and not-desired night life.

What was the charm that brought *tout Paris* to the cabaret? —this peculiar, indefinable charm? Wouldn't you think that the public would rather hesitate to frequent places where every man at his entering was greeted as "muffle" (clown), and every lady as "binette" (funny mug) and "gueule" (gossip), as it happened every night in Bruant's Mirliton? Of course, Salis welcomed his guests with: "my prince," but his was the same contempt for the *philistines* as in the roughness of Bruant, who would interrupt his song, turning to the man who had whispered to his neighbor, "Shut up, you beast, if I am singing." And still, the most exclusive society of Paris was anxious to gain a ticket of admission to the gala evenings of Salis in the "Chat Noir," and on such evenings the same carriages with liveried footmen could be seen in front of the "Black Cat" as on the gala evenings before the grand opera.

The new, the one thing that seemed to magnetize the public was: here they could meet face to face the artists whose works could be found on stages, in concerts, in art exhibits and in bookstores—real living poets, painters, musicians and sculptors.—Not just one, like at some evening affair, but a whole bunch of them, all moving around freely in their own home, in their real own element. Such attraction could not be found in any salon of Paris.

Montmartre gave them an offering which could not be found anywhere else in the whole world. Just as they came from the street, these artists mounted the stage, declaimed or sang their poems and said just what they pleased to say. Nothing was sacred to them—not even the three-times-holy public before whom every halfway-sensible show manager, actor, singer or artist bows reverently.

Paris seemed to breathe a different air at the Montmartre. And they never had dreamt that there was so much originality, so much unexpected and so many wonderfully enjoyable intramurias of Paris.

The Bruno Players

THE presentation of "Miss Julia," the first performance of the Bruno Players, on last Monday, in Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre at 10 Fifth Avenue, was a success. August Strindberg wanted a small stage for his play. He wanted a small audience. He did not want actors on the stage, but real people. And he wanted for listeners just that number of men and women that could possibly be addressed by an individual without losing the intimacy of a face to face talk.

The Play

"Miss Julia" is a tragedy. It is a tragedy which is not so accentuated as that it could not play a painful part in our own life.

There are a man and a woman, stripped of all the garb which tradition and convention have created during nineteen centuries. All bars erected by social standing and different births—in short every barrier that is man-made—are set aside on this one Midsummer Eve, in this one night.

Mid-summer Eve, the people's festival according to the old Scandinavian sagas; all distinctions properly guided by human standards and by laws that seem almost supernatural have been thrown away. Man and woman meet on a new basis. They are just man and just woman, such as were their savage ancestors. They have stepped for once, far out of their own personalities.

They are viewing their own lives—objectively. They help one another to wash their soiled linen while the audience sits there and looks on and listens. There is no time either to feel sympathetic or to become antagonized. Life's evolution is too logical and too constricted in its sequence to permit meditation upon plot and upon the people impersonating men and women on the stage. There was life upon that stage, real, merciless life with all its elements, with all its oppressing seriousness and its relieving comedy.

Strindberg knows no plots. But life does not know them either. Strindberg knows life. He tells it just as it happens. The characters of his play create troubles and tragedies for themselves exactly as we do in our own lives. They are subjected to the same influences of their fellow men and women that we are in our own lives. There are only three characters on the stage, but in reality there are a good many more. We can almost see the honest good Count, whom the daughter would not dishonor, not even if she must give her life to save him from that certain knowledge. We see her mother, the hysterical upstart, making a mess of her life, and we feel the hand of God throughout the entire play. "Evil revenges itself on earth. The powers of nature equalize themselves to an equilibrium which makes living possible for us." This is the motive of Strindberg in all of his plays, and supremely in "Miss Julia."

And these people on the stage that upset their entire lives in the course of fifteen minutes, take the consequences just as we do in real life.

If you read newspapers, you know that one commits suicide because he has done something in the course of a few, short hours which erases all the years he had lived on earth; up until then; another one goes to jail, and still another one lives out his life after others have cleared his path by what they thought they had to do.

Miss Julia could not live on. Remember similar cases you have read in newspapers, or that you know have happened in families with which you are acquainted. Think of those women that you know have committed suicide . . .

Do you not think it is real life—what Strindberg enrolls before us in his one-act play?

“Ugly?” As the esteemed critic of a daily paper says.

“Of course it is ugly. But do you think it is nicer to cover it up with pink silk? Do you think that a putrid corpse will smell better if we give it a pompous burial and cover it with a blanket of lilies of the valley and strew it with tuberoses?

Strindberg knew that the odor of a corpse is very strong. But he also knew that it would not do to sprinkle it with Mary Garden perfume. The perfume will evaporate, and the odor will be the stronger and the much more unbearable. He stripped it of its funeral regalia, he put it up on public exhibition, and very soon even those less sensitive will keep far away. There is no better object lesson than anatomical destruction.

The corpse will decay, returning to its natural chemical substances. Mother Earth will absorb whatever there is essential for growth and reproduction. A new life will sprout in due time, where once there was the poor disintegrated corpse.

The Players

The three members of the assembly which were the valet “Jean” and “Miss Julia,” the young countess, and “Christine,” the count’s cook, were just these three persons. What does it matter if you know that Mr. Langdon Gillet was some time ago a “Romeo,” or this one or that one in some other plays? What does it matter that Miss Laura Arnold has had a successful stage career, and that Miss Alive Baker played character parts for a few years as a recognized celebrity up on other stages?

There they were on a little platform (nine by eighteen) without scenic or light effects, without all that stage machinery that seems so essential upon our stages to-day for the success of a play. They had dared to undertake it, and now, they too believe that good acting is all that is required to arouse the imagination of the audience, to keep it spell-bound, to whip it into horrors, to make it laugh without being funny, and to dismiss it in deep thoughts, meditating upon the play, upon life in general, and upon their own lives in particular. And where is there life without tragedy? Who is the man or the woman who could not point out to you in some place or another a corpse laid out covered with purple and white flowers, sprinkled with heavily scented perfumes?

The Bruno Players do not count their success by comparing ticket stubs and the cash in the box office, but by reading the faces of their audiences.

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington

February 10th, 1916.

I WILL begin with the worst thing that has happened to us since last I wrote and then look for the best. The

closing of the museums, and particularly of the British Museum has aroused much criticism. It is done, so we are told, in the name of economy, but the saving effected is so trifling that the loss of dignity and art morale seems to make it hardly worth while.

To those among us who have made the British Museum a centre of study and research in common the loss is quite personal. It is true that the Library is to remain open, but the beautiful Greek galleries are to be closed. We shall not see the Demeter of Knidos again until after the war, nor the Mourning Woman, nor the great figures from the Sacred Way. Will these relics of divine Greece think that a new Dark Ages has come upon the world now that no poets or artists ever come to pay them homage? I should well like to be the first visitor to look upon them again in that day when peace throws open once more the doors of their prison. It seems to me that in such a moment one might well experience something of the thrill which Schliemann knew when he discovered the tomb of the Atridae at Mykenae. Perhaps that may seem to you an exaggeration, but to the student at the British Museum these magnificent galleries of Greek and Egyptian statuary, vases and gems make up a great deal in one's life, and to go for a turn with a friend round the galleries after a couple of hours or so study in the library was a pleasure we shall greatly miss.

A museum which to the visiting stranger seems the most confusing and least hospitable place in the world becomes curiously intimate to the man who goes there every day. In a sense, as a friend remarked to me the other day, the British Museum has for the students who use it regularly something of the character of a University. We shall all of us miss a great deal of that. The only consolation is that the Library remains open.

I don't know whether you are tired of Shaw, or whether you cherish any illusions any more about any of our literary figures. I'm afraid not many of us do over here. The war has finally exposed most of the men about whom there was any hope or doubt. Wells, Bennett, Chesterton, Belloc and others have proved themselves the most garrulous kind of journalists, and Shaw has contributed nothing much to add to his reputation. The best thing one can say about him is that he has kept more silent than the others who for the most part have been posing as military critics or economists with little other qualifications than a desire to keep their evenings up to pre-war standards. Belloc, who has inspired a young poet to write a book about him, has earned, so they say, fabulous sums as a military expert. Nearly all his predictions have been falsified, but he still goes on at it.

But to revert to Shaw, with whom I began this paragraph, I read a rather fresh explanation of his psychology the other day in "New Ireland," a clever little literary weekly published in Dublin. The writer, Ernest Kempster, finds in Bernard Shaw the typical Irish protestant whose loyalty to England

is taken for granted by the average Englishman but is by no means understood. According to the writer of the article this loyalty arises mainly from self-interest and not from any racial sympathy, and has this curious result that while the Ulsterman or Irish loyalist may detest the Irish Nationalist he is attached to him by a greater racial sympathy than he is to the English. "Sometimes," says the writer, "this feeling comes out in the form of violent Irish patriotism when in England on the part of men whose contempt for Ireland when at home never lacks an excuse for its expression. At other times more discretion is shown; the outwardly staunch Loyalist, admitting, in private that whenever he goes to England he feels himself a foreigner."

From this we can see how Shaw was able to acquire his attitude of detached observer in England, disavowing connection with Ireland, yet admitting no particular love of England.

Greeley Pays Poe for Contributions to Tribune with Promissory Note.

NOT always did the "Tribune" pay its contributors upon acceptance of their stories, nor the week after publication as it is customary to-day. Horace Greeley, the founder and famous editor, paid for poetry he purchased from Edgar Allan Poe for use in his journal with a promissory note which was drawn on October 24, 1845.

New York, October 24, 1845.

Sixty days after date I promise to pay Edgar A. Poe, or his order, fifty dollars for value received.
\$50.00 due Dec. 26th.

HORACE GREELEY,
62 Nassau Street,
Corner Spruce.

Frances Walker, a Spokane musician, was the proprietor of this valuable document in which the best known editor of the middle of the last century paid the best known poet for his contributions, before it became the possession of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan, and one of the most valuable pieces in his collection of Poe autographs. It was given to Mr. Walker twenty-five years ago by Mrs. John F. Cleveland, a sister of Horace Greeley, and widow of John F. Cleveland, who was for many years treasurer of the New York Tribune Company.

The Poet's Income

Another letter of Poe, dated New York, January 18, 1849, and also in the possession of Mr. Madigan, permits us a view behind the scenes of a literary work shop of the early fifties. It is addressed to John R. Thompson, the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," one of the most powerful literary magazines of the time. Poe offers his services as a



August Strindberg, by Gulbransson.

critic at the rate of two dollars the page, providing Mr. Thompson obliges himself to take not less than five pages each month. The irony of fate was never better exemplified than in this very circumstance connected with the life of Edgar Allan Poe. The manuscript which he was offering at two dollars a page is now worth two hundred and fifty. The very letter in which he offers to sell it at that sum was purchased a short time ago for five hundred dollars.

"New York, Jan. 13, '49.

"My dear Sir:

"Accept my thanks for the two Messengers containing Miss Talley's 'Genius.' I am glad to see that Griswold, although imperfectly, has done her justice in his late 'Female Poets of America.'

"Enclosed I send you the opening chapter of an article called 'Marginalia,' published, about three years ago, in 'The

Democratic Review.' I send it that, by glancing it over, especially the preparatory remarks, you may perceive the general design, which I think well adapted to the purposes of such a Magazine as yours, affording great scope for variety or critical or other comment. I may add that 'Marginalia,' continued for five or six chapters, proved as popular as any papers written by me. My object in writing you now is to propose that I continue the papers in the "MESSENGER," running them through the year, at the rate of 5 pages each month, commencing with the March number. You might afford me, as before, I presume, \$2 per page.

"One great advantage will be that, at a hint from yourself, I can touch, briefly, any topic you might suggest; and there are many points affecting the interest of Southern letters, especially in respect to Northern neglect or misrepresentation of them, which stand sorely, in need of touching. If you think well of my proposal, I will send you the two first numbers (10 pp.) immediately on receipt of a letter from you. You can pay me at your convenience, as the papers are published or otherwise.

"Please re-enclose me the printed papers, when you have done with them.

"Very truly yours,

"EDGAR ALLAN POE."

"Jno. R. Thompson, Esq."

P. S.—I am about to bestir myself in the world of letters rather more busily than I have done for three or four years past, and a connection which I have established with 2 weekly papers may enable me, now & then, to serve you in respect to 'The Messenger.'

From Catus

*DEAR LOVE, if it were mine
To kiss for evermore
With kisses millionfold
Those honeyed 'eyes of thine;
I would not have my fill;
Although the harvest store
Of kisses were untold
As the dry cornstaks, still
I would not have my fill.*

XCVI

*CALVUS, if aught expressive of our woe
Find place or welcome in the voiceless tomb,
When we recall the loves of long ago,
And weep lost friendships of a bygone day;
Joy for thy love must surely then outweigh
Quintilla's sorrow for her early doom.*

Nicotean Ethics

MY life is bitter with thy love—thy throat
 Is girt about with golden, strange Egyptian words:
 Thy white robe binds thee fiercely, and I doat
 Upon thy russet eyes, more mild than eyes of birds.

But still they worship not, and as in scorn
 Desert thee for thy sister's nuder, nut-brown grace:
 Once and again the Idler thro' the Corn
 Turns to regard thine ivory wasted face.

Thy sister queens it with a royal zone
 That shames the rigour of thy modest gold tattoo;
 Her brown form seems begotten out of Stone,
 Recalling Jean Peyral's liaison with Fatou.

L. C.

Replied Platitudes

Fashion is because fools are.

How hardly shall the woman with a sculpturesque arm
 defy the opportunity that dares her to expose it to the admiring gaze of the eager eye of any "man sort of thing."

Whatever else we lack, we've never a lack of fools, alack!

Now you can't generally just about most always, quite frequently, every once in a while, sometimes exactly tell what there really is, deep hidden, behind the mask of a woman's face, tho' the devil seems to guess right more often than some better folks.

Julius Doerner.

A Man-trap

"VIR" is a man and "gin" a trap,
 In Latin, as translated;
 Combine the two and thus you snap
 "A man-trap"—so 'tis stated.

But glad a man has ever been
 In such a trap to wriggle,
 And seeing this, it is no sin,
 For girls to giggle, giggle.

Will. Visscher.

Woman

MESANGE said:

"Will you bet with me dear, that you are thinking of me just now?"
 "Really, I didn't. My thoughts were far, far away."
 "Yes, you did"
 "Really I did not."
 "Well then, what were you thinking of, if I might ask?"
 "I was thinking of a little rose budding in a bush of

thorns."

"Now,—you see, I won my bet. You surely cannot deny that I with my childish mouth and with my roguishness look exactly like a blooming wild rose bush?"

I smiled and I acknowledged my defeat.

"Do you want to bet again, sweetheart, that you are thinking of me, right now, at this moment?"

"Oh really, I am not. I assure you I am not thinking of you."

"Yes you are!"

"Surely not!"

"What are you thinking of, if I might ask?"

"I thought of a lark singing among crumpled reeds and heaths, and circling high up to the blue clouds."

"Now you see that I have won again, because you surely won't have the audacity to say that my voice is not so much alike to the singing of a bird as not to be easily mistaken one for the other?"

There was nothing else for me but to bow and to acknowledge again her victory.

Some time elapsed in silence and Mesange said: "Would you wish to bet with me again, dearest, that you are thinking of me right now. Let us bet once more for the last time."

"I am sorry to acknowledge that I am not thinking of you in the least."

"Oh yes, you are!"

"Really, I am not."

"May I ask what you are thinking of?"

"I am thinking of the very true swallow who loves with the same love in the same nest always and forever."

Mesange burst out in a merry laugh and said: "Surely this last time I have lost the bet."

After the French of Catulle Mendes, by Guido Bruno.

In Our Village

THERE was a good deal of talk in the newspapers and magazines of last month, again and again, about this "Bohemianism," and the "Bohemians" in our Village. Who is it you call a "bohemian"? The public in general seems to think that this term applies to every man who wears long hair, a flying black necktie, indulges heavily in the absorption of alcoholic liquids, smokes cigarettes, has rather lax views about the relations between men and women, and then, in his leisure hours, he perhaps paints or writes poetry. Or they think of women with short hair that wear some of those Roman striped silk garments that Martine & Martine manufacture in Switzerland and Wanamaker sells in his basement; that smoke cigarettes, believe nolens volens in free love, talk very cleverly about things usually out of the scope of a woman's conversation, and then—they, too—paint or write some poetry.

I wonder if any one knows where the word "bohemian" originated? And why it is almost always closely linked with the Latin Quartiers of Paris (not only in the famous novel of Henri Murger)? If fire had not destroyed my Garret I could now refer to my files about the origin of the word "bohemian," and could give you not only the facts, but the names and dates correctly. If I had time, I could take a trip to the Public Library and find it there. But I have neither of them, and so I leave it to you, if you are sufficiently interested, to look it up.

The first University of the world was founded in 1346 in Paris, and now I miss the name of that Bohemian King who played an important part at the Court of Paris at that time as heir apparent. This University in Paris was everything but an educational institution of the conception of our own days. Troubadours, scientists, "wayfaring students," as they were called, had found here a thriving abode, where royal grants for them provided generously for their daily needs and an assembly of fellow-seekers after the Truth and the ideal permitted them an exchange of ideas and of values which was universal. Their language was the classic, and less classic Latin. The part of the city which they chose for their habitation was soon called by the other population of Paris, the Latin Quartiers. The great amount of Bohemians which the Bohemian Prince through his generosity invited to make pilgrimage to this new Dorado of everybody "learned," had settled again as a little community inside of the Latin Quartiers. They all were men of the world. They all had traveled from the farthest South to the extremest North of Europe. Their habits of living were marked by their Slavonic temperament, their hot blood and their melancholy and sentimentality, which did not permit an early parting whenever they had gathered for learned discussions . . . and they were not believers of temperance restrictions of any kind.

To lead "the bohemian life in the Latin Quartiers" soon became an expression all over Europe, just as much misunderstood and misapplied in the days of yore as it is to-day.

It is not what we do, but what we are. A "bohemian" is but does not act, in order to qualify as such.

But there are things that we cannot explain in words.

Personally, I despise the expression, "bohemian," and I know that everybody else will also, who feels "bohemia" or "Greenwich Village," or some "other republic in the air."

Mrs. Pendington and Mrs. Kunze, the proprietors of the Candlestock tea-room,—that fantastic little lunch room where one can eat a well-prepared meal in clean and pleasant surroundings without the annoyance of shrieks, laughter, loud talking and noises that seem to be the necessary accessories of every other similar place in our Village, perhaps in order to create "bohemian atmosphere,"—have arranged for dancing for the patrons of their tea room every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights from eight until eleven. Mrs. Pendington and Mrs. Kunze act as patronesses in the palatial

localities situated above their shop. The house was a mansion some years ago of a family who knew how to build in order to please their eyes as well as to make themselves feel comfortable. Good music provides the incentive for everybody that has some rhythm in his organism and loves to express it. These parties are strictly *en famille*, and not a commercial undertaking.

Mr. Charles Keeler, the Californian poet, who has made Greenwich Village his temporary home while in New York, will recite selections from his own poems at the exhibit of "Historical Costumed Dolls," arranged by the Kings' County Historical Society on Tuesday evening. Mr. Keeler, whose new book "VICTORY", will be published in the course of two or three weeks by Laurence Gomme, in his Little Bookshop around the corner, is writing at present a New York play.

Hippolite Havel, who published seven numbers of his unique magazine "THE REVOLT," the publication which was denied the mailing privilege in the United States, contemplates publishing a monthly magazine devoted to the same interests as was "THE REVOLT." He has opened an office on old historical Grove Street, where Tom Paine lived the last years of his life and where he died.

Books and Magazines of the Week

CHARLES KEELER was sitting there in my garret, and he told me about his wanderings in Japan. About the little inns in cities whose names are not placed on the maps printed in our country, and where the white foreign man is a mythical personage. He told me about the big cities where Europe's and America's influence made a half-breed of the royal nation of the East. He told me about the Japanese woman reporter who had had her education in an American university, and her training on a San Francisco paper, and who called on him in Tokyo, and who led him to the widow and to the children of our Lafcadio Hearn.

"It was seven years to the hour since Lafcadio's death that I entered the Japanese garden planted on a hill on whose top stood the little Japanese home where he had found rest and peace and love until his dying hour. Miss Okuma struck the gong before the entrance to the house, and, after a short conversation with a maid that had answered the call, a young, tall man appeared, a Japanese of the finest type, with wonderful dark, dreamy eyes, eyes that arrested involuntarily everybody's attention. On his knees and hands, in Japanese fashion, he welcomed us, invited us to be his mother's guests. . . . It was the oldest son of Hearn who extended to us the hospitality of his roof. We took off our shoes and entered. Mats were on the floors, in a niche the bronze statue of a goddess . . . the interior of a Japanese home. A little maid brought pillows, a little taboret with the tea things and Mrs. Hearn, in a blue kimono with white flowers, extended to us the welcome of her husband's home. In his

substitution she was our hostess. Mrs. Hearn is a lady of about fifty years of age. Her features are gentle and refined. Around her eyes are the fine wrinkles which tell us of pain and of sorrow, and around her mouth that sublime expression of resignation, the surest link between the happy, past and the present that has to be lived, even if the most essential things of life seem to have gone—gone yonder where there is no coming back.

"We sipped our tea and we exchanged pleasantries, as the Japanese etiquette requires. And in tripped the three other children, the sacred legacy of Lafcadio Hearn to his Japanese wife. A girl of about twelve years and two smaller children. They all smiled pleasantly after they had learned that the visitor came from far away back, from where the father had come.

"She invited us to view the library, the room where Lafcadio Hearn had worked and had died. It, too, was a simple Japanese room, but bookcases lined the walls and a little desk where Hearn used to sit and to write was in the same condition as on the day the master left it forever. There was the bottle with ink—American ink, Stafford's blue ink, several penholders. Some wonderful sheets of Japanese paper, white and soft, which he had used exclusively for his work, lay on the much used blotting paper. The window was wide open and the branches of a little cherry tree reached through the frame into the room. Mrs. Hearn had followed my eyes and remarked that seven years ago, on the morning of Hearn's death, this tree had bloomed for the second time in the season—something that had never happened before in her little garden. She said this without any commentary—a simple statement, but it was so impressive. And then she led me to one corner of the room and pointed to the only addition she has made to the furnishings since Hearn's departure from earthly life. It was a shrine with his likeness, with a receptacle for incense before it. Every evening she said if the stars appear on the nightly sky, and before the children retire they come into this room before the shrine, burn incense before the likeness of the father, and talk to him. They tell him all they have done during the day, and they relate to him all those stories of love and of affection the mother had told them. So if their voice finds its way to his spirit he might know that he lives among them, that he is the head of his family, even if he cannot return the affection and they cannot listen to his voice.

"The son is being educated in a nearby English school in addition to the Japanese training he receives from his mother. He told me he wishes to be a teller of tales and of stories like his father used to be, and that the ambition of his life is to become a writer. He is very shy and does not talk English. It seems he is afraid of the sound of this language, which is not spoken in Hearn's home. Mrs. Hearn never spoke English, and Hearn only very little Japanese, but they had a language of their own, she said, and they un-

derstood each the other perfectly. I asked young Hearn if he ever tried to write a story and he said that he has a book with many stories, and that he tells fairy tales to his younger sisters every evening. I asked him if he wouldn't write for me a little tale in English so I could show it after my return to the countrymen of his deceased father. He disappeared in another room and came back in a very short time with this story."

G. B.

Uguisu (A Japanese Nightingale).

By the Son of Lafcadio Hearn

(Among the dozen of best stories, designated as such by Edward O'Brien, the short story anthologist of the Boston "Transcript," was one written by the nineteen-year-old son of Lafcadio Hearn, who is living in the Japanese home of his mother, being brought up as a Japanese, and whose one wish is to be able sometime to come over to the country of his father, to America, and to become here a literary man. The story was published in one of last year's issues of "Greenwich Village," and Charles Keeler is in possession of the original manuscript.)

I GUESS it was when I was six or seven years old. It was spring.

One morning I got up early, and put on my tiny zori (straw shoes) and from the little back door I took a narrow pathway to a plain.

The pale purple mist spread out silently. I stood still. Before me the mountain's foot was shaded and upward from the middle part faded from sight. "Its like the picture of the kakemono (hanging picture) which is in my house," I thought childishly in my little heart, and looked at it. The young grass all around was soft and looked very green, and wet with dew.

Swiftly and silently passed through the mist a little bird come down to a quite near clump of grass. I walked step by step about the clump, but there was no bird. I felt unhappy and dreary, and I began to want to go home.

When I went quietly on the way to my house stepping on the soft young grass which I felt it a pity to tread on, from somewhere came "Hohokekyo!"

I turned around to find the whereabouts of the bird. I was in a maze, but just then the mist cleared. So, yonder appeared one dressed in uguisu (nightingale color, "green color") cloth, with white leggings and white *tabi* (short socks) straw sandals on her feet and Sugegasa (hat made of reeds) on her head, embracing a Gehkin ("moon harp" a little round harp). It was a young singing girl who came stepping alone in the silence.

K. Koizumi.

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I KEEP ON MY WALLS a permanent exhibition of autographs, manuscripts and historical documents, and have at present an especially interesting collection of letters and original manuscripts by Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Robert Louis Stevenson, Oscar Wilde and Edgar Allan Poe. These are the original scripts of stories, poems and documents which have made these men famous. If interested, drop me a line, or better, come and see my exhibition.

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Sadakichi Hartmann

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

March 11th, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

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Vol. II.

The great error of politicians is that old fancy of Solon, who insisted that it was infamous for a citizen to be of no party, and endeavoured by a law to make the Athenians hypocrites. This conceit not only destroys every idea of meditation between two parties; but does not even suppose that both may be wrong. Yet all history may convince us that he who resolutely professes himself attached to any party is in danger of yielding to every extreme for the mere reputation of his opinion; he will argue for the most manifest errors of this or that statesman, because he has hitherto agreed with him—an obstinacy as stupid as if a pedestrian were to express his satisfaction with a tempest at night, because he had enjoyed sunshine in the morning.

Leigh Hunt.

The Importance of Neckties.

I PICKED up a curious book a few days ago. It is just as timely to-day as it was upon its publication in 1804; "The art of tying a cravat, with explanatory plates"; it is true to-day as well as a hundred years ago that the man is well-dressed who has a perfect sitting collar and a well fitting and well tied cravat. It is really all that catches our eye in a chance meeting or sitting across the table in the office or in the dining-room. It is the only thing we really observe in street cars, in subways or on the street after we looked stranger or friend in the face.

It would be a chapter in itself to enlarge upon how a man involuntarily expresses his character through his tie bow or tie knot. The steadfastness of character, the dependency in matters of importance can be judged by the tie of a man. The colors he uses will betray to us not only his taste in things generally, but also his temperamental inclinations.

Women have endless opportunities to express through their exterior adornment what they really are. Rigid traditions and strict conventions press the man of to-day into a uniform; and the necktie means for him what the regimental colors mean to the otherwise uniformly clad European army man. He who knows immediately distinguishes artillery from infantry, and he who is an initiate will tell at one glance if it is field artillery or coast artillery. Look at a man's necktie and you will know instantly not only who he is but, if you are an initiate, it might be to you the warning signal flag of his temperament.

The History of the Cravat

NO decided opinion can be given of the age in which Cravats were first introduced. The ancients were happily unacquainted with the ridiculous and dangerous fashion of

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confining the throat in linen, either tied in front or fastened behind with a clasp; this part of the frame was allowed to remain in entire liberty; they, however, defended it from the cold by means of a woollen or silken cloth, called in Rome focalium, a term which is evidently derived from fauces (the throat).

A distinguished Jesuit (the Rev. Father Adam) in his work on Roman antiquities, proves by the most undoubted authority that the Romans made use of chin cloths, for the protection of their neck and throat; these were termed focalia, and the public orators, who from professional considerations were fearful of taking cold, contributed in no small degree to render this fashion general. Some (says the Rev. Father) used a handkerchief (sudarium) for this purpose. This is probably the origin of the Cravat, which is in many countries called "Neckhandkerchief."

Augustus, who was infirm and sickly, constantly used the focalium when at his own house, or with his friends, but he was never seen in it in public; and Lampridius observes that Alexander Severus made use of it only when returning from the baths to his palace. In Rome the custom of leaving the neck bare was so general that it was considered beneath the dignity of the man and citizen to protect it in any other way than by the hand, or occasionally wrapping the toga round it.

The throats of our forefathers were for ages as uncovered as their faces; in this respect the descendants of the Sarmatae have not degenerated, as the Poles during the most severe winter have their throats constantly exposed. The same fashion (which is, however, less surprising) has descended to the Eastern Nations, among whom a white and well turned neck is metaphorically compared to the beauty of a tower of Ivory. The Calmucks, Baskirs and other Tartars of the Don, on the border of the Caspian Sea, also adhere to this fashion; very few of them, however, merit the eastern compliment, as their throats are generally ugly and ill-formed. This custom gradually declined in France and several parts of Europe, and luxury, rather than necessity, introduced the fashion of covering the throat loosely with a fine starched linen cloth; this was worn above the shirt, without a collar; the ends were brought down on the breast and there fastened by laces of thread—from this idea of bands was derived—before introduction of the heavy and unhealthy bonds, which at a later period confined the throat, was even dreamt of.

The ruff, stiffened and curled in single or double rows (an inconvenient but harmless ornament) became the favorite in its turn, and continued in fashion while the hair was worn short; but this also fell into disrepute when Louis XIII allowed his to grow. Then raised collars, plaited neckcloths and bands (both plain and of lace) enveloped the throats of our ancestors, from the neck to the chin, and covered the tops of the arms until Louis XIV adopted the enormous flaxen or black peruke, which almost concealed the front of the neck. It then gave way to bright coloured ribands ar-

ranged in bows, which were also introduced by this gay and gallant monarch, and imitated by every one according to his rank or caprice.

Up to that time, as frivolity alone had reigned, the fashion was not injurious; but the throat, which had hitherto been comparatively free, now lost that liberty which it has never since regained. In 1660 a regiment of Croats arrived in France; a part of their singular costume excited the greatest admiration, and was immediately and generally imitated; this was a tour de cou, made (for the private soldiers) of common lace, and of muslin or silk for the officers; the ends were arranged en rosette, or ornamented with button or tuft, which hung gracefully on the breast. This new arrangement, which confined the throat but very slightly, was at first termed a Croat, since corrupted to Cravat. The Cravats of the officers and people of rank were extremely fine, and the ends were embroidered or trimmed with broad lace; those for the lower classes were subsequently made of cloth or cotton, or at the best of black taffeta, plaited; which was tied round the neck by two small strings. These strings were at a later period replaced by clasps, or a buckle, and the Cravat then took the name of Stock.

The Cravat at length became universal, and was increased to an almost incredible size. Some enveloped the neck in entire pieces of muslin; others wore a stitched stiffener, on which several handkerchiefs were folded. By this echaufage the neck was placed in a level with the head, which in size it surpassed, and with which it was confounded. The shirt collar rose to the side of the ears, and the top of the Cravat covered the mouth and lower part of the nose, so that the face (with the exception of the nose) was concealed by the Cravat and a forest of whiskers; these rose on each side of the hair, which was combed down over the eyes.

In this costume the elegans bore a greater resemblance to beasts than men and the fashion gave rise to many laughable caricatures. They were compelled to look straight before them as the head could only be turned by general consent of all the members, and the tout ensemble was that of an unfinished statue.

Instances have, however, occurred in which these immense Cravats have saved the lives of the wearers in battle. One fact, as related by Dr. Pizie, may be worthy of record: "I was laughing" (says he) "at General Lepale, on account of his enormous Cravat. At the moment of entering into action, his regiment charged, and after dispersing the enemy's cavalry returned to the bivouac. I was informed that the General had been struck by a pistol shot in the throat. I immediately hastened to his assistance and was shewn a bullet which was stopped in its career by the very Cravat I had just been ridiculing. Two officers and several privates had received sabre cuts on the Cravat, and escaped without injury, so that I was obliged to confess that these immense bandages were not always useless."

Singers more than any class of persons, should be careful to avoid exposing the throat to the cold as a moderate heat contributes to supply the organs, and renders the voice clearer and more harmonious; though, on the contrary, it is greatly deteriorated if the throat is constrained by a tightened Cravat. No part of the body is more susceptible of cold than the neck; and this susceptibility is the effect of too much covering in general; but in leaving a ball room, or any heated place, the greatest care should be taken to defend the chest and neck from cold.

The natives of the South are but too well acquainted with the danger of such sudden transitions, and the Spaniards particularly, who always wear a large handkerchief hanging carelessly from the neck, invariably wrap themselves in it, when being warm they are suddenly exposed to the cold.

In short, the Cravat has now arrived at the summit of perfection, and has been materially assisted in its progress by the use of starch. The question naturally arises to whom is the world indebted for this sublime invention? To the English, Russians, Italians or French? On this point we confess ourselves unable to decide. The blanchisseuses of each of those powers have been instrumental in communicating this important discovery to the world.

On our parts, more profound investigations would be unavailing and it is only by a continued course of laborious research that it would be possible to remove the obscurity which has enveloped the subject of our labours for so many ages.

(Introduction to "The Art of Tying the Cravat," by H. Le Blanc, published 1804 by F. and B. Fordes, 455 Broadway, New York.)

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington
February 23rd, 1916.

MR. GEORGE MOORE will probably create some excitement with his new "Life of Christ"—"The Brook Kerith"—which is announced. In order to write this work Mr. Moore undertook a journey to Palestine. Already some of the papers are whipping up clerics and professors to condemn the work in advance. I have not seen any advance copy of it, but according to report it is in the form of a novel and puts forward some very heretical views. In fact I think Moore challenges the very fact of Christ's death upon the cross. "Some hours on the cross would be more likely to produce a cataleptic swoon than death," he says. To this Dr. Claye Shaw, a well-known lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, replies: "The accepted medical view of the death of Christ is that He died from pericarditis with effusion, and that His early death ensued from this condition and was accelerated by the wound from the javelin."

I think I should include a mention of the Poet Laureate's new orthology "The Spirit of Man," which is being reviewed everywhere at great length.

Dr. Bridges has been inspired to compile it in a spirit of patriotism. He planned it as a volume to afford cheer and refreshment to those who take no active part in the war of wars. The book is arranged on a generous basis and includes quotations from the philosophers as well as the poets. There are translations from the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Persian, Russia, German and Chinese. The poets represented range from Homer to Rupert Brooke. The fault of the book lies in its very profuseness. It is really the anthology with the limited though not financial scope which is the best.

Another "ANTHOLOGY" which is enjoying considerable success in England comes from America—from Spoon River in fact. Since this book is well-known to you I will say no more about it. I have not read it yet, but it is certainly very popular over here and has been widely reviewed. One thing which strikes the reviewers is the quaintness of the title.

Another shock has been given to the world of writers this week. Paper is to be doubled or trebled in price. Books will cost more, and a great many will be postponed. Mr. John Lane says young novelists will stand little chance of having their works published. Some of the papers, it is to be supposed, will cut down their size, and it does not seem cynical to prophecy that the curtailment will begin with the literary and artistic columns.

The word of translations from the Russian and books on Russia keeps up its pressure. This week we have "The Way of the Cross" by V. Doroshevitch and "The Epic Songs of Russia" by Isabel Florence Hapgood. Mr. Stephen Graham of course writes an introduction to the former. Mr. Graham has made a sort of literary corner in Russia and is naturally applied to for his benediction over all Russian literary projects.

In the world of the theatre, Mr. Sturge Morse's "Judith" has been one of the refined pleasures of the week. It was performed by the Stage Society. The play is gracious, sensitive and dignified but it is not dramatic or even very real. Miss Lillah McCarthy played the part of Judith.

Dr. Ethel Smyth our woman composer has produced a new opera—and on what libretto has she written it do you suppose? She has taken one of N. W. Jacobs sea yarns, "The Boatsman's Mate" and altered it considerably and made something out of it which has certainly more distinction than a musical comedy but perhaps not so much reason.

A new volume of poems, "The Man With a Hammer" by Miss Anna Wickham (Grant Richards 2s 6d) contains some verses which if not remarkable as poetry are interesting psychologically. The revolting woman speaks in Miss Wickham, or perhaps it is really the woman who would like to revolt.

Edward Storer.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

The Bruno Players

"Miss Julia" will continue on the program during the coming week. The performances take place Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:45 p. m., and the Saturday matinee at 3 p. m. The curtain rises respectively at eight forty-five and three sharp, and the doors are closed during the performance. Late-comers are not being admitted. The next programme will present a comedy by Strindberg which will prove that the Great Swede has the same sense of the comedy in life that he has manifested so often for the inevitable tragedy. Also a war play by an American author, which unrolls before our eyes a vivid picture of things that are or could be, will be on the bill of which the first performance is scheduled for Monday, March 27.

Musicales

On Friday and Saturday evenings Donna Faunce, a soprano, will sing a selection of songs by Liza Lehmann, including The Wood Pigeon, The Yellowhammer, The Owl, and The Cuckoo. Miss Faunce recently came to New York to complete her vocal studies and intends to enter upon a concert career.

Miss Elsa De Val, who also appears on this week's programme, is known as a church singer, but it is her desire to use the concert stage as a stepping stone to grand opera. She appears in the Thimble Theatre for the first time before a public audience. Her programme includes One Fine Day (Madam Butterfly), by Puccini, The Gift by Mary Helen Brown, and Welcome, Sweet Wind, by Cadman.

Editorial Judgment

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY had just been kicked out of the office of McClure's.

"I tried to sell my ode to a skylark," he explained to John Keats, "but they objected to it as a violation of neutrality."

"I can understand that," said Leigh Hunt, who joined the pair at Twenty-third Street, "because McClure would be sure to think you meant a Zeppelin."

"But I thought McClure was such an admirer of the Germans," said Shelley. "Didn't he go all around the country once, imploring us to imitate the Germans?"

"Besides," interjected Keats, "McClure has nothing more to do with McClure's."

"His editorial judgment must still carry weight though," said Leigh Hunt. "They refused my poem, 'Jenny Kissed Me,' because I failed to make it clear that the parties were either married or engaged to be married."

"I shouldn't think McClure would care," said Keats sadly, "whether you and Jenny are married or not."

"He doesn't," explained Shelley. "But he can't run the

risk of having a whole edition held up in the post office."

"Then why does he expose the female form the way he does on his covers?"

"That isn't the female form you're always seeing on the cover of McClure's. It's a lot of Harvard men in the same style of girl's bathing suit."

"Did you get your information," asked Shelley, "from McClure himself?"

"I didn't have to," said Keats. "You can always tell a Harvard man."

From The Bang, Alexander Harvey's Unique Weekly.

Three Things by Tom Sleeper

London

BLEAR blobs of light that burble murkily thru the drith-er- ing fog.—A horse-cab janketing over the cobble- stones.—A man and woman chawning odd bids of puff over near the curb.—The bulking cop sentineling his traffic post— and ever comes the brum bum of far-off tram cars.

Attainment

The world gave me the hal hal when I was twenty-six.
And again when I was forty-two.

Now I can give the world the hal ha!
The Devil eat it!

Question

WHY should my cow be tethered with a common iron chain
while my dog disports himself at the end of a Russian
leather thong?

There is caste even among prisoners.

Love

LOVE like a rose
Smiling in the sun
Hath called me
Love like a rose

Blowing in a storm.
Hath lashed me

Love like a rose
Scattered on the grass
Hath killed me.

Diamond Crisp.

Nathan Hale

LOOKED at from any standpoint, from any aspect, at any hour of the day, or on any day of the week, in all seasons and under all human condition, that statue is an inspiration to the men of this great metropolis.

Standing as he does, the clear-eyed patriot looks out and over the busy highway of traffic, and at his right hand rise the massive homes of the daily press.

When the summer leafage softens the background; when the bare branches intensify the outlines of the bronze; when the morning sun lights up the east and spreads an aureole of glory behind his head; when the sunset's lingering rays touch that calm young face with a kiss of infinite tenderness; when the cold moonlight wraps him in the mantle of her shimmering glory, always, always he stands there, with fettered hands and feet, but with a dauntless spirit which no human power can quell, which bows but to the mandates of truth and honor.

Yet, when the rush and the turmoil of the week are ended and over the Sabbath stillness, the noontide chimes of Trinity are heard, he seems to assume more majestic proportions; he stands a giant, fettered for his country's sake, and in the voices of the chapel bells he seems to hear the music of the angels singing, and the Master's words, "Well done."

L. R. Heller.

(Among the few literary men who succeeded in interviewing the great actress, Eleanora Duse, was Arthur Symons. The following sentences are perhaps the most important spoken by Duse during the conversation.)

To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. It is not drama that they play, but pieces for the theatre. The drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress, and people who come to digest their dinner.

My Impracticables

Seneca, or the toreador of virtue.

Rousseau, or return to nature in impuris naturalibus.

Schiller, or the moral Trumpeter of Sackingen.

Dante, or the hyena poetizing in tombs.

Kant, or cant as an intelligible character.

Victor Hugo, or Pharos in a sea of absurdity.

Michelet, or enthusiasm which strips off the coat.

Carlyle, or pessimism as an undigested dinner.

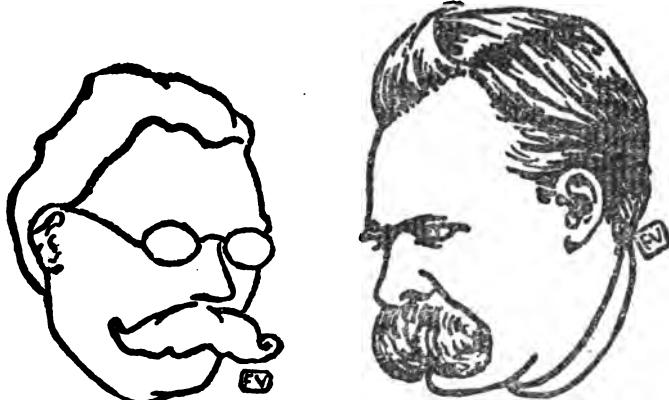
John Stuart Mill, or offensive transparency.

The Goncourts, or the two Ajaxes struggling with

Homer; music by Offenbach.

Zola, or the delight to stink.

Frederick Nietzsche.



Two Portraits of Nietzsche
By Félix Vallotton, in *La Revue Blanche*

Hitherto Unpublished Letters by Oscar Wilde

(Letters which are at present among the collection of Patrick P. Madigan, written by Oscar Wilde to friends and acquaintances, and a few letters addressed to Mr. Smithers, his publisher, are so significant for his style and every-day thoughts that the reproduction on these pages will prove a valuable addition to our Wilde literature.)

Albermarble Club,
13 Albermarble Street, W.
(1884) 16 Tite Street,
S. W.

Dear Sir:

I will send you a Ms. copy of my play—a little incomplete, but still, enough to give you an idea of its ethical scheme.

Your letter has deeply moved me—to the world I seem, by intention or by part, a dilettante and dandy merely.

It is not wise to show ones heart to the world—and as seriousness of manner is the disguise of the fool, so folly in its exquisite modes of triviality and indifference and lack of care, is the robe of the wise man.

In so vile an age as this we all need masks.

But write to me about yourself—tell me your life and loves—and all that makes you wonder. Who are you? (what a difficult question for any one of us to answer!) I, at any rate, am

Your friend,

OSCAR WILDE.

To T. Hutchinson, Esq.,
16 Tite Street,
Chelsea, S. W.

July 13th, 1888.

My dear Sir:

I must thank you for your very charming and graceful letter but I am afraid that I don't think as much of the Young Student as you do. He seems to me a rather shallow young man, and almost as bad as the girl he thinks so lovely. The Nightingale is the true lover, if there is one. She, at least, is Romance; and the Student and the girl are, like most of us, unworthy of Romance. So, at least, it seems to me, but I like to fancy that there may be many meanings in the Tale, for in writing it, and the others, I did not start with an idea and clothe it in form, but began with a form and strove to make it beautiful enough to have many secrets, and many answers.

Truly yours,

OSCAR WILDE.

(The Nightingale and the Rose, to which the above letter refers, is included in the collection of Fairy stories entitled "The Happy Prince, and Other Tales," by Oscar Wilde.)

Book-Plate Notes.

THE book-plate to-day is a necessary accessory to the book itself. Anybody can buy a book put on public sale. To place the individual mark of ownership upon everything that we acquire for personal use is the marked tendency of our times: to place our initials or our coat-of-arms or our trademark upon the things we are using daily. The monogram on our handkerchief and on our linen, the label on the inside pocket of our coat or on the vanity case or on the seal ring; on the china or silver we are using in our dining-room, impregnate those things with our personality. Book-plates are not an ornament. Just a visible sign of proprietorship.

Coulton Waugh is devoting himself to book-plates exclusively and will arrange for an exhibition in the near future.

During the first week in May the American Art Association will sell at public auction the remarkable collection of book-plates formed by the late Dr. Henry C. Eno, consisting of American, English and Continental plates, library labels, leather book-plates and the like, which number over four thousand items and include the works of famous designers and the plates of important personages of ancient and modern times.

Henry Blakewell, who recently disposed by auction sale of his large collection of book-plates, is at work upon a check-list of American book-plates.

A. Helen Page



*Her Book
1899*

The book-plate reproduced on this page was drawn by and for Adelaide Helen Page in April, 1898, when she was five and a half years old. It was accepted by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The silhouette is a portrait of Miss Page.

Books and Magazines of the Week

CHICAGO was and is the city where wit and humor, uninfluenced by Europe, finds its expression from time to time in small magazines published and edited by one man, who evidently has no other desires but to have his say, unhampered by editors and uncurtailed by that mighty ruler: convention. It was Chicago where the greatest American minds which were humans at the same time found a chance to express themselves during the last twenty-five years. There was Eugene Field, who knew better than anyone else, either before him or since, how to look at that other side of American life, to see the man beneath his everyday attitude towards every-day life. There was Ben King, who was for Chicago what Salis meant to Paris; but Salis needed a *chat noir* and a circle of poets, musicians and artists, while Ben King created a *chat noir* wherever he was present. And there was Stanley Waterloo, with whom to converse for an hour meant to take a new lease upon life.

They have departed from earthly life, but pick up one of their books and you will feel their individuality, you will feel their presence. James Whitcomb Riley and George Ade passed through Chicago on their happy road to achievement

and success. And Opie Read is still there. And Bill Eaton, who guards in his "Scoop" every week, a brilliant testimony of what is being done in Chicago to-day in letters and art. The pages of his paper are a kaleidoscope of real life, seasoned with a bit of sarcasm here and there, serious in their criticisms but always kind and always cheerful. Leaving a lasting good taste. Colonel Visscher, the humorist, looks upon things in a lighter vein. And Dr. Frank Lydston forgets here his ever preparedness and talks about things nearer to us than his surgical-wonder operations or his solutions of sexual problems.

Cowley Stapleton Brown, he of the never-to-be-forgotten "Goose-Quill," created for himself a unique corner in American criticism in Mr. French's "Musical Leader," which gave this otherwise unimportant musical publication a distinction that will be pointed out in times to come.

And now there is being published a new magazine called "The Polemic." No editor's name appears upon its pages. It is unique. It has exceptional literary qualities. It is a distinct portrayal of Chicago life, and it is life. Here is the "Overture" on the first page of Vol. 1, No. 1: "In creating "The Polemic" we are entertaining the hypothesis that if we crack a bull-dog on the nose, he may not love us but he will be damned interested in our movements."

The Minaret

The current issue of "The Minaret" contains a very good review of Rupert Brooke's collected poems by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. It is short but says everything that could be said. Sentiments very seldom voiced by American contemporaries are the attractive motives of Harold Hersey's "Silhouettes of the City." We cannot resist reprinting the one published in the March issue.

The Old House

Just an old brick house,
One among many others in a dreary block.
But like the houses of the city it has an individual voice,
Its own memories, its own sadness.
Here I lived in the springtime of my years,
In that room with the dull, silent windows.
And through that hall came to my door
One whose hand and voice will never be forgotten,
The kindest secret of my heart.
Old house, I wonder how many others have lived within
you.

Challenge

There was a lot of noise at the time of the birth of this new monthly: *Parturiunt montes, nascentur ridiculus mus!* it is a nice college paper and is a bit revolutionary, just enough so to be daring, but that is all. Discussion of such matters as sex and equal suffrage, never led to positive results or direct conclusions in magazines. But it is a nice college paper.

The International

In the current issue of Mr. Viereck's monthly Hans Heinz

Ewers found his first appreciation in America. Ewers, whose prose writings have some of the qualities of Edgar Allan Poe, played an important part in the cabaret movement of the early nineties in Germany and contributed a great deal to the understanding in Germany of contemporary French writers. Not long ago he was in America when he gave several readings of his works in the Irving Place Theater.

The Colonnade

John W. Draper's importance for style and significance in contemporary poetry is discussed in the current issue of this magazine, published by the Andiron Club by Charles Gray Shaw, Professor of Ethics in the New York University. The same number contains a three-act play, "Between Cloister Gates," by John W. Draper, the editor of the magazine.

In Our Village

THERE is only one thing that prevents Sadakichi from ranking to-day among our classics; he is alive. Sadakichi should be dead. Rightfully he should have died about ten years ago. But he insists upon living; he insists upon being a monument of his own. He insists upon standing on the pedestal where he placed himself, and he loves with the naivete of a child to gather himself the wreaths and flowers his admirers place at his feet—the feet of that monument.

Sadakichi has, in common with other great men to whom recognition did not come easily, the ardent wish to be recognized by his contemporaries. He is looking upon his contemporaries as his posterity which he wishes to pay homage to him. . . . He is a bad actor. He dies upon that stage, which life represents to him, and insists upon awakening at the wrong time, before the curtain has been rung down on him; the onlookers admire the heroic death, and he destroys that "certain something" in the psychological moment . . . and we all can see that real live thing . . . and Sadakichi will try again to die.

His works, those he wrote years and years ago—are superb. They are strong, they are convincing. He has often been compared to Poe. Whenever the American thinks of originality in letters, he will remember Poe who stands out to-day as well as seventy-five years ago as the only poet and writer in America who was an individuality and who was original. Sadakichi has a style of his own, and the tertium comparationis is originality.

The merciless necessity of earning money has been the stumbling-block of many a genius. It was not in Sadakichi's path. He always was and is a firm believer that genius is the one and only investment that should bear him rightfully ample interest to live on comfortably. The world misunderstands. Posterity will find it only natural. But posterity again will have its own personal interests to expend lavishly money to erect monuments or confer other honors upon the dead man.

It is easier to buy a block of marble and have an artist

transform it into a wonderful bust than to give value for value.

And so Sadakichi is a wayfarer of yore, out in the world, appearing here and there demanding tribute from contemporaries who look upon him as a curiosity. But he is conscious of what he is doing. He has no illusions about it. He laughs. He laughs at the world and he laughs at himself . . . but he is serious, reverently serious when he remembers those years in which he really worked and strived and produced; and those are the years that are redeeming him now for us,—that will make posterity to understand him to honor him to glorify him.

I see the time when publishers will collect the scraps with his handwriting and the books and pamphlets he published himself. I see a biographer busy to interpret that fruit-bearing period of the Nineties when he was at his best and wrote his "Christ," and "Buddha" and published his "Stylus" and his "Art Critic."

Sadakichi Hartmann was among us for a few days before his departure for Colorado, where he is going to make his permanent home.

The dramatic group of the Liberal Club produced on Sunday, the 5th, two plays, "Suppressed Desires," a psycho-analytical play by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell, and "The Five Daughters of a King," by Rollo Peters. Alice Palmer was the second princess. She acted a princess here as well as she does in her village store, when she is seated under that gorgeous purple canopy, her head reclining on a flaming green pillow with yellow ornaments, and two enormous candles (they are six-footers) flickering mystically on each side of her. Mary Pyne, who played the fifth princess, should have been the first.

The large array of electric lamps under shades of all shapes and color combinations is but one of the twilight attractions in Mr. Hellman's studio. His Sunday afternoon teas are developing into a *salon*, where one can meet in the most unconventional manner refugee princesses, newly arrived from Europe, editors who represent power on the other side of the counter which divides the literateurs and artists of America in successes and into others; and just plain every-day villagers who are writing or painting.

The Candlestick Tea Room is now owned and operated solely by Miss Coones, who last week purchased Mrs. Pendington's interest in this orange colored and candle-lighted eating place in Greenwich Village.

From February 19th until March 5th, the Modern Art School exhibited works of art by its teachers and pupils. Most of the exhibits were shown for the first time. Among them was a bust by Bourdelle, never before exhibited in America.

Bruno's Garret

Landlords are very slow if it means to repair a building or put it into shape again after a fire. It took almost a month to put a roof upon the Garret and to restore the damaged walls, so it can again fulfill its mission: to shelter the works

of artists tacked to its walls (the works, not the artists) and people who are anxious to listen to the creations of the poets and authors who give their readings here. The Garret will open its doors again on Saturday, March 11th. Cartoons of Steinlen chronologically arranged as they appeared in *Gil Blas*, sixty-eight of the best he ever did, will be exhibited from the 11th of March until the first of April. Saturday afternoon and Monday evening are reserved, as before the fire, for the purpose of keeping "open house."

On Bookstall Row

IN years there has not been such a demand for books in foreign languages as has been evidenced since the beginning of the war, especially during the last four months, according to Mr. Hammond, one of the oldest booksellers on Fourth Avenue. He specializes in French and German novels and his explanation of this suddenly awakened interest for foreign *belle lettres* seems very plausible. Many thousand dollars' worth of books are bought daily by the various war relief societies and by individuals who are shipping their purchases to the German, English and French concentration camps. While the Germans permit, English books and magazines *intra muros* of the concentration camps; the English and French exclude all periodical literature in a foreign language from their prison camps. Mr. Hammond contends that he sold more books by Balzac and by Dickens during the last six months than he ordinarily would sell in the course of five years, depending upon his New York trade.

It was a good joke upon H. Stone, he who had the good fortune—or perhaps a profound knowledge, who knows,—to dig up during the last few years very rare and important items, such as a complete series of Poor Richard's Almanacs and never-before-known Mark Twain material to dispose of a letter by Lincoln for fifteen cents. He bought a lot of books at a recent auction sale and after looking them over, evidently not too carefully, designated them to his table in front of his shop, to be sold at fifteen cents each. They did not prove very good sellers. For almost three weeks they were out there in rain and shine, and nobody seemed to be attracted enough to take them home. Last Saturday a well-known Brooklyn clergyman inspected the lot, picked up one of the volumes, paid fifteen cents for it and took home an apparently unimportant book; but inlaid between its pages was a letter in the handwriting of Lincoln, and a long one, too. Since then the clergyman was offered one hundred and fifty dollars for his find, but he refused to sell it. But so will it happen if a dealer of books pays special interest to art, and makes out of his book shop an exhibition parlor of discarded originals of drawings which have appeared during the last ten years in "Leslie's Weekly."

Frank Bender, whose store is filled to the brim with books on architecture and with ancient plans and plates, recently bought a curious lot of a long-forgotten English magazine, "The Spirit Lamp." He has hundreds of them. They are of

interest because Lord Alfred Douglas was the editor and Oscar Wilde one of the chief contributors.

Old Man Deutschberger, who moved a few doors north of his old shop some time ago, disposed, Friday, of all his book-plate books and of a large part of his book-plate literature, consisting of pamphlets, periodicals and individual plates. He has some very curious Americana in that ominous old buffet used by him as the sacred screen for the rarest of the rare. But his prices are prohibitive, at least for those who really want to read the books.

Several new shops ventured to locate among the old stand-bys from the days of the old Astor library. There is a new basement shop whose proprietor evidently loves English essays and books on books. And another one a few doors south specializing in old magazines. It is the Dorado for the extra illustrator; but he must have the time to sit down and to look through a few thousand periodicals. They are not classified, and the proprietor is as ignorant of what he has as his prospective buyer.

Wall Street Reflections

THE stock market situation has just enough of mystery in it to make it perplexing even for the shrewdest observers. The attitude is one of watchful waiting. Prices, not values are under pressure.

Those timid ones who feared that the political cloud hovering over Washington was the precursor of a tornado and who made haste to sacrifice their securities, are now coming out of their panic to find that the sun of peace and prosperity is still shining here.

Politics has ruled the stock market for the last fortnight. War stocks have suffered most. Prices of the leading shares are much lower than they were last November.

It was their thought that all the "good news" was out and the market was sold for that reason, but now even better news is coming. The wonderful New York Central January report following the satisfactory Pennsylvania's annual figures will bring the good rails into line also steels and coppers as an exceptionally good purchase.

European demand for American goods and products continues and in my opinion will continue not only during the war but for a long period to come. Earnings make dividends and not promises.

An interesting situation is manifest in the Bond market. Hardly a day passes that new Bond issues are not offered to the public and are being quickly absorbed. This shows that there is an abundance of investment money awaiting an outlet.

"Junius"

Bruno's Weekly, published weekly by Charles Edison, and edited and written by Guido Bruno, both at 58 Washington Square, New York City. Subscription \$2 a year.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., October 14th, 1915, under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

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Monday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Tuesday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Wednesday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Thursday,	8:45 p. m.	Musicals
Friday,	8:45 p. m.	Musicals
Saturday,	8:00 p. m.	Bruno Players
Saturday,	8:15 p. m.	Musicals

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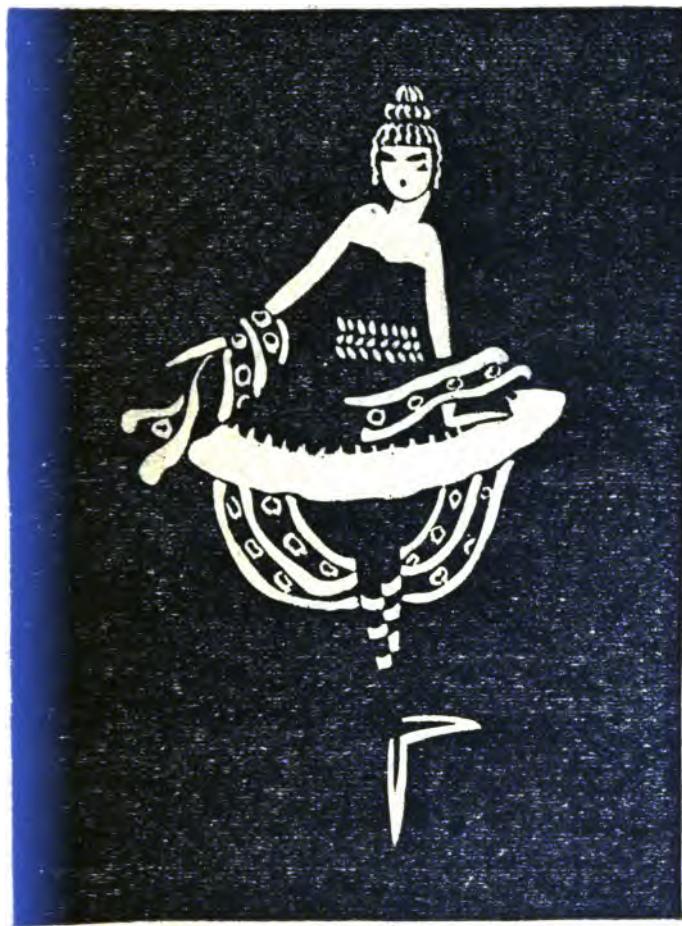
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Florence Cough

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

March 18th, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 12.

MARCH 18th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

Washington Square

*Nineteen youngsters and a squirrel,
thirty-seven peanuts in a bag,
(Come to-morrow, Tummy-ache!)
Sun grinning gold,
Sky grinning blue,
Earth grinning green—
and the old!*

Alfred Kreymborg

The Last of the War Correspondents.

WITH a Russian bullet in his heart, Baron von Kriegelstein lies somewhere in the melting snows of East Prussia. And there are no more war correspondents!

The restless driving soul of him is stilled forever; the dash for telegraph lines, the cat-yowling of a hundred kinds of shrapnel; the tense dawns before thousands died in China, Manchuria, South Africa, Cuba, Venezuela, Bulgaria, Tripoli, Mexico; the—everything that made von Kriegelstein the true war correspondent—is over.

But he must not pass out without one bugle call that will reach over to him, wherever he is in spirit, to let him know that our heads are more erect for him, our hearts' pulse better and our eyes shine moist as we stiffen in salute to the last of his tribe.

Baron, with your rolling voice, your grim mouth, your boyish eyes—for the Hell they have seen on earth—and your heart as democratic as only the true aristocrat can be, this is the bugle shrill that is trying to reach out to your ears, cold in the Russian snows, to tell you we have not forgotten!

If you are dead—even authentic press reports sometimes speak wrongly—it is fitting you should have died as you did, with your face to the Slav you have hated, amid the wildest passions of men and just when the glory of your race of correspondents was fading. For it would have been beyond endurance that you should sit miles behind a firing line acting as messenger boy for the information some commander wanted to have you print to mislead somebody.

On the eve of the greatest war, when the true military observer, with accumulated knowledge of twenty-six campaigns is counted dangerous even as a friend, there is nothing else

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for Baron von Kriegelstein to do but to die. The last of his kind, he went out properly, as his father before him and his brother at Mukden. True correspondents to the last.

At forty-one years, he is dead. You shall judge if any man lived more in that span. Over the world he went for twenty-one years, watching how men fought. Not one instant of those years passed when he was not either at war, or hurrying in, to get to another. "So peaceful is the world."

It was on Governor's Island last June that General Evans introduced me to him. I got to know him better as we waited for death together in Mexico. In fact, I know I should have flunked in the few hours before our escape if it had not been for his courage. Suppose I sketch some of the high lights.

Governor's Island, one summer afternoon. A booming laugh in headquarters followed by a rataplan as the others joined in. I am introduced to a thick-chested man with wiry-reddish hair, narrow red-brown eyes and a very foreign moustache, which nowadays denotes militarism. A baron, remarks General Evans. Ho, ho! I think. This is good. But I am an American newspaperman. I will tolerate him, being a Democrat. Maybe there is a story in the fortune hunter. Perhaps a funny story, whereby we can display true equality by mocking him well within the libel law of course. Maybe half a column in him.

Officers entered and are introduced. One stares at him, a captain he is, and remarks: "Didn't I see you in Venezuela?"

"Perhaps," the Baron replies offhand.

"You were commander of artillery for Martos in the revolution against Castro!" the officer blurts out as sudden recollection sweeps over him.

They speak swiftly of governments made and destroyed, and General Evans cuts in:

"Baron, do you remember in China, the day before Pekin? Your Germans were a little lively."

"Pardon, General," von Kriegelstein answers, "I am an Austrian."

It is evident there is a difference in his mind between them. The Baron continues lightly: "For the French we have sympathy, for the Prussians we have pity. It must be terrible to be a Prussian and take life so serenely." He is smiling as he says it, but the smile flickers out, for they do not understand.

He has spoken the soul of Vienna, with its light operas and fluff of evenings that top off through business day, the day that is through because it is German and ended with laughter because it is Austrian.

I learn he has just left Albania in revolt and is hurrying to Mexico. All his life it had been like this. The way the officers consult with him on things technical of war, brings a doubt. Shall my half column be funny after all? This Baron of Austria is evidently a great correspondent or else the officers would not consult him. I shall accompany him back

from the fort and get a story on condition between the United States and Mexico.

And so it starts. Several stories of him are written for the New York "Tribune." Every day I meet him and listen to his fascinating tales of adventure, told in the offhand way that brings conviction.

One day he is missing. A week passes and Richard Hard-
ing Davis having contrived again to be arrested in Mexico, I am to get my first taste of war corresponding.

A week later it is Monterey, the first day there and a bad one. Carranza has made an anti-American speech in the Plaza Zaragosa the evening previous. I am with Francisco Urquidi, now Mexican Consul-general to New York. Urquidi is suspected of being Villa, for already the break between Villa and Carranza is at hand. Gringos are unpopular. General Gonzales, the saturnine one, who masks his eyes with dark spectacles, is unfriendly.

From a drug store opposite the Hotel Iturbide I hear a rolling guttural voice. Instantly I know there is only one such voice in the world, and I rush out to the street. There ahead of me is the baron, in a resplendent white uniform, with his eternal camera and binoculars. We greet hurriedly and noisily. About us cluster the street people. Then for the first time I am surprised at the baron's manner. Von Kriegelstein roars at those nearest and strikes one over the head with his heavy cane. They fall back and we go to the hotel.

(To be continued.)

C. A. Logue

Pax Vobiscum

IT seemed so impossible that human beings unquestionably intelligent, strong and weak as you and I, should go out and fight, strike blows, kill strangers, burn down property that is not their own in the name of patriotism or love of the emperor or for the sake of some other "ideals" that are mere superstitions, that are not more real than a butler is a part of a happy home. And while our newspapers feast on war news, on editorials that comment on the war, on attacks against those that are supposed to have incited the war, while preachers are praying for peace and condemning in their pulpits those that caused this wholesale butchery, while the cleverest writers of both hemispheres are making money hand over fist supplying publishers wholesale with their ready-made-to-order views on the war situation, while the fashions are influenced by militarism, while society folks tango and drink tea for the benefit of wounded soldiers, I am living quietly in dear old Greenwich Village. Who bothers here about the rights and wrongs of European nations? Two things only interest us of this quiet vicinity; that there is

started a war that converts into a devil's kitchen Europe, the mother of our civilization—and the final end. Who caused this mix-up, the why and the when, the contents of the white and gray and orange papers of the nations setting forth their own views on the situation, don't mean anything to us.

Mostly emphasized is the fact that thousands are being killed daily and millions endangering their lives. Aren't we all under indictment of death every day, every minute of the day? The soldier who meets his death on the battle-field might have died just as well on the same day, and the same hour of the day, by accident, he might have been run over by an automobile, or hit by a brick falling from the housetop. Maybe you are not a fatalist and I grant you the right to believe anything you might choose, but you cannot deny that death is hovering above your head as long as you live. But did you ever consider that the same patriotism to which you ascribe the bravery and self-sacrifice of your European warriors, makes murderers out of men who never would have thought to commit murder as long as patriotism was not forced upon them? Just think of your own father or your brother, or think of yourself driven by patriotism to enlist. A gun is thrust into your hand, and you, who always have abstained from doing things you could not discuss with your friends during dinner, you go out, knock down a man, shoot down a man whom you have never met before, who never did anything to offend you.

This war makes murderers, blood-thirsty beasts out of men who are patriots from sheer force of circumstances.

And while the *Circus Maximus* with an arena that has for its boundaries the seas of the world is in progress, we, the innocent bystanders, are invited to act as noble Romans, sitting in our comfortable chairs looking down at a conquest of wild animals.

Did you see them there in the purple-covered box, the gentlemen with crowns on their heads? Immaculate in the attire of their self-imposed offices directing the actions and at the same time winking at us?

Panem et Circenses! The American nation at large grasps the situation and hastens to do more than the imperators of Europe ever hope to achieve.

Bread and amusement is Europe's offering.

The financiers take the bread; planning to capture the commerce and industries of Europe supplying the non-producing nations of the old world with all they need to continue the war, lending them money by the millions. And the American people at large get the amusement, in newspapers, in magazines, on the stage, in moving picture theatres. There are even such among us, and in great multitudes, that are trying to dissolve the American unit formed by the conglomeration of all nations, taking sides with their own or their parent's native country. Poor devils! They left their country that meant nothing to them, that in most of the cases could not supply their daily needs, that would gag them, label

them, and make use of them in any way it sees fit whenever they would choose to return to their "dear motherland," a motherland that makes murderers out of her subjects.

Guido Bruno.

Summer and Geese

Her eyes lighted like a child's,
A look of loving all outdoors was in them.
"Oh, I was out in snow!" she cried.
"Getting eggs from the woman under the hill.
And there were a dozen geese in her yard
Flapping and teetering happily on their crooked legs
As the snow flakes showered down upon them."
She waved her arms with the free movement of wings;
A gorgeous white bird herself, frolicking with snow flakes.
The light of loving was in her eyes.
She gave me the picture
And I have put it with my treasures
In a handy place where I shall find it
In the summer
When the geese are gobbling June bugs on the lawn
And smacking their smooth yellow beaks over it,
I shall find it then and wish for winter
And wonder wistfully if she and I will be sharing pictures
When again the geese are revelling in the snow.

Robert Carlton Brown.

Oscar Wilde

By Guido Bruno.

THE greatness and beauty of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the colors and opulence of the far Orient, intoxication, over-indulgence, leading to the oblivion of the time of Nero; asceticism, incense, the gloom and inspiration of candles flickering in cathedrals and temples; clean men with boyish faces in white, gold and purple garb, and the sacred music of the Catholic rite.

Self-sacrifice, gentle love of parents and children; martyrdom; the Japanese effect of black trees on the yellow skies of the dying sun; perfumes which take possession of the nerves; the sweetly sung lullaby that rocks the infant to happy dreams and shrieks of drunken women in far East London's brothels; the red blood of murder just committed; the charming juggling of words in the boudoir of a society woman; orchids, Turkish cigarettes, oriental rugs, gems.

Afternoons spent in admiration of a long forgotten and newly discovered Madonna of an old Italian Master, an evening on the every-day stage of social life, and a night in an opium den; appreciation of everything done by men in the past and in the present and an unmerciful condemnation for imitators, imposters and hypocritical morarists.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

The Bruno Players

"Miss Julia" will continue on the program during the coming week. The performances take place Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday at 8.45 p. m., and the Saturday matinee at 3 p. m. The curtain rises respectively at eight forty-five and three sharp, and the doors are closed during the performance. Late-comers are not being admitted. The next programme will present a comedy of Strindberg which will prove that the Great Swede has the same sense of the comedy in life that he has manifested so often for the inevitable tragedy. Also a war play by an American author, which unrolls before our eyes a vivid picture of things that are or could be, will be on the bill of which the first performance is scheduled for Monday, March 27.

Musicales

On Friday and Saturday evenings Miss Donna Faunce, a soprano, will sing a selection of songs, among which will be "The Birth of Morn," by Leoni, "My Laddie" by Thayer, and "The Cuckoo" by Liza Lehmann.

William Stanley, the boy soprano, will sing Gounod's "Ave Maria," followed by "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" and "Bring Back Those Summer Days."

Mr. Morton Smith, who appears for the first time before the public in New York and who aspires to the concert field, will render C. B. Hawley's "Dreams of the Summer Night." His programme also includes "Invictus," by Bruno Huhn, and "Absent," by John W. Metcalf.

At a Railway Bookstall

HAVE you ever thought how easily you can get away from the bitterness and tribulation of business life at a railway bookstall? Many have been the times when things have gone wrong, when men possessing authority without the common sense to its proper use have made a pathway hard and filled the heart with a stern indignation have I found that solace to the spirit; yea, and felt my life shake off its petty fetters in the silent suggestion of what is true and noble in the mind of man in the title of a book.

Blessings on these oasis in the desert of the world, we hardly realise what we owe to them.

Frank Browne.

Hors d'Oeuvre

I rarely care to eat my shorts
Or mix corn starch or pickles with my booze
Nor yet to munch a salad dressed with rope
But I confess—I do like soap.

Tom Sleeper.

Egotism

THE World about me is a Desolate Waste, and the People, weeping, hold out their Hands for Pity as they pass my Door.

Yet in my Garden are two Angels walking. The soft radiance of Stars is above it and it is filled with the Perfume of Flowers.

Am I wicked that I cannot weep with the People, when Angels are walking in my Garden and my Heart is filled with the Song of the Stars?

The World about me is like a Garden, ablaze with Color. And the People, singing, pause not at my Door as they go about their Tasks. * * * But the Angels walk no longer in my Garden—the Flowers are dead, and there are no Stars.

Is it wicked that I cannot rejoice with the People when the Angels have gone out of my Garden and the dead Flowers have left my heart full of Tears

Ann Eliot

A Fable.

THERE was once a man who devoted himself to his fellow creatures. Such of them that is, as were in need. A lame dog or a deformed child caused him to shed tears, and a tramp was as the apple of his eye. He never forgot to put ashes on the sidewalk in winter, or to carry flowers to the hospitals in summer. He gave his employees good wages, good advice, and many holidays. He paid his taxes honestly and his dues promptly. He subscribed to all charities and visited slums on Saturday nights. And everywhere he spent freely of his money, his time, and his kind words.

And in all this there was no thing he neglected except one—his wife.

After a few years she began to notice this, and she said: "My husband is what is called a Humanitarian, and is concerned only with the sick or the sorry. I must endeavor to become either the one or the other."

And so, finding herself in invincible health, she eloped with another man.

Dorothea Loomis

Seventeen.

VERY ominous is the number 17 for Germany, according to an interesting calculation in a recent issue of "Figaro."

Germany became a world power in 1871 (1 plus 8 plus 7 plus 1 equals 17).

The numbers affixed to the names of the Prussian kings in the order in which they ascended the thrones of their ancestors: Frederick I, Frederick William I, Frederick II, Fred-

erick William II, Frederick William III, Frederick William IV, William I, and Fredericw III—summed up are again 17.

Add together the number of belligerent rulers: George IV, Nicholas II, Albert I, Victor Emanuel III, Peter I, Nicholas I, William II, Francis Joseph I, and Ferdinand I, and again the total amounts to 17. And finally there is the year 1916 itself (1 plus 9 plus 1 plus 6 equals 17).

While the editor of the "Figaro" denies superstitious inclinations, he thinks it worth while to muse upon this mysterious incident of the number seventeen.

Henry James

Henry James died the other day, as he had lived, an Anglicized American. The man had a mind. He had the root of literary artistry in him. His was a genius for subtleties and nuances. Even he loved the human beings he wrote about, but with a sort of Sadistic joy in their psychologic vivisection. But he was a victim of style qualitative to the last limit of tenousness, so insanely set to catch the elusive as to miss the tangible. His writing was more difficult than Meredith's. No writer can live by style alone, and the substance concealed in James' style was mostly negligible when it could be trailed to its hiding place in his verbal entanglements.

W. M. Reedy, in his Mirror.

In Our Village

Bruno's Garret and its Story

AGAIN I am sitting here, in these old time-worn rooms, whose floors seem even more rickety, whose ceilings appear even lower than before the fire, that mercifully wanted to assist Father Time, but did not succeed, in destroying prematurely this oldest of all the houses in Greenwich Village.

And now the landlord has put a roof over my head, made minor repairs here and there, and if the winds do not blow to wildly and the snow does not fall too heavily, I will be safe until the mild spring winds usher in friend summer.

It is a real garret and be it not the quaintest in New York, surely it is down here in Greenwich Village.

The little shack which at present shelters Bruno's Weekly, Bruno Chap Books and myself, is nearly one hundred years old. It was the tool-house of a city undertaker, the residence of Governor Lucius Robinson and a stage-house where the stage-coaches stopped and waited until the mail was delivered and new mail taken on, it was a road-house where people used to come to spend their Sunday afternoons, and then in quick succession, is was a saloon and an inn.

In the same rooms where a city undertaker prepared the bodies of the city's poor for their last resting-place on Washington Square, then Potter's Field, where a Governor lived

and held splendid receptions, where weary travelers found a night's lodging before they continued their journey towards Albany, I am sitting and writing these lines by the light of an old kerosene oil lamp. It is Sunday. The lawns on the Square are covered with mud, mud that had intended to be snow, will soon be soft green and the trees budding with new life. The population of little Italy, back on Third street, is taking its weekly airing at the feet of their beloved Garibaldi on the Square, the buses bring joy riders from the far north points of the city; and I think—how wonderful is life.

From 1789 to 1823 Washington Square was a potter's field —where the fountains, Washington's Memorial Arch, asphalted walks and the homes of many aristocrats stand, the poorest of the poor of our city were once buried in nameless graves by the thousands.

Number 58 Washington Square, the corner of West Third Street, formerly Amity Street, an old time fashionable thoroughfare, is the most forlorn looking two-story frame building that can be found in Greater New York. It saw its best days when the horse-drawn street cars were in vogue.

Historians of Manhattan Island have known that Washington Square in its early years, was the burial field of the poorest of the city. But no chronicler has ever told the name of the grave-digger. Hidden away in the records of the Title Guarantee & Trust Company is his name, Daniel Magie. And more than the name is the interesting fact that in 1819 he purchased from John Ireland, one of the big merchants, the corner plot, now 58 Washington Square South, 21 x 80 feet, the same dimensions to-day. For this little plot \$500 was paid, and there very likely, Mr. Megie built a wooden shack, where he could keep his wooden tools and sleep.

The potter's field had formerly been on Union Square. A little before 1819 the latter was fitted up more appropriately as a park, and the potter's burying ground moved westward to Washington Square, then an out-of-the-way part of the city. For three years Daniel Megie held the official position of keeper of the potter's field, and as such his name appears in the directories of 1819, 1820 and 1821. Then the square was abandoned as a burial place and the potter's field moved northward again to Bryant Park. Mr. Megie by this change evidently lost his job, for in 1821 he sold his Washington Square corner to Joseph Dean, and two years later the latter sold it for \$850. It was about ten years later before prices showed any great advance. Then fashion captured the park, and, despite the enormous growth northward, the aroma of fashion still permeates the square, and the fine old fashioned houses on the north side continue to be occupied by some of the first families of the city.

It is a singular fact and one that the old real estate records do not explain, that this our corner was never fully improved. It is still covered for its depth of eighty feet with two-story wooden buildings, the corner being an ice cream store, and they present a decidedly incongruous appearance by the side of the fine old houses adjoining.

Tradition in the neighborhood states that these wooden buildings were once a tavern and one of the stage headquarters in the days of the early stage lines. In 1825, Alfred S. Pell, of the well known family, bought the plot for \$1,000. In 1850 his heirs sold it to Frederick E. Richards and he transferred it to Peter Gilsey in 1897 for \$9,100. In 1867 John de Ruyter bought it for \$14,650, and then Samuel McCreery acquired it in 1882 for \$13,500—showing a lower valuation.

Early in the past century, John Ireland, who sold the corner to the grave-digger, owned the entire plot of about 100 feet front on the square, extending through to Third Street, then known as Amity Street. The fifty foot plot adjoining the corner is now occupied by two fine old houses similar in architecture to those on the north side of the square. Each cover a twenty-five foot lot, being 59 and 60 Washington Square, respectively. The latter is known as the *Angelsea* and has for years been a home for artists. The plot at 59 was also sold in 1819 by John Ireland for \$500 to James Sedgeberg, a drayman, and it included the use of the 19 foot alleyway on Thompson Street, now covered by a three story brick house. James N. Cobb, a commission merchant, got the property with the house in 1842, and kept it until 1881, when his executors sold it to Samuel McCreery.

Steinlein Exhibition

Cartoons of Steinlein chronologically arranged as they appeared in "Gil Blas," sixty-eight of the best he ever did, will be exhibited until the tenth of April in Bruno's Garret. Saturday afternoon and Monday evening are reserved, as before the fire, for the purpose of keeping "open house."

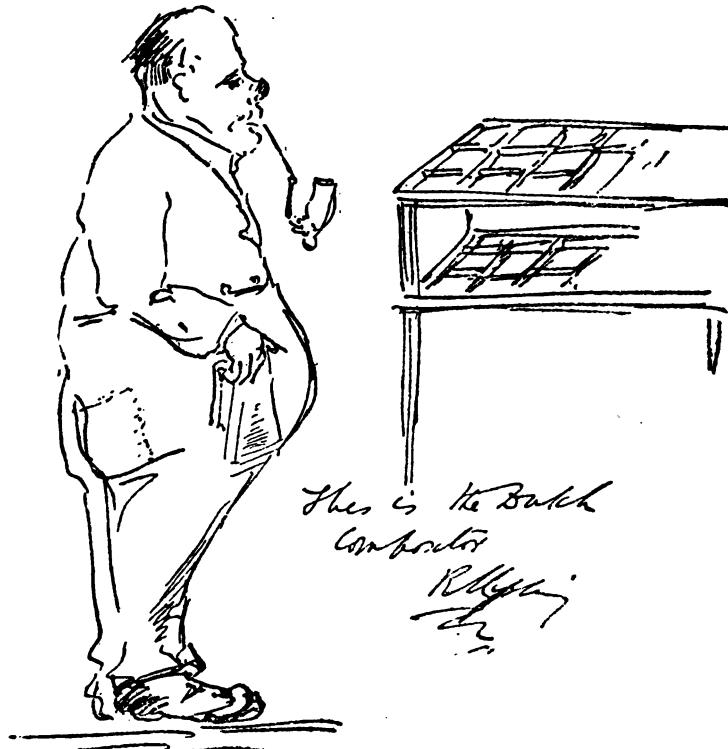
There are a number of letters and postal cards in the Greenwich Village Post Office (Alice Palmer's Village Store) which remain uncalled for. They will be held for thirty days, and after this period sent back to the sender or sold at public auction, at the pleasure of Mrs. Palmer.

The Washington Square Bookshop is now under the management of its new owner, Mr. Shay, an old bookman and admirer of Walt Whitman. One of his first publications to come forth in the near future will be a complete bibliography of Walt Whitman.

Mrs. Russell, from Boston, staff member of "The House Beautiful," invaded the Village last week on her hunt for the unique and unusual. Small shops and curio cabinets are her specialty. She gathered enough material during her short sojourn among us to keep good old New England panting for quite a while.

H. Thompson Rich, who wrote "The Red Shame" and "The Lumps of Clay," will settle down in the Village in the near future and write the long-waited-for American novel. (Rich says so.)

A new edition of Kreymborg's "Mushrooms" will be off the press on April 1st. It will contain all those poems by Alfred Kreymborg which appeared in Bruno Chap Books and subsequently in "Greenwich Village."



Original Drawing by Rudyard Kipling
from the Collection of P. F. Madigan

Floyd N. Ackley, worker in crafts jewelry, and Edith, his wife and co-worker, have recently come to Greenwich Village. In a blue and orange studio, at 139 MacDougal Street, just off the square, the Ackleys are interpreting personalities through the medium of hand-wrought designs in gold, silver, copper, platinum, precious and semi-precious stones.

Books and Magazines of the Week

ALFRED KREYMBORG ushered into the world last Tuesday afternoon, in the comfortable rooms of the Washington Square Bookshop, his "Anthology of the New Verse," selected from the first volume of his magazine, "Others."

Often in these pages have I dwelt upon Kreymborg's magazine, and repeatedly did I point out that "Others" should have contained solely Kreymborg's own poems, his short stories, or his essays; and perhaps once in a while a one-act play, as he has developed recently into a playwright. The man who has difficulty in obtaining a publisher and who thinks his message important enough to impart it to the world at any cost, has a right or better, the duty, to publish a magazine of his own. But also it is his duty to stop publishing his magazine instantly if his song is sung, if his stories are told and his message sent into the world.

It was shortly after my arrival in Greenwich Village that I met Kreymborg, that I read those poems of his which no one wanted to recognize as such. I published his little volume of "Mushrooms" as one of the early issues of Bruno Chap Books. I sent it out into the world as a challenge to our household poets and to our manufacturers of jingles. "Mushrooms" was discussed all over the country. Paragraphers found in its pages a welcome repast which they served hashed and toasted to their readers, over and over again.

Kreymborg has been a philosopher for years. He has the gift to see the detail in life. He found his own solution of the most mysterious riddles of the universe. He found it in the every-day life of man. He is an artist. Words are his material; he expresses philosophy, evolution, temperament, moods through the rhythm of his words. The words are his statements. The rhythm is his color, his composition—shortly life.

But he ventured out of his world. He left the quiet seclusion and went out into the community of men. They were waiting for him. They, too, had words and rhythm. But nothing else. They were enthusiasts or faddists—they knew not life.

Kreymborg took them under his wings. He neglected his own art and was the champion of other people's fanciful machinations. He established friendly intercourse with those poets across the water who are doing things in their own way—but nobody else could do it in their own way but they themselves. Kreymborg founded a magazine. And further and further did he drift away from his own self.

Yes, there are good things to be found on the pages of "Others." But what has Kreymborg to do with all that? The Kreymborg who wrote "Mushrooms" and "Erna Vietek"?

Last Tuesday he gave a reading in the Washington Square Bookshop. He did not read his own poems, he interpreted the words of others, of those others whose godfather he had been during the past year.

A poetry reading in a large city is like a cool, white fountain in the hot dry desert.

The doors wide open, a few chairs and everybody welcome. And the man on the platform or in the midst of the listeners reading his own poems. Reading his own works, going back to those times without printshops and without books, where

the singer was the poet, and the narrator of the story was himself the book.

Kreymborg is no reader. Reading is an art in itself. It is a lost art with us which I doubt very much will ever be revived again.

But no one can read better Kreymborg's poems than can Kreymborg himself.

But he read poems by poetesses who are striving for the unique and by poets who want to sing of something they do not know. And the real Kreymborg was muffed and silent; Kreymborg the publisher was the champion of his authors.

But I see the time in the near future that Kreymborg the publisher will have been thrown out of house and home by Kreymborg the poet; and then the year 1914-15 will have been put on the high shelf of experience and of memories.

And we will listen again to Kreymborg the poet.

The Little Review

Margaret C. Anderson's Chicago monthly, whose January-February number has arrived at our desk, contains a variety of American and English contemporary poetry. But I think Miss Anderson herself should write a little more for her own paper. Her criticism is sound and she knows how to write.

Art Notes

That Benjamin West was a very prolific painter is evidenced in an article in this little magazine published monthly "In the Interests of American Art and the Macbeth Gallery." In a catalogue issued in 1829 containing a list of paintings found in his studio after his death, no less than one hundred and eighty pictures were listed. They brought the handsome sum of \$125,000.

The Branch Library News

About the great American novel, that imaginary book which people fancy will be written some day and which will be typical of this country and its people, speaks the editor in the current issue of this helpful publication published by the New York Public Library. It announces a memorial exhibition of Alexander Wilson Drake's wood engravings by the art and prints division of the library.

Contemporary Verse

The bad poet, whose interviews and effusions are spooking in contemporary trade papers wrongly called literary or book reviews, found in this new Washington, D. C., venture, a nice nest to hatch admirers, by expressing his own admiration for their unspeakable word machinations which they choose to call poetry. In a recent issue of a "leading" literary weekly, he says: "Its poetry is admirably selected; it would be difficult to find any other American magazine verse more notable for originality and imagination than that which fills the February number of 'Contemporary Verse.'"

Who is next in the self-admiration society?

Book-Plate Notes.

To answer a great many inquiries of the past weeks: Clara Tice ventured into the field of book-plate designing. A few of her plates can be found in the catalogue of the exhibition of book plates held in Bruno's Garret last year. Her book-plate designs are most appropriate for children's books and for books on costumes and fashions.



Bookplate by Clara Tice

"The Miscellany," the official organ of the American Book-plate Society which has been edited since its existence by H. A. Fowler, in Kansas City, will appear henceforth quarterly under the editorship of Mrs. Elisabeth C. T. Miller, 1010 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

We find in a current issue of "The Miscellany" that Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, of Newport, R. I., is making a check-list of Angling Book-plates and would like to hear from any collectors owning such, as he wishes to make the list as complete as possible.

Under the auspices of the Palette and Chisel Club of Chicago, Winnifred and Leroy Truman Goble exhibited recently their large collection of book-plates. Mr. Goble is a collector from the standpoint of an art connoisseur. He is mostly interested in modern artists, American as well as European. Especially his collection of plates by Franz von Bayros is an almost complete representation of everything done by this Viennese artist. The exhibit was considered important enough to be made accessible to the lovers of drawings and etchings at large, and was placed in the Fine Arts Museum in Chicago.

Sonnet**The Louvre May, 1848.****Heine the Poet.****Venus of Milo.**

H. Dear lady mine of Milo, I am here;
 V. To worship at my long neglected shrine?
 H. To drink perchance a cup of deadly wine;
 V. With me to guide; what need is there of fear?
 H. Life is become a leaf of yesteryear.
 V. My poor pale poet—yet not wholly mine—
 H. Alas! the bitter Rood is for a sign.
 V. Woe's me! the Christ steals my last worshipper!
 H. 'Twixt Heaven and Hell His torn hands beckon me.
 V. O for some isle Aegean, far away!
 H. Crawling from out my mattress-grave I came—
 V. Not one is left to call on Beauty's name.
 H. To bid my own heart's Queen farewell for aye.
 V. Ah Heaven! that I had arms to succour thee.

A. R. Bayley.

Wall Street Reflections

VARIETY may be the spice of life, but Wall Street doesn't like too much of this kind of spice served up in the market.

How much of the movement for the last fortnight was short covering and how much actual buying is not agreed upon. However, both factions help the upward movement. The market has responded excellently to favorable news but there is a great deal of criticism for failure to "follow through" with the push necessary to put prices. When earnings and dividends entitle them to be, a standard form of report to stockholders (preferably quarterly if not monthly) should be made mandatory by law of this country for companies, so that stockholders will know the true condition of business.

Some years ago when the Interstate Commerce Commission introduced a standard form for railroad reports, there was a storm of protest, but no National regulation act ever did more for the good name of our country's railroad investments. The time is ripe now for the stockholders to rise up and demand what is what.

A very good case in point was the action of California Petroleum last week; the annual report could not be understood—and why not have the cards all face up.

The best evidence of "prosperity of industries" is the U. S. Steel Corporation report of unfilled orders booked.

More orders are refused than are entered. Prices from \$5 to \$15 per ton above current prices are offered for guarantee of delivery.

New contracts for war goods amounting to probably 50 millions were placed in the last few days. This estimate is given upon known advance payments of about 10 millions.

The way seems cleared for a good many stocks to respond to current earnings on war business of from 20 to 60 per cent. per annum.

Those investing permanently, or who desire to handle their funds conservatively, should not be lured by the attractive appearing war industrials; for the quick trader, yes—the stocks have their advantage.

For the first time in history the industries of the United States are in the unique position of having "too much business." Wall Street has yet to show acute symptoms of recognizing the fact that this is a Presidential year.

U. S. Steel & Midvale stocks are among the cheapest in the market—for the business is not of a transitory nature.

Coppers are attractive and should furnish some dividend surprises.

The New Mexican crisis did not affect the stock market, which is a bit of evidence of stability and hint of underlying tendencies.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. report issued Monday showed earnings equal to 9.09 per cent. on capital stock. Number of stockholders 97,512, of which 32,000 are employees,—the majority of stockholders are women.

Less than 3 per cent. of Company's stock is held abroad, a reduction of virtually 1 per cent. from year 1914. This shows this stock is practically immune from danger of heavy unloading by foreign holders affected by war rumors.

Only an enlarged supply of new equipment will relieve the congestion of freight from which the railroads are suffering.

"Juxius"

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

March 25th, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

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MARCH 25th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

Honor in War

The idea of honour is associated with war. But to whom does the honour belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth, who sit at their well spread board and hire others to take the chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds, and to linger in comfortless hospitals, certainly this mass reap little honour from war. The honour belongs to those who immediately engage in it. Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant, and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honourable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist. It is a dreadful necessity, such as good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and, though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honourable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race the discoverer of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong comfort, adorn and cheer human life; and if these arts be honourable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?"

Dr. Channing.

The Forum Exhibition, Stieglitz and the Victim

FLAMING RED, Irish Green, Saffron Yellow—a frame of square, heavy, black wood.

Black and atrocious Blue, rectangular carmine Red, half-moons here and there, diverging lines of Brown—a narrow white oak frame.

A broad stroke of green with purple daisies, white grass, a bunch here and a bunch there, red cactuses on the far pale horizon, two figures with disheveled black hair, enormous necks, heads bowed, the woman's breasts hanging to her knees, the man's hands reaching almost the toes of his feet—a rich, gilded frame.

A naked woman, walking on air, yellow flowers beneath her, gray clouds above her, her right shoulder above her right ear, her left shoulder sloping nearly down to her left

Copyright 1916 by Guido Bruno

hip. No nose, but the right eye covers the cavity—a fragile white enamel frame.

Bridges and houses and temples and towers and churches, all green and red and blue and white and black, like the building blocks of children, pressed tight together, compressed into a deep frame . . .

Mr. Stieglitz, Alfred Stieglitz, absolute monarch of "291", autocrat of the dinner table (Holland House), champion of the sixth dimension, high priest of the fifth Buddha, connoisseur of the distorted anatomy and of the landscape torn apart: in the centre room. Lieutenants with flying neckties and long hair, hurrying forth and back like zealous couriers, a blue coated watchman back of a big table, loaded with publications: Camera work \$1.50, Forum exhibition \$1, Camera work \$2.50 . . .

A row of comfortable, inviting seats.

One can overlook all three galleries; eleven walls. Stieglitz walks up and down. The modern Ali Baba. Will he speak the magic word? The sesame open thee. He walks down and up. The reporter of a morning paper whispers in his right ear, and the courier of art news for an evening paper spreads before his eyes a report printed in his last evening's paper. Stieglitz walks up and down, and down and up. He does not smile, he does not speak. The elevators spit out every minute a new lot of arrivals. And Stieglitz walks up and down, down and up. They point at him. But the key to enlightenment, is hidden securely in his pocket and his coat is buttoned up; and he walks up and down, down and up. His body seems to walk three steps back of his soul, it is an eternal race, down and up, up and down, "291", Holland House, modern Gallery, Anderson Gallery, up and down, down and up, the body ahead of the soul, the soul ahead of the body . . .

My chair is comfortable. But the walls! The rays from the skylight! Green. Red. Blue. Purple. Yellow. Green and yellow. Orange. Black and blue. And Red. Red. Red. Green, yellow; green, yellow; green, yellow. A head on a terrible neck. A deformed hand sticking out of a mass of brown and black squares and circles. Feet without toes, arms with fungus growths and rheumatic knots, buildings and earth and wrecked bridges and wild rivers and clouds, frozen to shapeless heaps . . . it rotates and rolls and turns and rotates and rises and falls, and writhes and writhes around and around and explodes and burns up and writhes again; hard labor, inspiration, imagination, illusion—delusion . . . trying, trying, trying again. Lies and truth—more lies, less truth . . . a big beautiful bubble.

It bursts.

I arise, I leave my seat. Stieglitz is walking up and down, down and up. The blue-coated man back of the periodical counter is selling Forum exhibition catalogues. The elevator is awaiting me.

Down into the street. Ah! how wonderfully pure seems the air on a cold March morning, even here in Fortieth Street in the heart of smoky old New York.

Guido Bruno.

The Bulletinboard of Comines

The Story of a French City

After the German of Dr. Hans Poehlmann, German Field Chaplain at Comines, by Guido Bruno.

GERMAN soldiers in all streets and at the market place, at hard work to care for the sick and wounded. With heavy steps a regiment returns from the firing line; with serious looks but high spirits, a battalion crosses the market place, passes the Cafe de la Paix, called to the front. In front of the town hall the German watch are doing routine duty as they would at home in their barracks. The town hall itself, the Mairie, is the seat of the German commander. A Bavarian major rules here over the city and population of Comines.

The beautiful old Gothic church is transformed into a field hospital. Rhododendron and magnolias are in bloom in the Jardin Public. In the midst of a fine old lawn is a stinking heap of refuse. Cattle were being killed there and had been since the German occupation.

It is a little city of nine to ten thousand inhabitants. It has lived through an exciting period the last few weeks. The torn and damaged sheets on the bulletin board of the town hall tell its short but grave story of suffering: from happiness to sorrow, from life to death. Here they are inviting its population to festivals, vibrating with the terrors of war and finally silenced by the almighty order of the German general.

The Republic of France.
Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

The City of Comines.

The 14th of July, 1914: A National Holiday.

Great ascension of carrier pigeons. Distribution of cake. At 6 o'clock, a grand concert in the city park. At 9 P. M., a public dance at the market place. All public buildings will be decorated and illuminated in the evening.

D. Dugarin, Knight of the Legion of Honor.
July 28, 1914.

To the Nation of France:

Notwithstanding the endeavors of our diplomatic corps the political situation in Europe is very grave. At present most of the governments have their armies mobilized. Even countries neutral, and therefore not immediately affected, are preparing to defend their borders if necessary.

France, who always demonstrated her peacefulness and always advised previously in critical days like these to be moderate and to abstain from the horrors of war, is also prepared for things unforeseen but which might happen. It must now take steps similar to those taken by other governments.

Comines,
Sept. 18, 1914.

To pacify the families who have sons or fathers with our armies I beg to declare that I have not received up to date, letters, notes or communications containing authentic reports about possible casualties of our fellow-citizens. I complained on several occasions about the unforgiveable negligence with which our mails seem to be handled. But I was not able to change the situation.

My dear fellow-citizens, be courageous, have patience! The same second I receive communications of or about your beloved ones, immediately I shall communicate them to you.

The Major.

Official Telegram.

Bordeaux, Oct. 7, 1914.

Nothing new has happened of special interest. A very violent battle raged near Roye and we finally were victorious. The general outlook is very satisfactory.

The Major.

Comines, Oct. 15, 1914.

My dear Fellow-citizens:

I implore you, do not act against the orders of the German commanders. Do all you can to satisfy them. The smallest misdemeanor on your part would mean destruction to the city and to the population. Upon your attitude depends the life of all the inhabitants and the fate of Comines.

In case of a battle, keep to your cellars and close doors and windows. My dear fellow-citizens, do not be afraid. Be calm! Count on us as we are counting on you.

Your Major.

Oct. 22, 1914.

The Major of the city of Comines implores all his fellow-citizens to return to their homes and to keep quiet in case German troops should march through our city. Women and children are prohibited from gathering in the streets. The inciter of false alarms will be arrested and transported to Lille.

The Major.

Nov. 2, 1914.

The Major, the Priest and six of the most prominent citizens of Comines are prisoners in the town hall. In case the German troops are molested in word or action all of us will be shot dead.

City of Comines, Nov. 18, 1914.

Order of the Commanding General to the Citizens of Comines.

1. All healthy men between the ages of 16 to 50 will assemble this morning at 9.30 in front of the

town hall ready to be used for general work by the Commanding General.

2. All who do not obey this order are exposing the city and its population to the severest measures.

3. Every act of hostility and every attempt to communicate with the hostile army will be punished by immediate death.

4. All traffic in the entire city has to stop, especially at the banks of the Lys.

This is the simple little story told by the bulletin board in front of the town hall of Comines, the French border city.

Passing Paris

Paris, March 1st, 1916.

THE announcements of publications as they appear respectively in France and in England are significant of the difference in intellectual stamina between the two nationalities. The literature of the one country is equally in vogue with the other, but, whereas the English make timorous and tardy retrospective adventures, their neighbors prefer to explore among the most modern British authors. Of these Mr. G. K. Chesterton seems to answer to a demand. M. Charles Grolleau is about to follow up Mme. Isabelle Riviere's competent translation of "The Barbarity of Berlin" with "The Crimes in England," and Dr. Sarolea's "The French Renascence" has had the advantage of appearing under the auspices of the same expert, who is also taking part in a rendering of "What Europe Owes to Russia," equally by Dr. Both books will be published by Cres, whose forthcoming war literature also comprises a prose study by Verhaeren: "Parmi les Cendres" (Collection Rellum); "La Maison Anxieuse," by Lucien Descaves; and "Impressions de Guerre," by Henri Massis (with a frontispiece by M. Maurice Denis). The last-named author has written a life of Ernest Psichari (great-nephew of Ernest Renan), one of the war's earliest literary victims, for "L'Art Catholique," where M. Charles Grolleau is about to add to his most eminent feats with a version, accompanied by a biographical notice, of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" and other selections. This poet has only once before been attempted by a French translator, who openly capitulated before a certain passage, leaving blanks in their place—a more honest expedient, certainly, than lame or deceptive renderings.

M. Anatole France has prefaced M. Paul Fort's lyric bulletins, "Poemes de France," which, after having appeared periodically, have been issued in volume by Payot (3fr.50.)

Among several new reviews announced is one entitled "Demain," founded by M. Henri Guildebeaux and published at Geneva, a locality chosen, as it were, to emphasize an ap-

parently intended neutral attitude to everything except "humanity and truth," the ideals for which it claims to stand.

A feminist review, "Les Rayons," is reappearing at Bordeaux.

The poet P. J. Jouve, who has occasionally been mentioned in these pages, is convalescent, after illness contracted during the care of sick and wounded soldiers, a task he had undertaken voluntarily, being exempted from military service.

M. Alexandre Mercereau is also recovering from typhoid fever contracted at the Front, where he has been acting as stretcher-bearer during many long months.

And it is with great regret that I learn of the painful disablement of M. Pierre Tournier, a young poet whose chronicle of English letters in "Pan" I always read with much interest. He suffered his terrible accident, entailing the loss of one hand and damage to the other, heroically, saying he was glad to have done his duty.

Muriel Giolkoswska

From the Egoist, London

Folklore From Montenegro

After Oral Traditions by Guido Brune

DURING the wars of liberation fought in Montenegro against the supremacy of the Turks, women were equal comrades of men. They shared the trials and hardships of war as well as the pleasures of home life. The handshai in one hand, the rifle in the other, their infant tied to the breast, the apron filled with bullets, they were invincible. At camp-fires and home in the spinning-room on long winter evenings, tales are narrated of these heroines of yore, of these women who fought side by side with their lovers and fathers and husbands.

As castles they have the mountains,
As shelter the heavens,
As bed the rocks,
And as sweethearts their rifles.

I.

EVERY tree is a flag-pole,
Every rock a fortress for the sons of the mountains,
Who eat gunpowder like bread,
Bullets like meat,
Slaughtering the Turks like goats.
For the plains are thirsting for water,
And the mountains for snow,
The hawks for birds,
—And the Montenegrins for Turks.

For gold we have our iron,
With which we slaughtered them,
With which we made to widows,
Women, virgins and girls.

II.

THE slopes are plowed with carcasses,
And the trees are vested with blood-saturated rags
instead of their foliage:
Dig me a grave, but dig it high and broad,
That I can load my rifle, that I can swing my handshar.
Do not forget a little window,
That swallows may bring spring to me and nightingales
be the messengers of the May moon,
So that birds flutter in and out, carrying to me messages,
Messages from the Black Mountains and from my sons.
Leave open the grave around my ear,
So that I can recognize the sound of my rifle which I left
you and you are using in the battle;
But every evening, returning from the fight, come and tell me
how many you have killed,
Until my ear has heard the glad tidings,
That all of them have perished and are dead.

Two Fables

The Singing-Bird

DAMON presented his Phillis with a bird which he had caught in the woods, whose song, he assured her, was exquisite. The shepherdess, delighted with her present, was never tired of petting it; its cage was kept constantly filled with the most delicate food, which it devoured incessantly, but never sung a note—and no wonder—it had something better to do. Poor Phillis could not understand how her lover could have been so mistaken as to praise the song of a bird, which seemed to have been born dumb. One day, however, she went out, forgetting to replenish her cage as usual, and did not think of her darling till evening, when she hurried home, fearing to find it dead or dying. But what was her surprise to find it filling the whole house with the most delightful strains of music. She now saw the cause of his silence and took care to avoid it for the future.

In this way, Providence always keeps poets hungry—and why? Because, then, they sing the best.

The Apple Tree and the Tul'p

A GARDENER had a splendid tulip, the pride of his grounds which he tended with parental pride. On a sudden, a violent hail-storm arose, which beat down all his

plants, and destroyed, in an hour, all the promises of the year. As soon as it was over, disregarding everything else, he ran to his beloved tulip; and, when he found it shattered to pieces, broke out into loud lamenting. An apple tree, which stood near, shorn of its leaves and blossoms, overheard him, and answered angrily, "Dost thou mourn for the loss of an empty bauble, and yet hast no tears for my ruin; I, who supplied thee with fruit, and helped to sustain thy family?"

So it is with men—to petty evils they are sensitive—to great calamities indifferent.

After the German of Lichten

Animals Turned Authors

IF ANIMALS were to turn authors, the eagle would shine in epic, and the sheep in pastoral poetry. The elephant would produce an excellent treatise on philosophy, the horse employ his genius on chivalry; the cow on agriculture, and the dog cut a figure in the drama. The writings of the monkey would excel in satire and burlesque; while the cat would be distinguished for the sarcasm, envy, and disingenuousness of his composition. The style of the lion would be bold, abrupt and Pindaric; while the gander would be remarkable for the extreme verbosity and diffuseness of his language. The badger would probably attempt a treatise on the medical effect of perfumes, the turkey a disquisition on the mock heroic. The genius of the owl would exhibit itself in the composition of elegies, epitaphs and solemn dirges; that of the bear in an essay on dancing. As for the hog, he could never excel in polite literature but might favor the world with a critical analysis of the philosophy of Bacon. The peacock would make an excellent contributor to the "Ladies Home Journal." The whale would write powerfully on the depopulating consequences of fishes, and the pigeon on letter-carrying. The goose would make a suffragette of the first class, and would be famous for dealing in scandal. The magpie would be a notorious plagiarist, cabbaging ideas at all hands. As for the parrot, he would not indulge much in written composition, but be fond of showing off as a public speaker. For composing political harangues, the ass would be unrivaled.

Cat's Paw

The Movies Need Criticism

I HAVE been going around to some picture shows, latterly. Broadly speaking, the picture shows are getting bad. They are not as good as they were five years ago, though they are more pretentious. There's a lot of talk about the need for a moral censorship of the films. That's bosh. The public will do the moral censoring, all right. What the movie films need is criticism. They should get it good and hard, straight from the shoulder. All they get now from the big daily papers is indiscriminate boosting. I think that more

and more drama films are protracted bores. I know they spoil the novels, that I have read, from which they are made. I saw Ibsen's "Ghosts" hideously butchered once. And De Wolf Hopper in "Don Quixote" was a crime. The film is made out of that famous lougeur in the masterpiece, the tale of Cardenio. The film is more tiresome than the tale. Someone has told me that the only real movie successes are the comedic things; that no drama has yet been done satisfactorily. So long as the movies are not critieised, so long will the film men turn out anything that can possibly "get by." Maybe the movie men are doing the best they can. Probably they are. But criticism would make them do better. The newspapers criticise baseball management and playing. Why should they not do the same to the moving pictures? I am not a movie fan, but I hear a great deal of complaint from people who are such, to the effect that there are too many films presented which are, to put it plainly, dull. While we must not expect too much of the movie, which is rather new as yet, there's nothing wrong about expecting their best. It is my impression that the movie magnates are trying to do too much in too great haste. They are filming everything that has been advertised, without regard to fitness for such treatment. They cannot, apparently, do drama. They do big things in spectacular—like "The Birth of a Nation" and some other pieces, but they have not mastered the play proper. Dramatic criticism of films, with due regard, of course, for the limitations of the medium, would be salutary for the moving picture business. I think the movies are getting into ruts of conventionality. They are too young, too new for that. Criticism will jolt them out of their tendency to monotony of effect.

William Marion Reedy in his St. Louis Mirror.

In Our Village

(The following letter penned for us by William H. Oliver, an old-time resident of the village, and one who knows the history of every house and every mansion in it, speaks for itself. It voices, surely the sentiment of a good many others, and many who do not dare to even think that a reactionary movement would in reality mean progress.)

WHETHER we are willing to admit it or no, it is nevertheless true, that while the cold and calculating demands of business leaves little room for sentiment, still, the human make-up is such that the memories of youth play an important part in shaking the finer side of life, and way down, and deeper perhaps in the heart of some than in others, there is a tender feeling, not only for one's cradle town, but also for the things that were then pleasureable to look at, and the things that made life worth while.

It will not do to say that all the ways of old were the only good ways, and that those of to-day are turning us from paths that were good enough for our forefathers, to those

that lead, we know not where; but on the other hand we can say, that many of the old ways have been discarded, only because they were old, and not because we found something better.

What we call up-to-dateness and modernism is, in the analysis, a product born of excitement, a restless desire for change, a going from one thing to another, and although there is a measured tendency in some directions for a return to some of the ways of old, the fear of being called old fashioned is the tyrant that speeds us on to seek new activities and novelty in entertainment.

Back to the farm and the simple life has a meaning greater than tilling the soil; it beckons back to a life we loved so well and a life that seems more worth while as against the present day existence that demands new scenes, new faces, and new excitement each hour.

Let us be honest with ourselves; we are tired of it; we seek relief; the hot water heater with its long pipe standing in the corner has lost its novelty; the electric push-button never did have a charm, but satisfied an impatience born of hurry. The single plate glass window is no longer valued as something new, and is now nothing more than a transparent partition behind which the stores show off their wares.

Dinner is served, has brushed aside the music of the dinner bell, and modernism seems at times to tell us that it is vulgar to be hungry, and in public places, to eat, is an excuse to be entertained by poor acting, and sounds of string and wind instruments called music.

The family album is something of the past, but where it does remain, it is kept higher up in the closet, and old pictures are turned to the wall to make room for those that show the latest and newest examples of the dressmaker and tailors' art.

The back yard has been crowded out to make room for the apartment house depriving even the flowers of the opportunity to turn their faces to the sun.

The casement sash, the window box, the bird cage and white front door have given way to all that is strictly new and up to date, and why? Time was, when being able to have all that was new was a mark of progress, and an evidence of worldly possessions, which in turn brushed aside special fitness, and the personal note of the old home.

All things up to date have their places, and by invention do we measure progress, but on the other hand, a change is often times a going back, rather than a moving forward. With it all, however, and as much as many regret the passing of the old ways, and while New York seems destined in some localities to change from a private house city to an apartment settlement, there is still the Greenwich Village and Chelsea section, that has shown a stubborn resistance to the bricks and mortar of the speculative builder, that seems to point to a return of this part of the city to something of its old time home life.

It remains, however, for those who can, to do their part. Many of the vacant and poorly rented houses would find desirable tenants if they were put in complete order and freshened up; sidewalks levelled and yard fences straightened; cellars concreted, and hot air furnaces and open fireplaces made workable; open plumbing should replace the old boxed in kind, for sanitary reasons if for no other.

The old pine floor, put in shape to receive rugs, or replaced with hard wood. The dark and dingy basements brightened up and made a place where better work would be done.

The old inside shutters and outside blinds made to work, or else discarded. An elevator, too, so that stair climbing would be lessened; lower the door openings; get rid of the meaningless walnut woodwork as a feature in the room; it never had a fitness, and was only used because it cost more than painted wood.

Books and Magazines of the Week

OSCAR WILDE'S impressions of America, a lecture delivered by him before many distinguished audiences after his return from his two sojourns in the United States, are the contents of the current issue of the Bruno Chap Books. His "Impressions of America" appeared in a limited edition of five hundred copies in 1906 in a privately printed pamphlet edited by Stuart Mason, who also wrote an introduction to this highly interesting document Wilde left as a momento for America. "Oscar Wilde visited America in the year 1882. Interest in the Aesthetic School, of which he was already the acknowledged master, had sometime previously spread to the United States, and it is said that the production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience," in which he and his disciples were held up to ridicule, determined him to pay a visit to the States to give some lectures explaining what he meant by Aestheticism, hoping thereby to interest, and possibly to instruct and elevate our transatlantic cousins.

He set sail on board the "Arizona" on Saturday, December 24th, 1881, arriving in New York early in the following year. On landing he was bombarded by journalists eager to interview the distinguished stranger. "Punch," in its issue of January 14th, in a happy vein, parodied these interviewers, the most amusing passage in which referred to "His Glorious Past," wherein Wilde was made to say, "Precisely—I took the Newdigate. Oh! no doubt, every year some man gets the Newdigate; but not every year does Newdigate get an Oscar."

At Omaha, where, under the auspices of the Social Art Club, Wilde delivered a lecture on "Decorative Art," he de-

scribed his impressions of many American houses as being "illy designed, decorated shabbily, and in bad taste, filled with furniture that was not honestly made, and was out of character." This statement gave rise to the following verses:

*What a shame and what a pity,
In the streets of London City
Mr. Wilde is seen no more.
Far from Piccadilly banished,
He to Omaha has vanished.
Horrid place, which swells ignore.*

*On his back a coat he beareth,
Such as Sir John Bennet weareth,
Made of velvet—strange array!
Legs Apollo might have sighed for,
Or great Hercules have died for,
His new breeches now display.*

*Waving sunflower and lily,
He calls all the houses "illy
Decorated and designed."
For of taste they're not a tittle;
They may chew and they may whittle;
But they're all born colour-blind!*

His lectures dealt almost exclusively with the subjects of Art and Dress Reform. In the course of one lecture he remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden Town where he met Walt Whitman. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. On the table was a simple cruse of water. This led to a parody, in the style of Whitman, describing an imaginary interview between two poets, which appeared in "The Century" a few months later. Wilde is called Narcissus and Whitman Paumanokides.

Poetry

John Gould Fletcher's Arizona poems are probably some of the happiest contributions that have appeared for a long time in this exponent of the verse of our day.

The birthplace of American poetry—American for other reasons than because it was written by a man 'born in America—are those plains and mountains which are untouched from all influences. From here will emanate real American poetry. Here will it be that the American painting, the American sculpture and American literature, both prose and verse, will see the light of the world.

And not such men, who create their impressions by comparison of things they have seen and things they are observing out there, will be the artists. The glorious simplicity of nature and of humans will find expression through one who was always a part of that country.

The Newarker

The current issue of this magazine, published monthly by the Committee of One Hundred as a record of work in

the progress of events for the Newark celebration in 1916, contains a reproduction of the poster which won the first prize of \$500 in the Newark Poster Competition. It was designed by Helen Dryden and that, doubtless, is the only excuse for its existence. Take away the name and there is an ugly drawing left, hideous in its conception and in its execution.

The Wild Hawk

The entire February issue is devoted to an essay on the Socialization of Art by George Pauli, translated from the Swedish by Karl Erich Lindin. He calls the most interesting episode of his career—this deliberate and successful attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the revolutionary theories of the modern artistic movement.

Der Sturm

Very scarce for the past six months have been the mails from the continent of Europe, German periodicals especially are rarely to be seen. The February issue of the organ of the Futurists of Germany, France and Switzerland contains a series of ex libris by modern artists. They look like paintings at present exhibited in the Forum Exhibition, and their chief distinction is that they do not give the name of the owner of the plate. He is supposed to be characterized sufficiently in the design and the execution of the drawing to be recognized by those who know him.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

The Bruno Players

"Miss Julia" will continue on the program during the coming week. The performances take place Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday at 8.45 p. m., and the Saturday matinee at 3 p. m. The curtain rises respectively at eight forty-five and three sharp, and the doors are closed during the performance. Late-comers are not being admitted. The next programme will present a comedy of Strindberg which will prove that the Great Swede has the same sense of the comedy in life that he has manifested so often for the inevitable tragedy. Also a war play by an American author, which unrolls before our eyes a vivid picture of things that are or could be, will be on the bill of which the first performance is scheduled for Monday, March 27.

Musicales

Saturday evening only Mr. Loran Timmermann, a baritone, will sing a selection of songs, among which will be "Requiem" by Sidney Homer, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" by Arthur F. Tate, and "Three for Jack" by W. H. Squire.

Miss Belle Stowell, who has a beautiful soprano voice which is being trained for the concert stage, will add to the programme with the following numbers: "Ave Maria" by Bach-Gounod, "Du bist die Ruh" by Schubert, "Pastorale" by Bizet, and "Red, Red Rose" by Cottenham.

Book-Plate Notes.



Unique, perhaps, among all the book-plates of America is this one designed and printed in a prison, by a prisoner, for a prisoner, to be used in books on penology. No. 5153 started a collection of books on penology and as editor of GOOD WORDS he has access to a good many periodicals and papers which he surveys carefully for all material on or about prisons or prison life, and his collection of extracts and clippings surely will be of largest interest.

A communication from an old book-plate collector, Hiram E. Deats, one of the veteran collectors of America, voices in a recent letter to us a rather discouraging spirit among ex libris collectors. He says: "I sold my collection of book-plates some years ago, but keep up my membership in the society to keep in touch with old friends. French is gone, Blackwell has sold his recently, Allen is in the linen business or something of the sort, the XL Society of London went to pieces. Fred Libbie, the Boston auctioneer, still has his collection but don't look at it. I am now putting in my spare time on local historical work. Next month and for a time, it will be out-door work."

A copy of Beardsley's own book-plate drifted into our kennel last week. It was in an insignificant copy of a French still more insignificant novel, but with the artist's own signature.

The Last of the War Correspondents.

(Continued from last week)

"But you will be killed if you do that," I remonstrate. "This is a revolution and they hate barons here on principle."

"Never you will be afraid of that," he smiles. "I think I know these people. I have studied their history. It is fatal for you to be their equal. That way they will murder you. So do not worry or whimper. We have to live through this and it must be roughly we live. It is all they understand."

"You intend to plug your way through?"

"Already it may be too late," he answers. "There is a man who calls himself Colonel Lorraine, but who is really August Beinhacker and an Austrian anarchist. He is chief of Secret Service for Carranza." Then he stopped, fearing to tell me what I afterwards found out concerning his relations with his government.

It is later in the day and I am before the hotel. A fat lousy beggar, cock-eyed and strong is before me demanding money. Nothing will do him but two pesos. I excuse myself a moment and enter the bar of the hotel. Von Kriegelstein is toying with a bottle of good Mexican beer. He toys while I explain. He frowns.

"Damnation! You have forgotten to register your character. That is a fatal omission my young friend. Here," he drew out his pistol and handed it to me. "Remember only once in the fleshy part of his leg and bring me back my good pistol."

"You mean I should take a shot at him. He is only a beggar."

The baron arose. I followed him to the door. "Now then, you see," he whispered pointing to a small group across the street. "They are waiting the outcome. If you do not immediately register character I cannot travel with you. It would be deadly. You will be stabbed from behind. Go at once to the beggar and give him one good blow on the nose. Knock him down and when he is down do not neglect to spit on him."

Well, it was one thing or the other. So my beggar went down and I fulfilled the bargain to the letter. Then we re-entered the hotel and a moment later three of the numberless lieutenants and sub-tenants insisted on a round of drinks to the very welcome correspondents. Character was registered. It may sound incredible, but though they hated the baron in Monterey, no one chanced an encounter with him. He knew the heart of the people of Mexico.

"That is why nobody will shoot General Villa" said the baron. "He has been registering character for years."

"You believe in force?"

"Force is gentle sometimes," he laughed. "It relieves these people of the mental pain of trying to understand through the brain."

Later came Beinhacker and demanded a share of the receipts of the baron's news bureau. Von Kriegelstein led him to the street affably and waited until plenty were about before scientifically cursing him for a thief. Frankness above all characterized the interview. We had made an enemy more powerful than we knew. Now the secret service of Carranza was looking after us.

It was before General Gonzales the next day. The general had twenty-one thousand troops left in town, he told us, and forty Mondragon-Canet field pieces.

(To be continued)

Wall Street Reflections

THE Spring rise on stocks is now an accomplished fact. How long and how far will it extend is a practical question.

Sponsors for the "War Brides" are puzzled to find an excuse for another boom. Avoid hallucinations and look to the securities represented by such real business as export trade, manufacturing, railroad traffic and farm production. Locomotive and equipment stocks are most attractive inventions.

The limit of this country's capacity for creating new wealth is nearly reached, viz., the limit of mechanical means and the limit of labor. We have plenty of capital. To increase the mechanical means of production requires time and labor, but if we have time we have not the labor. Formerly labor was imported, which is now practically impossible on account of the war.

The purchase of Government bonds by the Federal Reserve Bank last week marks a new and interesting stage in the passage from the old banking system to the new.

It is rumored that the new banking affiliations for Mexican Petroleum Co. are the Standard Oil interests.

On visits across the pond it has long been the custom of the American business men to laugh at the habit of taking tea during business hours, but at last this habit has invaded Wall Street, as I notice among the recent listings on the Stock Exchange the name of a large and flourishing tea concern. This may take the place of some of the stronger beverages which so far have been our only liquid refreshments.

It is rumored that a milk and seltzer company is also being formed.

"Junius"

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Herman Sudermann

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

April 1st, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 14.

APRIL 1st, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

La Mer

*A white mist drifts across the shrouds,
A wild moon in this wintry sky
Gleams like an angry lion's eye
Out of a mane of tawny clouds.*

*The muffled steersman at the wheel
Is but a shadow in the gloom;—
And in the throbbing engine room
Leap the long rods of polished steel.*

*The shattered storm has left its trace
Upon this huge and heaving dome,
For the thin threads of yellow foam
Float on the waves like ravelled lace.*

Oscar Wilde

Concerning the Fashions of Our Girls

THE best of it is there are none whatever. And because our days represent the student days for female attires on the street and in the drawing-room, and because of the many good features they have in fellowship, we most heartily welcome the eccentricities of cut and of color.

What were the women of fifty years ago, of twenty-five years ago? Replicas of mode journals, strict followers of the rules and regulations set down by importers of fashions, designers of fashion plates, publishers of fashion periodicals and the latter ones mostly and greatly influenced by shop owners and tailoring establishments.

Of course, the two fashion journals of yore, which not only imported their drawings, but even the very plates from which their illustrations were struck off, are supplanted by scores of mode journals. But how different is the spirit of the fashion journal of today!

Originality and individuality are strongly encouraged.

There are always people extant who have no ideas whatever, who wouldn't know what to do with their lives if they couldn't pattern themselves after the lives of others. They, too, must be taken care of. Hence, the pages of minutious description of this or that gown for such and such occasion. But the dominating spirit is that of freedom. Here is what such a woman did and here you can see how it looks. Now you know yourself, you know the color of your hair, you know what colors are most becoming to your complexion—go and do likewise! The abandonment of rigid, tight-fitting

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shapes made home manufacture of clothes much easier. To drape the human figure, rather than to force it into a shape was a great step forward on the road to complete liberation from set traditions and as law-accepted conventions.

Never in the history of fashions could one see so many fundamentally differently clad women on the same street, at the same time. Just take a walk on Fifth Avenue in the noon hour. Saleswomen, shop-girls and office employees, mingle with shoppers and with idlers out to take a stroll. A kaleidoscope of twentieth-centurised fashions of five past centuries. A lady with a long frock and a short jacket—hardly reaching her waistline. The jacket velvet, the hem of the frock velvet; it reminds one of the picturesque attire of the German burgfrau of the sixteenth century. Early empire, late empire and individual mixtures of both. The severe and dignified English tailor-made and the flippant mockish two-piece combination that flutters loosely and softly around shoulders and limbs and doesn't impress us at all as sewed, but just pinned together, and half of the pins fallen out. Even the department store patterns have a charm of colors which makes us forget the similarity of the many hundreds set loose on our streets.

And every once in a while we see a striking creature in a style of her own—striking in the real sense of the word; our eyes. We are not flirts but we cannot help to turn around and to look. Brilliant vivid colors are always striking. And our girls here in New York seem to have waited for this word of liberation that permits them to follow their own tastes and to wear whatever make them attractive; makes them the actor using the entire world as a background.

Of course, the Parisian is chic, she must be—she is so proverbially for the last four hundred years. The Viennese girl is "ein liebes Maedl," a dear. She has dimples in her cheeks, knows how to waltz and how to wear a permanent smile. And of course, all the other girls of all other nations have their own peculiar charms for which they are world-famous. And then there is our own Western girl with her pronounced inclination to be athletic and to carry herself in manners and costume accordingly. And there is the piquant Chicagoan.

But you just give me the New York girl! Bred and raised somewhere in the zig-zag of avenues and streets surrounding the Avenue, with her quick understanding of everything that is becoming to her, with her ability to acclimatize herself to all stations and conditions of life, with her kindness towards everyone with whom she is brought in contact in everyday life, with her unsilencible wit, and with her love for rhythm and for color. She surely is the queen of all.

If she has money, she knows well how to shop on Fifth avenue. And if she hasn't got it—and that's the great point in the life of everybody—she knows how to put herself together so that she herself has a pleasure in her existence and affords us a pleasure while we look at her.

Curls and rats and false hair are surely a thing of the past. The hair is tied modestly in a sober knot and then, if remonstrating curls insist on being forelocks—of course, that is an

entirely different thing. Walk through a department store, look at the cash girls and the sales girls! Uniformity, you say, imposed upon them by store regulations. All right. Come out in one of our parks on a Sunday afternoon, or walk to popular picnic grounds! There they are, real New York girls.

To look at these dresses and gowns and suits makes one think of old savage times. Everything seems to be handy as ornament or material as long as it has a feature that pleases its owner and suits her individually. Just like our uncivilized forefathers! They liked a tiger skin and hung it around their shoulders, they shot a strange bird with a gorgeous plumage and they stuck it in their hair, they caught together with their fish, some grotesque-looking inhabitants of the sea. They strung them on a rope and hung it around their neck. They found a mineral which could be used as a brilliant dyeing medium. Quickly they brought it into the weaving-room and smeared it on the materials they were going to use for clothing.

Look around, if you walk on our streets. Don't our New York girls do the same? What would this dreary life, with its daily heart-set routine be if there were not glaring red beads on a pale neck, hanging down over a yellow silk waist? It is the lack of color and of movement that made our forefathers puritan and hypocritic. If petticoats hidden by a skirt can be of glaring color, why not the skirt itself? If love of life and the oscillation of its mirth and its merriment can be felt and voiced on the street, the hiding cloak of severity and triste sobriety is unnecessary.

Money, station in life, an income has nothing whatever to do with the exalted feeling of happiness and of joy that we could not suppress even if we wanted to. The vivid colors and the shining flirt of decorations our girls are using is an expression of their attitude towards life. To suppress it would be unnatural. It would make them hypocrites, slaves of social regulations. Slaves, as that good old women in Salem, Mass., arrested in the year of our Lord, 1675, on the main street of her town because she wore in daylight, a glaring red dress and pink beads around her neck. And only after she had proved that her husband had an income of five hundred pounds a year, and therefore that she had a right to be happy and take the joyous attitude towards life, was she released and permitted to wear her garb in the future—provided her husband's income should not decrease. The crucial question in this court proceedings was not—as one would expect, as to whether she had honestly procured the necessary means to purchase her attire but as to whether she had a right to express her joy of life outwardly through the unusual colors of her costume. Because her husband had an income, she was officially granted the right to be happy and to manifest her happiness in colors, on the street, in daylight.

A piece of drapery, old tapestry, all kinds of things made for different uses picked up incidentally are used by our girls. Look at their heads, covered with the cretonne that was meant for the wall of the dining-room. Heaven knows

where they pick up the strangely-colored material for their waists and evening wraps. The lining of their jackets is as picturesque as the head gear of cossack-women visiting the annual church feast of their nearest market-place. If they have not enough material for a skirt, they put three or four different kinds in one garment, and the screaming contrast of colors is even harmonious if you like her well enough and your eyes are gradually being readjusted to the color schemes of our times.

Small and dandy shoes are no more the password of the girl who is looking for footgear. They must be comfortable in the first place. If you sit in the subway, let your eyes pass in review along the rows of feet. How full of character and individualism are they, since they are permitted to be a part of their owner's individuality!

This new way of dressing makes creators out of women. Since they realize that nothing else matters but to appear attractively and to feel comfortably, they have become inventors and explorers.

And so there has come a new meaning to the dresses of our women. Not only to cover their bodies and protect them against rain and shine do they wear their clothes; but as a real own, unprejudiced manifestation of their attitude towards life.

Guido Bruno

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington.

March 14th, 1916.

THE war draws off more and more young men. It has made savage inroads on our artistic talent, and among the latest recruits are Messrs. David Bomberg, whose brother has already been killed in France, and Wyndham Lewis. Lewis is really one of our most promising men, an artist of courage and intelligence—rare and holy combination. Lewis is almost our only painter with ideas. A Slade school student, he painted first in the manner of Augustus John. Then the Futurists and Cubists arrested his imagination, and for a while he became a disciple of Picasso and Picabia. But nearly always he has remained critical and conscious, and in his recent work he has evolved to a style of his own. I mention him because he has just decorated a salon at the Tour Eiffel restaurant in Charlotte street, which is perhaps the most characteristic Bohemian restaurant in London. "It is to be his last work before enlisting," said Stulik the proprietor to me. The Tour Eiffel is a famous place not yet discovered by Suburbia and the hungry middle class. Only foreigners and artists and silent connoisseurs resort to it. I should

never dream of referring to it in an English journal. It has remained with all the charm of its naive cuisine, its quiet and its Continental atmosphere for several years. May it survive the war. Stulik shares with many artists memories of students' frolics at his house—Baby parties, annual dinners, etc.—but I am not writing my reminiscences.

Speaking of the painters, I should think the new military law will break up the London group and the new realists of Cumberland Market.

An exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond street is interesting for two busts of two very interesting women—Miss Iris Tree and Miss Lillian Shelley (Mrs. John P. Flanagan). Both of these women are well known figures in the world of London's artistic and literary Bohemia, and a crowd of friends and interested people have been to see their "heads modelled by Mr. Jacob Epstein." This sculptor has a keen sense of rather brutal sense of character. It is with him rather as if he delighted to "knock out" his sitters with the vigour of his psychological penetration. He is a realist, almost to the point of mysticism one might say. It is a case with this artist of the idealism of the Jew working in the atmosphere of English practicalness or sense of business. As a result, it produces a practical effect, a "business" result which is startling and at the same time not quite English. This is nearly always the case with the Jews. I do not say it in any depreciation of them. Without them where would modern art be? But it is an observable fact. Thus in antiquity Hellenic, the Hellenic Jew of Gadara, is more Hellenic than any Greek poet; Heine more sentimentally German; Catulle Mendes or Bernstein, more obviously Parisian.

At the Alpine Club Gallery there is a mingled gathering of Cubists, Post-Impressionists and what-nots, a weak little show, rather suggestive of falling leaves or art's last roses. Mr. Nevinson introduces a note of reality.

Edward Storer.

Sancta Simplicitas!

by Tom Sleeper

HE was a poor man with no family and only an undeveloped inclination to live. Accordingly he rambled around town until run over by an omnibus. During the critical period immediately following in which he hovered between life and death at the hospital under the personal supervision of a gifted surgeon he suddenly saw a great light and in an inspired moment dedicated his hitherto fruitless soul and body to the advancement of surgical knowledge. The surgeon quick to grasp the possibilities of the idea reconstructed him in a highly creditable manner so that he soon found himself well and strong.

Experiments in grafting happened at this time to have caught the fancy of the surgical profession and forthwith

commenced a series of amputations and replacements on the willing Jones with signal success until he walked on unrelated legs, wrote with the arm of an unfortunate machinist, saw with the eyes of a still more unfortunate letter carrier, ate with the jaw of a deceased millionaire, digested his food with the transferred stomach of a longshoreman, breathed with fragments of several alien lungs, blushed with the result of various transfusions and was liberally overhauled in other directions.

Fired by the success of his operations and the submissiveness of his subject the surgeon pressed on to more delicate experiments involving the brain. Jones found himself one morning in definite possession of a knowledge of French. He remembered also, many experiences he had had in Paris, a city to which he had formerly believed himself a stranger. In a like manner he obtained a profound knowledge of astronomy and a smattering of related sciences. Once on recovering from the anaesthetic he found that he could recall snatches of speeches he had made while stumping the State for the governorship of Ohio. Later Greek and archeological information came to him unsolicited and many other disassociated recollections.

The surgeon rubbed his hands in satisfaction and made further substitutions. Into the fold of Brocca of the uncomplaining Jones was grafted odd bits of the folds of an assorted population. And Jones waxed exceeding well informed.

As time went on Jones puzzled over his past. How could he have been with a party of astronomers in Chili when he distinctly remembered that it was at this time he had been run over by an omnibus in New York. What explanation was there for the fact that on the day he had been presented the medal of the Legion of Honor by the President of France for researches in Cypress he had also been burned by a gas stove in a Chicago tenement. Then, too, he had distinct recollection of having died in a cafe in Scranton, Pa., while his common sense seemed to indicate that this was improbable.

And so it came to pass that one October afternoon a splendid specimen of physical manhood knocked at the door of my mountain hermitage. He spoke, saying:

"I am told that no part of myself is myself. That my great knowledge is not my own. But I have never ceased to live and function as myself. Now in the name of Allah who I ask you am I?"

Giver of light give me knowledge wherewith to answer this man.

Verses

By Stephen Crane

In the Night

*Grey, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God, alone.
"O Master, that movest the wind with a finger,
"Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.
"Grant that we may run swiftly across the world,
"To huddle in worship at Thy feet."*

In the Morning

*A noise of men at work came the clear blue miles,
And the little black cities were apparent.
"O Master, that knowest the wherefore of rain-drops,
"Humble, idle, futile peaks are we.
"Give voice to us, we pray, O Lord,
"That we may chant Thy goodness to the sun."*

In the Evening

*The far valleys were sprinkled with tiny lights.
"O Master,
"Thon who knowest the value of kings and swallows,
Thou hast made us humble, idle, futile peaks.
"Thou only needest eternal patience;
"We bow to Thy wisdom, O Lord—
"Humble, idle, futile peaks."*

In the Night

*Grey, heavy clouds muffled the valleys,
And the peaks looked toward God, alone.*

Truth and Fable

THE poets' goddess Fable, wandered once into a barbarous country, where she was assailed by a band of robbers. They found her purse empty, to make up for which they stripped her of her clothing. And lo! when the veil which covered her was removed, Truth stood before them.

The robbers were confounded, and humbly besought her to resume her garb; "for who," said they, "can bear to see Truth naked?"

After the German of Lichten

A HINT FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN—A singular custom prevailed in the city of ancient Thebes, which was, that the painter who exhibited the worst picture was subjected to a fine.

The "Drive" after Villa.

OUR "drive" into Mexico after Villa may be a more serious matter than many suppose. A guerrilla on his own terrain is hard to catch. The people are with him against his pursuers. So the pursuit of Pancho may be a stern chase. Moreover, there is the possibility of Villa's being made into a hero pressed by the hated gringoes. This might bring him strong support from the forces, none too cohesive at best, of the Constitutional First Chief. There is danger in Senor Carranza's meticulous punctilio on the point of our troops occupying towns as bases or using the Mexican railroads. He insists upon extreme deference from the power that has given his position whatever of stability it possesses. His "negotiosity" may very well be an aid to Villa's escape from our punitive expedition and at any time the amour propre of his party may be offended to the point of making common cause with Villa against the foreign invaders. Such co-operation as the Constitutional government renders us at this juncture is perfunctory, dilatory and grudging. In such a situation it is only ordinary precaution on our part to increase our forces in pursuit of the man who invaded this country and slaughtered a number of Americans. It is a ticklish business we are engaged in and there are partly hidden factors—possibly of European intrigue—therein that may turn our trailing of Villa into another war with Mexico. We cannot turn back. Therefore we must be prepared for whatever may happen in the course of our going ahead.

William Marion Reedy in his St. Louis Mirror.

Specimens of a New Dictionary

Servants—People who are fed and paid for making other people uncomfortable.

Argument—A series of positive assertions and denials, ending in a quarrel.

Public spirit—Readiness to do anything which is likely to prove lucrative.

Automobile—A machine designed to make jobs for the surgeons and coroner.

Prominent man—Anybody who will allow his name to be used by a quack of any kind—from a dentist to a dancing master.

Public Opinion—Whatever is advanced by three newspapers.

Popularity—The privilege of being abused and slandered.

Wit—A talent for uttering old jokes with a grave face.

Morality—Sinning with prudence and secrecy.

Respectability—Five thousand dollars a year.

Talent—Friendly relations with editors and producers.

Cat's Paw.

Chinese Letters

by Alan W. S. Lee (*Wuhu, China*)

(*Mrs. Elizabeth H. Russell, sent us a cheery letter from Old Sudbury Road, Wayland, Mass., where she is writing in the seclusion of this sleepy New England town.*)

"I wish I could send you the big loaf of sponge cake I have just made but I fear it would crumble on the route. I will not forget about the apple pie. But I do send with this some extracts from my young friends' letters from China. I have bushels more, and the one that I think loveliest of all I cannot put hands on at this moment. The writer is an English boy of whom I am very fond. He teaches French and German in a boys' school in Wuhu.")

Tsing Ming Dzieh

LYING in the long grass on the slope of my garden is an ancient coffin. It is old and weatherbeaten and the planks of it are so warped and twisted that when I pass by I can look through the large cracks to the inner blackness and see the poor, dead bones, white and still. It lies at the foot of a willow tree, and in summer it is covered with the mass of trailing green branches which hang over it like a pall. My friends do not like graves in their gardens, and think I should have the old coffin taken away.

But why should I disturb the dead? There is so much room for us both, and I think the Willow Tree would die, for I know she loves the soul of him whose bones lie in the old coffin—she bends over so tenderly, and lets fall all of her lovely hair to protect his narrow, ruined house from the sun and rain.

On certain days a very old man used to come and burn incense by this grave, and sitting in the long grass beneath the tree he would chant Buddhist rites, but he was so old, and his voice was so cracked, it was but a piteous croaking. He has not been for many weeks now, and the soul of the dead is grieved. Often at night I hear it crying softly to itself, and the wind sighs in the Willow Tree. But the Tsing Ming Dzieh (Day to Honor the Dead) will soon be here, and the old man will surely come then to chant his little songs to the old coffin.

Today is the Tsing Ming Dzieh. Since dawn the people have passed between the rice fields and over the country roads. In their arms they bear gay bunches of flowers, and baskets of incense. They are going to decorate the graves of their ancestors. This is the day when the Living bow down and worship, and pay tribute to the Dead.

But no one has come this year to the grave on my garden slope. I hear the little old man died of the summer's heat, and now there is no one to reverence him who lies buried beneath my Willow Tree.

The Moon is coming up behind the Pagoda on the hill. Many stars twinkle in the stagnant pond by the roadside. Fireflies swing their little green lamps among the deep shadows of the cedars, and crickets chirp in the long grass. Trail-

ing along the jeweled sky the Milky Way floats like a filmy veil half hiding the eyes of night. The deep boom of temple gongs has ceased. The moon has reached her zenith. Little bats fit with muffled wings above the stars in the pond. The Tsing Ming Dziesh has passed, and no one came to offer prayers and sacrifice by the grave on my garden slope. From beneath the Willow Tree comes a sound like the sobbing of a little child. Ah, poor soul, is it then so terrible to die and be forgotten?

When I awoke the east was flushed with the coming Dawn. Thin strands of mist hung about the cedars and floated above the turquoise waters of the river. The startlings twittered in the rain gutters of the roof, and from the half-submerged fields came the familiar little songs of the rice-planters.

The Tsing Ming Dziesh is past, and no one came to worship by the ancient grave on my garden slope.

I know the soul has gone now forever, for my Willow Tree is dying. The birds sing in its branches, the violets bloom at its foot, and all about is the full, throbbing joy of Spring, but its leaves are pale, and yellow, as though Autumn had passed in the night. Where are they gone—those two who loved on my garden slope? I do not know, but I grieve because my Willow is dying."

Our Mausoleums

OUR museums are mausoleums. Scientific explanation of art seems their main object. Whoever has time and the desire to search and to explore the spacious halls filled with junk and curiosities might detect a real work of art. But who likes to swallow dust even if it is historic and scientific dust? Our museums are not the home of the eternal. There is not that spirit that makes us forget centuries and thousands of years, years whose art is still living and embracing over the span of time and space.

The fact stares us mercilessly in the face that one artist is sustaining hundreds of so-called artists. It is true that life consists of piece work but there is no necessity to vivisect art.

Whatever cannot live must die. And if it is hung up for eternity, even eternity will not call it to life.

The American museum is an antique shop. Antique shops do not open their doors to the masses of the population. Art history and art research work have nothing whatever to do with art itself. A man who paints uses as his medium the canvas and his paints. He appeals to the eye. A painting is something to look at. Explanation is unnecessary.

The works of Tolstoi or of Hauptmann must be translated into English because most of the English readers are ignorant of Russian and of German. To translate painting into language is necessary only for those who cannot use their eyes.

The explanation of our paintings, the commentary to our works of art is only for the blind.

G. B.

In Our Village

Spring and Poets

SPRING has arrived. She had an ultimate gigantic struggle on her scheduled day of advent, on the 21st. Hurricanes of snow, bitterly cold, the sidewalks dangerously frozen, janitors and snow shovellers busy at their unexpected work—and then the sudden change. Sun and warmth and victory.

The sparrows dared to come out from under their shelter-giving eaves and happily they hopped from branch to branch of the old—soon to be their summer residence—trees on Washington Square. Their chirping mingled harmoniously with the screams and shouts of the children who, for the first time after months of being shut in, had come to their playgrounds.

The windows of houses, mansions and shacks, which peacefully stand in a row on the South Side fulfilling their mission unbothered by the exciting events that mark the earthly life of their occupants, stood wide open, and the old lady, who is known for her love of flowers and plants, put a few of her children on the window sills in the warm, mid-day sun.

And together with sun and birds and merry children had come the poets. To the rooms of the Washington Square Gallery, to the Art sanctum of Mr. Coady, they had followed the Call of *Others*, those strange birds whom Alfred Kreymborg has taken under his wings and mothered and fostered, and given a warm coop in his "magazine of the new verse."

They had come to kowtow before the big editress of the West, before Harriet Mouroe, before her who has made poets who otherwise would never have been heard of, who brought to the shores of America the first of the rays of that Imagism and Ezra Poundism which has developed into our own "free verse," into "vers libre," that step-child among poets, that illegitimate offspring struggling for recognition. The friendly winds of Spring had blown her east from her Chicago seclusion.

She is a nice kind lady. She shook hands with about a hundred people who express themselves through poetry free and otherwise. She had profound apologies to offer to everyone she met about that manuscript that just had to be sent back. She chatted with everybody, and I do believe that she was not displeased with the color scheme of the sixty odd hats of the poetesses, blonde, brunette and gray-haired which constantly formed a dense circle around her. Clement Wood was there and showed to his young wife his brother poets; and Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff looked well under a portrait which might as well have been of Oscar Wilde as the somebody else that it was. But the bow of his necktie reminded me very much of the peculiar way in which Wilde used to tie his. And of course Kreymborg was sliding about to give a finishing touch to this group or that group while

he smoked his cigar. It behooves one to smoke a cigar, be he host to the Supreme Court of American poetry and himself a member of the Bench.

Djuna Barnes was there too. She wore a long black veil and a flaming red rose. She looked very Spanish.

And then there were Kreymborg's satellites that are just marching in the procession with an occasional ambition and secret wish once to lead a procession of their own.

I left. Three stars were shining on the dark blue firmament high above the electricity glaring cross on Washington Square. A few couples of Italian lovers had come out from "Little Italy" around the corner promenading around the Square. The benches were filled with loungers and dreamers for the first time after the cold winter days. Wide open stood the doors of Rossi's ice-cream establishment and so I strolled in and drank a slow sweetly sour lemonade, meditating deeply upon the mild winds of Spring, upon the great poetess from Chicago, and upon men and women who want to be poets.

Strange things are happening in the Village. Not only poets convene here but all the peculiar characters one has the good luck of meeting in life every once in awhile seem to have a rendezvous on the Square. There is, for instance, that beautiful woman who takes her noon-day walk around the Square. We noticed her to-day for the third time from our Garret window. Monday she wore a striking black gown, a black hat, black gloves, black handbag, and on a black leash—trotting very snobbishly—a black poodle. Tuesday at the same hour, the same lady in a magnificent white gown; with white fox furs, a white fox hat, white gloves, white shoes . . . and on a white leash, very grave and very proud a white poodle.

And to-day, just as I am writing these lines, she passes my window again. She is dressed in a brown riding habit, tight-fitting very exclusive-looking, brown boots, brown gloves, a brown soft felt hat, and on a brown leash a brown, long-haired Pomeranian whose ears almost sweep the ground as he waddles close to the skirt of his mistress.

What will to-morrow bring, and what the day after to-morrow? Does she ever wear pink or green, or pale blue? Does she match her gowns with her dogs or her dogs with her gowns, I wonder? I wonder?

Friday afternoon the 7th of April at three o'clock D. Molby, known to the readers of this magazine from his "Musings" will give an informal reading from his "Hippopotamus Tails," "Rats' Ears and Cats' Eyes" and such musings as remain yet unpublished. You are invited to attend this reading, admission free of charge, at Bruno's Garret, 58 Washington Square.

The cartoons of Steinlen chronologically arranged as they appeared in "Gil Blas" sixty-eight of the best he ever did, will remain on the walls of the Garret until April the tenth. Saturday afternoon and Monday evening are reserved, as before, the fire, for the purpose of keeping "open house."

Books and Magazines of the Week

IN an old volume of poetry by Dr. W. Dodd, written in prison, shortly before his death, 1777, is an interesting paragraph, which throws a curious sidelight upon the position of newspaper-editors and newspaper men at large. Dodd was Chaplain to King George III of England, but in a fatal moment committed the crime of forgery, for which he was tried, convicted and hung, in June 1777. Poems he wrote during his imprisonment together with the brief of the prosecuting Crown attorney fell recently into my hands, with a lot of religious publications. Here is the condemning argument of the prosecuting Crown attorney.

"Though encumbered with debts, he might still have retrieved his circumstances if not his character, had he attended to the lessons of prudence but his extravagance continued undiminished, and drove him to schemes which overwhelmed him with additional infamy. HE DESCENDED SO LOW AS TO BECOME THE EDITOR OF A NEWSPAPER, and is said to have attempted to disengage himself from his debts by a commission of bankruptcy, in which he failed. From this period every step led to complete his ruin. In the summer of 1776 he went to Paris, and, with little regard to decency, paraded in a phantom at the races on the plains of Sablons, dressed in all the froppery of the kingdom in which he then resided. He returned to England about the beginning of the Winter, and continued to exercise the duties of his function, particularly at the Magdalen chapel, where he still was heard with approbation, and where his last sermon was preached, February 2, 1777, two days only before he signed the fatal instrument which brought him to an ignominious end."

Violet Leigh, of Eau Claire

She surely must be a poetess, and even if you should disagree as to giving her this title after reading her "Little Book of Verses," published by the Fremad Publishing Company of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, you would have to recognize in her the poetical spirit which prompted the pale blue satin cover of her book, tied with a darling bow of pink. Violet likes Clara Tice and she wrote a nice poem to Clara which will appear in the near future on these pages.

Bull

Vol. 1, No. 1, of this monthly, is about the first satirical paper published during the last twenty-five years in the United States that really contains satire in words and pictures. The title-page alone is worth its purchasing price. There is a spirit of truthful daring through its pages. Its cartoons mean something, and its jokes are bitter jokes which you also could call the real life confronting us step by step every day. The name of its editor is not stated but it is worth one's while to look at it. Get it on the newstands.

The Hesperian

The current issue of this interesting quarterly magazine, contains a very good portrait of Charlotte Bronte accompanied by an article which is worth while reading. It is good miscellany that Alexander N. De Menil, editor and publisher, brings on its pages.

The Miscellany

W. G. Blaikie-Murdoch, the art historian, who came to the shores of America a few months ago in a rather spectacular way, being one of the passengers of a torpedoed steamer, is represented in this quarterly magazine by an excellent account of the relationship of Lithography and Whistler. It is very deplorable that the magazine who publishes an article such as this and which is supposed to be devoted to the book beautiful and book plates, should also devote its pages to articles on military duty and unpreparedness as it does in the March issue. Those things are vital enough for newspapers and the average run of periodicals but surely have nothing to do with beautifully bound books, with book plates and with autographs.

Book-Plate Notes.

Miss Flora King, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., is undoubtedly the proprietress of one of the very remarkable book-plates in America. Master Timothy Cole, America's wood-engraver, is designing a book-plate for Miss King. There are only very few book-plates designed by Mr. Cole extant, all owned by very distinguished personages.

The California Book-plate Society has announced a competition, open to art students in California, for a book-plate design suitable for use in the Society's library. Two prizes of \$10.00 and \$5.00 are offered. Designs are to be exhibited at the May meeting of the Society, and a committee of artists will then award the prizes. While the competition was undertaken primarily to increase interest in the book-plate problems among the art students of the State, it is hoped that some of the designs submitted will be worthy of reproduction and continued use.

The Last of the War Correspondents.

(Continued from last week)

"Ach! Never this upstart general will tell me numbers of men while I have eyesight. No matter how many times they are marched through the city, it does not increase the number. Let us go up on La Cilla and look down on the army of the northeast.

We ride up. Von Kriegelstein points to the dust clouds down on the roads. "Now I will show you something. The high broken clouds are artillery. There are eighteen guns. You cannot see them but the dust does not lie. There are eleven thousand men—maybe a few hundred more—and about two thousand are mounted. The thin, even dust rising high is cavalry, the low thick dust is infantry. It is a good army, but not what General Gonzales said to us. You will look along this paper here where I have drawn the line in angles. The distance is about five thousand meters. The rest is mathematics. After some years you will be able to tell to perhaps fifty men how many are on a road."

It is Saltillo a few days later. The warrant for our arrest is out and we are to die as spies. Beinhacker has not succumbed to the registry of character. Beinhacker has lived two years on the East Side of New York where character is often registered. From the cuartel we have escaped to the English consulate. John R. Silliman, the agent of our stern government, is there, too. There is a large lump of dynamite under Silliman's house. Not even grape juice will remove it. I appeal to Silliman for protection and probably from excitement do not see anything comical in it. I said Silliman was living at the British consulate, because—. The door is barred and McMillian, the British consul—Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—will do the best he can.

A few minutes later in response to inquiries after our health: "Tell Major Elizondo to make a good job of it. You can't rush it from the street. Tell him to go up on the mountain and shell the consulate." It is the baron who speaks. Night goes on and we are up. The baron is jocular. "I tell you Logue, this is great. You will be famous. I shall take your picture if they shoot you first. You must grant me that request."

Tragedy is funny. No one clutches the brow and says "Me-

gudd!" We shake hands at once, firmly believeing there is only the morning for the shelling. Nobody says "Good bye old pal, and if we meet again in a better world—." Von Kriegelstein is a Catholic and so am I. He is not beyond admitting it for fear it may not be smart. So we say a few prayers and make an act of contrition. I don't believe he needed it half as much as I. His life was clean, good where it could be otherwise with nobody to tell. Perhaps a testing too.

Comes morning. I call General Gonzales on the phone. He cannot reply to me in English. I must use lame Spanish. He will investigate, but he does not understand English. He has been a traveling salesman in the United States for four years and he knows I know it. Very unfavorable outlook. Silliman pleads for us. Across the street is a graduate bandit, General Francisco Coss. He has a mansion now. He took it one day in one minute. The baron has a little inside track. Coss dislikes Gonzolas. Coss has five thousand men in Saltillo. "We can put up a better fight with Cosses' men than alone," suggests von Kriegelstein. We chance to call on Coss. There is a cow carcass on the mansion entrance. People must eat. None of the carcass is in the reception room where Coss greets us. The liberator will first pose for a picture seeing the baron's camera. He poses thirty minutes with a shrapnel shell under each arm. Thank the seniors very much for putting his pictures in all papers in the United States and Europe and Asia. Touching the matter of General Gonzales he does not like to see Gonzales' troops on the street near his quarters anyway. Yes, he will bear us in mind and we will surely go with him when he starts down to free the people.

Gonzales leaves and so do we—in another direction, on a mail car that is going over to Villa. Carranza does not know it; neither does Gonnzales. Only the engineers and the Villa agents who uncouple several rear cars containing troops knows it.

We enter the desert on our way to Torreon. He tests his moustache.

"How dry the hair gets," is all von Kriegelstein says, for a time after we are well under way. "It is so it gets brittle, as one's hair in the desert of Gobi, which is you know, just before Manchuria." He talks and most books become nonsense in comparison. He has in his baggage two volumes of Kipling and one of O. Henry. He likes them both. This is fair praise, because he has written twelve novels himself which have the largest circulation in Austria.

(To be continued)

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This Week's Performances

Monday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Tuesday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Wednesday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Thursday,	8:45 p. m.	Bruno Players
Friday,	8:45 p. m.	Musicals
Saturday,	8:00 p. m.	Bruno Players
Saturday,	8:15 p. m.	Musicals

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Musicals. They are free.

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



lorence Gough

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

April 8th, 1916

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BRUNO PLAYERS

AT

CHARLES EDISON'S LITTLE THIMBLE THEATRE
AT NO. TEN FIFTH AVENUE, GREENWICH VILLAGE, N. Y. C.

THE STATE FORBIDS!

By SADA COWAN

and

THE STRONGER

By AUGUST STRANDBERG

GUIDO BRUNO, Manager and Director

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 15.

APRIL 8th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

New Rochelle, N.Y. April 6, '96

My dear Justice —

With police assistance I have at last gotten an address case to be yours. All I want is to inquire after your case how you like London to

I am plugging away at my game — nothing is happening — we have hope for a war with Spain Britain is in Egypt, Davis is illiterate.

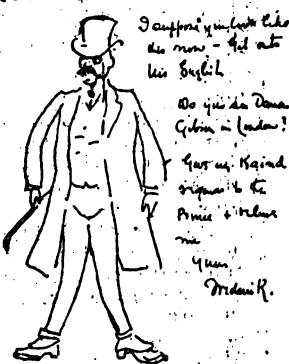
Longfellow Bushell & I go dancing on Champs Elysees on the 15th for 10 days.

How is he by doing — studying art in Paris & physique?

If you ever run across a girl writing at the British Army for 40 cents — send me her name by her for me.

I have just written my first story for Standard Magazine —

The Journal seems to be failing — it is a good newspaper but its weakness for 2 col. numbers



I suppose you like the man — did not like English.

Do you like Dame Gibion in London?

Yours as kind regards to Prince & Princess and Queen.

Madam R.

Letter with Sketch by Remington.
From the collection of Mr. P. I. Madigan.

Bruno Players' New Bill

The State Forbids

SADA COWAN'S "THE STATE FORBIDS," and August Strindberg's "THE STRONGER," will be presented on Wednesday, April 5th, by the Bruno Players, in Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre, at 10 Fifth Avenue, as their second play-bill of this season.

"The State Forbids" is not a problem play. Its two scenes are simple but cruelly true statements of facts. Millions of families in Europe were confronted during the last two years by these two supreme problems. They had to solve them in their hearts and no matter to what conclusion they had come, "The State Forbids," and "The State Commands," has been the merciless solution of their Gordian knot.

Sada Cowan does not attempt in her play to show what could be done or what should be done.

There is a mother who knows for ten long years that if she would ever give birth to a child it would be hereditarily burdened with an incurable disease. But — the State forbids. And so she resigns herself to her fate, and she is just a

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mother of that little creature that can never be anything but a "poor little one."

The scene is so real to life, so without false dramatic pathos! The mother's love which prefers death for her baby rather than life full of suffering! And there is the district nurse who knows; who witnessed such scenes in numberless other families, and there is the doctor who does not hesitate to state that a physician should be vested with the same powers of a judge. But——the State forbids.

And then the other scene ten years hereafter. The same flat; the same mother; her first-born child grown up to be a promising, healthy man and "the poor little one" an idiot, a constant charge of his parent! And the same doctor, now in these grave and troubled times of war, the recruiting surgeon of the vicinity. Conscription is ordered. The big boy, his mother's only comfort in this world, which means to her a constant chain of suffering, is conscripted. The State orders him to go out and to shoot and to kill other mother's sons.

The State forbids to take the life of that poor thing, that idiot in the corner over there ten years ago as it came into the world, and the State forbids to save the life of that big grown up boy whom the doctor had to declare as fit to be a soldier for his country.

The mother is helpless just as helpless as the mother-cow in the stable, whom they force to bring calves into the world and who has to lose her calf if they choose to butcher it.

It is just a statement of plain facts presented in two scenes, the first and the last station on the passion-way of a mother in a modern state.

The Stronger

TWO women. Both actresses. One is married and a mother; the other unmarried living her own life. They meet the day before Christmas at a coffee house. The unmarried one is mute. She does not say a word. She listens to her friend whom she caused so many pains and sleepless nights; whom she suspects to be the woman with whom her husband was infatuated; whose taste, refinement and mode of living her husband had admired. Whom she had to imitate just to please her husband.

But she cannot hate her rival, who like the thief who awakens one night and finds the things he stole in the repossession of the one from whom he stole it, is just a poor example of womanhood; who celebrates her Christmas Eve all by herself in a public restaurant.

Strindberg shows in this little gem of a play as well as in every other one of his works that GOOD—and with "good" he means healthy, the thing that has a purpose and is fulfilling this purpose—is triumphant in the final end. Triumphant over sham and over everything not fit to live.

The House of Judgment

AND there was silence in the House of Judgment, and the Man came naked before God.

And God opened the Book of Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and thou hast shown cruelty to those who were in need of suc-

cour, and to those who lacked help thou hast been bitter and hard of heart. The poor called to thee, and thou did'st not hearken, and thine ears were closed to the cry of the afflicted. The inheritance of the fatherless thou did'st take to thyself and thou did'st send the foxes into the vineyard of thy neighbor's field. Thou did'st take the bread of the children and give it to the dogs to eat, and the lepers who lived in the marshes, and were at peace, and praised Me, thou did'st drive forth on to the highways, and on Mine earth, out of which I made thee, did'st thou shed innocent blood."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I." And again God opened the Book of Life of the Man, and God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil and thou did'st seek for the seven sins. The walls of thy chamber were painted with images, and from the bed of thine abominations thou did'st rise up to the sound of flutes. Thou did'st build seven altars to the sins I have suffered, and did'st eat of the thing that may not be eaten, and the purple of thy raiment was broidered with the three signs of shame. Thine idols were neither of gold nor of silver, which endure, but of flesh that dieth. Thou did'st stain their hair with colours and set pomegranates in their hands. Thou did'st stain their feet with perfumes, and spread carpets before them. With antimony thou did'st stain their eyelids, and their bodies thou did'st smear with myrrh. Thou did'st bow thyself to the ground before them, and the thrones of the idols were set in the sun. Thou did'st show to the sun thy shame and to the moon thy madness."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I." And a third time God opened the Book of the Life of the Man. And God said to the Man, "Evil hath been thy life, and with evil did'st thou requite good, and with wrongdoing kindness. The hands that fed thee thou did'st wound, and the breasts that gave thee suck thou did'st despise. He who came to thee with water went away thirsting, and the outlawed men who hid thee in their tents at night thou did'st betray before dawn. Thine enemy who spared thee thou did'st snare in an ambush, and the friend who walked with thee thou did'st sell for a price and to those who brought thee Love thou did'st ever give Lust in thy turn."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I." And God closed the Book of the Life of the Man, and said, "Surely I shall send thee to Hell. Even unto Hell shall I send thee."

And the Man cried out "Thou canst not." And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee to Hell, and for what reason?"

And the Man made answer and said, "Because in Hell have I always lived."

And there was silence in the House of Judgment. And after a space God spake, and said to the Man, "Seeing that I may not send thee to Hell, surely I shall send thee to Heaven. Even unto Heaven shall I send thee."

And the Man cried out "Thou canst not." And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee to Heaven, and for what reason?"

And the Man made answer, and said, "Because never, and in no place, have I been able to imagine Heaven."
And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

Oscar Wilde

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus

Beer

WHAT merry faith, oh cool, delicious beer,
Gave thee the power through centuries to maintain,
A charm that soothes dull care, and laughs at pain;
A power sad hearts to vitalize and cheer?

No blase palate of thy drops can fear;
Once quaffed, lips eager, seek thy sweets again,
Without thee students sing no loud refrain;
Laughter and mirth depart, be thou not near.

And when I drink thee to my soul's delight,
A vision of King Gambrinus, fat and gay,
Haunts me, and I behold bright tankards shine,
And hear him laugh with many a thirsty wight,
And merry maiden, drinking night and day,
In quaint, old, gabled towns along the Rhine.

Gin

CRIM cicerone of the towns of sin,
From thy rank drops, the germs of crime and lust,
Nurtured by sloth and hatred of the just,
In bestial minds to awful bloom begin.

Dulling all confidence in God or kin,
Thy woeful spectre on humanity thrust,
Invokes sad pictures of supreme disgust,
A yelling harlot, or a bagnio's din.

I hear in St. Gilas' foulest slums, the dread
And blasphemous cries of ruffians in mad strife,
And, the shocked eye by odious magic led,
Sees in some garret, panting still with life,
A half-starved child clasping a woman, dead,
While o'er them lears a gaunt brute with a knife!

London Letter

London Office of BRUNO'S WEEKLY,
18 St. Charles Square, New Kensington.

March 23d, 1916.

Having a taste for gossip I cannot help telling you of an amusing literary scandal. It is only a trifle, but it is an amusing if rather malicious trifle and is to be read in the March number of "The English Review." There, under the title of "The Grayles," a well-known London literary family is delicately ridiculed; its foibles exposed, its inner secrets made fun of by one who has evidently often enjoyed the hospitality of that house. Opinion will be doubtless divided

as to the "taste" of the article, and no doubt many friends of the family which is satirized will be very indignant. As for the house in question itself, I think it will only laugh.

The war and the increased cost of paper press heavily upon literary enterprise. As it is now, the conditions tend more and more to the disfavour of artistic or speculative works, while only those books which will command a ready and vulgar sale are sure of being produced. If conditions do not improve, the outlook for books of literary merit will be very bad indeed. All the same a new art and literary review is announced for publication. Its name is "Form," which name is also intended to indicate its aesthetic. It is to be a quarterly, something in the style of the Yellow Book. Looking at the list of contributors one cannot avoid the criticism too eclectic. Without a new hope, a new point of view, a minor philosophy of some sort, a new review cannot live. Even with this advantage such a review can as a rule only count on a spiritual existence after a brief and troubled material one. But that surely is the better fate. The fault with so many young reviews and young movements is that they are afraid to die. They will not go forth and perish if perish they must, secure in the knowledge that what is immortal in them will survive the trifling defeat of bankruptcy.

Rupert Brooke's "Letters from America" appear today prefaced by a note from Henry James. As the work is probably appearing simultaneously with you I will say nothing about it.

I will mention a few of the titles of the plays now running at the theatres so that you can guess the kind of fare we are enjoying: There are "A Little Bit of Fluff," "Jerry," a farce; "Peg O' My Heart," "L' Enfant Prodigue," "The Love Thief," "The Basker," a comedy, and "The Merchant of Venice," among others.

An interesting revival of the old fashioned puppet show has been held at the Aeolian Hall. The piece given was "Maria Marten, or the Murder in the Red Barn," a famous old puppet melodrama. Some idea of the captivating quality of the dialogue may be perceived from this extract:

Maria: I have kept my promise to meet you at the Red Barn.

William: I have brought you here to murder you.

Maria: Oh, William!

William: You are in a different social scale. I cannot marry you. But none else shall possess you. Therefore you die—Aha!

Edward Storer.

Clara Tice as I See Her

CLARA TICE is a little girl.

Clara Tice is an artist. Her drawings are the expression of a little girl's conception of line and color, of a little girl who is an artist.

It is the refreshing naivete in her naughty pictures that

pleases the eye. Did I say "that pleases the eye"? If they please my eye they had a right to hang there on the walls of my garret.

It is up to you to think the same or to discard them.

Have you ever listened to the chatter of a child after it returns home from an exciting expedition to the shopping district or from a show? It is a pity that we have no more chances to listen to children, and that those who have them are usually too tired or too bored to lend an attentive ear to those wonderful revelations of a child's untrained, unsophisticated and pure mind.

Clara Tice has a wonderful gift of seeing, of being impressed and of immediately recording. The movement expressing a whole long story is more important to her than the anatomy of the organ expressing it. The joyfullest height of merriment may be expressed in one kick of her leg. For the fraction of one second the skirts are fluttering in the air; the leg is exposed—perhaps high up to the hips, the body sways back, the eyes are radiant, the shoulders drawn according to the rhythm of the music—this all happens in a movement as quick as a flash. Clara Tice registers just this as the one of the most importance. She doesn't think of the exposed, disarranged dress, she doesn't see the disarranged hair, but only a beautiful line as the expression of a beautiful emotion. Her splash of color gives radiance to the life of her emotions.

While most of her drawings are draped with nothing more substantial than a very fine gauze, they do not impress us as nudes. They are clad with the purity of beauty. They can be used as well for extra illustrating the Arabian Nights or the works of Boccaccio as well as very appropriate decoration for a nursery or a girl's living room.

Miss Tice is an artist. And even if she does not seem to be interested in the small details like hands or feet or faces, her pictures contain the rhythm of life. They bring to us visions from the fields of the innocent, of the eternally happy. They please our eyes.

What higher mission can a drawing have than to please the eye?

Dim Reflections

*The face is the mirror
Of the soul, so they say,
Then why paint the mirror
To hide the soul away?*

*Those twinkling eyes
As they spark with glee,
And the sweet kind expression
While they talk to me.*

*But over the mirror,
Is a mask, to betray
A soul obscured,
By a dim faddist's ray.*

Meg Kerner.

Bruno's Garret—Catalogue Illustré

Cat and Girl
By Clara Tice



Tub, Soap and Girl, by Clara Tice



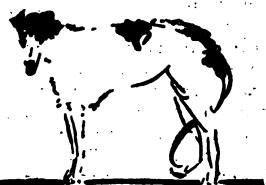
Clara Tice and Her Dog Yvonne, by Horst



Pantalone, by Clara Tice



Pantalone, by Clara Tice



Horst, Miss Clara Tice's big dog

CLARA TICE pictures through the colors and movements of her drawings the follies and foolery of all of us. One movement (quicker than a flash) can portray the characteristics of an age.

Delicate but vigorous. Graceful but strong. Lean and lazy but lots of latent power.

Cats, women, flowers, jewels, delicate shades of colors, strong streams of light, black brutes, white giants, girls with red, and golden, and black hair, prayers, tears, laughter, dance. Harmony and peace hover over everything! Soundless tunes of an unplayed sonata of Mozart's diffused through the air.

Our Lives!

Guido Bruno

Fake News From Mexico

AMERICAN journalism signally discredits itself in its news treatment of the army expedition into Mexico to capture and punish Villa and his banditti. We know that there is absolutely no authentic news of the expeditionary corps, but every day we are treated to broad spreads with flaring headlines purporting to tell us where Villa is hiding, how he is being surrounded and how the march progresses. All this "news" is faked. So are the stories of defections of Carranzitas to the Villa forces, and the tales of concentrating German or even Japanese officers at various points to direct a general attack upon the American forces. Pure imagination is the only content of startling announcements of a general Mexican uprising in support of Villa. The whole Mexican incident is imagined and distorted into a danger which it cannot possibly be. There is no need to fear a slaughter of our forces. In all Mexico there is not enough ammunition for one fair-sized battle. The war supplies that were sent from this country are stopped. None can be procured from Europe or Japan. There is no authoritative information coming out of Mexico to justify the scare the newspapers are trying to create. President Wilson wisely warns us that much of this scare stuff had its origin among persons who have an interest in making the pursuit of Villa develop into a general intervention and occupation of Mexico. The chase after Villa may be long and difficult, but it need not become a war of invasion. Discount heavily the sensational newspaper dispatches supposed to come from Mexico. They are probably concocted in order to work up sentiment for another such outrage as the war against old Santa Anna.

William Marion Reedy in his St. Louis Mirror.

Chinese Letters

By Allan W. S. Lee (Wuhu, China)

TODAY we had one of those delightful and spectacular little storms which come up all of a sudden with a shriek and howl of a great wind that whines and moans around the house, and then tears along bending the trees that frantically beat the air. The willows lash the quiet ponds with their long, green wisps of hair; the flowers and shrubs crouch low against the house or garden wall.

"Then comes a great hissing sound over the hill, and a slanting wall of rain rushes down on the garden, beating and stamping it in fury. The sky is full of galloping forms tearing, huge and majestic across the sky—great war horses of the Mahruts that rear and plunge, while above the roar and crash of Mighty Indra makes the frightened earth tremble and shiver with dread.

"Now they are over Purple Mountain, a couple of miles away, and through a rift in the silver gray clouds the sun shines down on the hill of graves which glows like burnished gold, and all is quiet again—the storm has passed."

"All around this compound are rice fields, and in the early mornings one hears the strange, little songs, plaintive, elusive and beautiful, of the women working in the fields. The life of the country people is certainly to be found in their songs, and there is a great opportunity for some musician to write a Chinese symphony. I think the fascinating little tunes could easily be interpreted to foreign ears."

Chicago Letter

Chicago Office of Bruno's Weekly
3124 Michigan Avenue

April 1st, 1916.

ALL is quiet along the Boul Mich. save a noise from the Cliff Dwellers club—Hamlin Garland blowing his own horn.

John T. McCutcheon is back from Saloniki—his stay there it is said was cut short by representations made by the French Counsel in Chicago as to Hoosier John's pro-German cartoons and letter-press in the World's Best Newspaper, the Chicago "Tribune."

Nevertheless John need never fear about his declining years—he can always live in the castle on the Rhine presented to him and James O'Donnell Bennett when Armageddon was young.

The annual exhibition of American artists at the Art Institute is over. The exhibition received scant critical attention, for the reason that Chicago has but three art-critics, namely, Miss Harriett Monro, who can write but who knows nothing about art (?), Miss Lena McCauley, who knows something about art, but who cannot write, and a Dr. Monagelas, who knows nothing about art and who cannot write.

Yet Chicago's art criticism is less at its reader than is

its dramatic criticism. Blanche Ring's new medium "Jane O'Day From Broadway" by Willard Mack, has just fizzled out, after the critics had fallen over each other in landing it. The Chicago public you see has heard "Wolf, Wolf" I shouted so often without any "wolf" showing up that they take all critical verdicts in a Pickwickian sense. Nearly all the Chicago dramatic critics graduated from night-police, they should return whence they came. The Hearst paper critic, Ashton Stevens, is a cheap and nasty imitation of the nasty and cheap Alan Dale; Percy Hammond repeats what was never worth writing; Amy Leslie has a flow of words, sans ideas; Richard Henry Little, who when *Glauen* was *Consul* was known as length without breadth, "does" the drama for the "Herald" and does it so amateurishly that one wonders if proprietor "Jim" Keeley ever reads his own paper; old man Hall on the "Journal" seems in his fourth childhood, while Cheeky Charley Collins, on the not dead but sleeping "Evening Post" writes sloshmushgush on chorus-girls (a selected few) but knows not that Salvini is dead, or confuses that tragedian with Sapolio.

Howard Vincent O'Brien, whose dad runs a picture-store in the McCormick Building, has entered his maiden offence "New Men for Old" in the "Great American Novel" Stakes. Unless all the other competitors break their legs, Mr. O'Brien's entry will be a distant trailer. As a literary exercise, young Mr. O'Brien should study Opie Read's "The New Mr. Howerson", a new work by an old master the product of a mind matured in philosophy, and mellowed in kindness and patience for all mankind, and mankind's foibles, a mind to which nothing human is alien, and from which no secrets are hid. For Opie Read has done admirably what now young O'Brien has egregiously botched. Their theme, the struggle between Capital and labor is cognate, and each writer gives short shift to the cuckoos that lay their eggs in labor's nest; as it were, and whose greedy fledglings crowd the legitimate owner out, but their respective treatments of their not strikingly original theme differ as authentic bourbon from Canadian whiskey.

Hall Caine's latest", unfortunately not "last" novel is inscribed "To My Mother." So is the latest atrocity from a soi-disant Chicagoan, from that machine for blackening inoffensive white paper, George Barr McCutcheon. Authors nowadays have mighty little respect for their mother.

Emerson Hough, one of the fine flowers of Cook County's concatenated literati has sold "Munsey's" a serial. Was "Bob" Davis asleep at the switch?

Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, whose books have killed many, himself is in the pink of health. He is at Palm Beach with his valet Wallace Trite. He had just pompously registered as "Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, Chicago."

When waggish Jack London went him one better by registering: "Jack London and Valise."

When the time comes for this amiable dilettante to join his betters, I would suggest the following epitaph for his tombstone: "Epitaph for Chatfield-Taylor."

*"Chat" loved to loll on the Parnassian mount,
His pen to suck and all his thumbs to count.*

*What poetry he'd written but for lack
Of skill, when he had counted, to count back.*

*Alas, no more he'll climb the sacred steep
To wake the lyre and put the world to sleep.*

John Stapleton Cowley-Brown.

In Our Village

(Reprinted by request)

MY garret has six windows. Through every one the sun is shining, bathing the table with the typewriter in a shower of pure golden rays. The laundry that hangs along wash lines between the houses of little Italy near by seems real white, swinging joyfully to the rhythm of a teasing wind. A few of my neighbors seem to love vivid, glaring colors. There is one red nightshirt, on which I feast my eyes every other week. Its owner must be a giant with long arms. I fancy he brought it from Naples or Sicily. The shirt will fade and will go the way of all shirts and he'll buy nice flannel pajamas—all Italians wear pajamas. There are dozens of them on the lines in front of my window; and he will forget his sunny Italy and lose his sun-browned cheeks, and how long will it be and he will be one of the thousands of pale, uniformly clad New Yorkers?

Doing the same work, shoulder to shoulder with thousands of others makes people uniform. Some elevate themselves up to the standard of the average, some come down to the standard of the average. But after a while they will all be equal, they all will wear the same clothes, they will walk in the same manner, they will eat the same kind of food, make the same gestures, use the same language: and all for one purpose to make their daily bread.

Over there across the back yard in front of my garret a woman leans over the washtub. She never looks up to the forget-me-not blue sky; she doesn't see the sparrows fighting for crumbs of bread on the fence. Her husband leans somewhere in a shop over his work and is angry because tiny little rays of the kind sun peep through the blinded window, fascinated by the needle in his hand and dance in jolly little circles over his work. Not to become paupers is the tragedy that kills happiness, transforms proud and free human beings into bent and worn slaves; that creates human automatons.

It is the lack of time that makes millions wretched. They cannot look up to the skies and see the passing clouds—they have not time. They cannot see the awakening of spring, the growth of youth in nature—they have no time. They do

not admire the beauty and the colors of flowers—they do not smell their fragrance—they have no time. They don't hear the birds singing; they don't hear the cooing of babies and the heart gladdening chattering of children—they have no time.

Time, time—just a little time to live is the real plea of the poor man.

And how beautiful is life—how wonderful is just real life, even without the comforts and blessings of civilization. Life is love, but we need time—just time to do nothing but to live and to love.

Book-Plate Notes.

SHAKESPEARE will be honored this year throughout the United States. Schools, universities, and organizations of various kinds are planning fitting forms of observing the Shakespeare Tercentenary. With the purpose of further stimulating interest in the works of the great poet, the American Institute of Graphic Arts, in conjunction with the Shakespeare Birthday Committee of the City of New York, will conduct a **BOOKPLATE CONTEST**. The prizes to be awarded should be an incentive, but the pleasure of designing a bookplate in the spirit of Shakespeare should be the chief stimulus.

The contest is open to all persons who desire to compete. Drawings to be awarded exclusively to a Shakespearean motif. More than one drawing may be submitted by one individual. Drawings to be sent prepaid addressed as follows: The American Institute of Graphic Arts, 344 West 38th Street, New York. Prizes to be as follows: First Prize, \$100.00; Second Prize, \$60.00; Third Prize, 40.00.

The contest closes May 15, 1916.

The Regular May Meeting of the American Bookplate Society will be held at the Avery Library, Columbia University, Saturday afternoon, May 6th, at 2.30 p. m.

G. H. Sears of Leighton, Essex, England, announces the sale of a very interesting collection of old English and American ex libris, including some modern examples by C. W. Sherborn. There are also Beardsley plates, original designs on vellum for G. H. Ashworth.

Richmond, Indiana has an exhibition of Book Plates as we learn from Miss White's "Little Paper". Original drawings and plates by the late Raymond Perry White, by Miss Florence Fox, whose group of book plates formed about half the exhibit and some of Carl Bernhardi's etchings, were of importance. The new plates of the Morrison-Reeves library are the composite work of two men and one woman.

Miss Florence Fox, of New York, has a collection of book plates which she has collected for many years. She has a large collection of old English and American ex libris, and some modern examples by C. W. Sherborn. There are also Beardsley plates, original designs on vellum for G. H. Ashworth.

Books and Magazines of the Week

"The Passing of the Editor" is one of the many fine contributions to the March "Phoenix", Michael Monahan's monthly magazine of Individuality. Richard le Gallienne says in this article a few things which are true, even be they not pleasing to the ears of many an editor and publisher in this country.

"The word 'editor', as applied to the conductors of magazines and newspapers, is rapidly becoming a mere courtesy title; for the powers and functions formerly exercised by editors properly so called, are being more and more usurped by the capitalist proprietor. There are not a few magazines where the "editor" has hardly more say in the acceptance of a manuscript than the contributor who sends it in. Few are the editors left who uphold the magisterial dignity and awe with which the name of editor was wont to be invested. These survive owing chiefly to the prestige of long service, and even they are not always free from the encroachments of the new method. The proprietor still feels the irksome necessity of treating their editorial policies with respect, though secretly chafing for the moment when they shall give place to more manageable modern tools. The "new" editor, in fact, is little more than a clerk doing the bidding of his proprietor, and the proprietor's idea of editing is slavishly to truckle to the public taste—or rather to his crude conception of the public taste. The only real editors of to-day are the capitalist and the public. The nominal editor is merely an office-boy of larger growth, and slightly largely salary.

Innocent souls still, of course, imagine him clothed with divine powers, and letters of introduction to him are still sought after by the superstitious beginner. Alas! the chances are that the better he thinks of your MS. the less likely is it to be accepted by—the proprietor; for Mr Snooks, the proprietor, has decided tastes of his own, and a peculiar distaste for anything remotely savoring of the 'literary'."

The Poetry Review

William Stanley Braithwaite, the Dean of Poetry editors of America, the anthologist who preserves American magazine verse for future generations yearly in a nicely-bound gilt-edged book, has founded a magazine of his own. With him are all those well known exponents of new verse as that amicable, soulful Amy Lowell and Sara Teasdale, Louis Untermeyer etc., etc.

Here is what the editor tells in his prospectus: "The spirit of the Poetry Review of America will be one of advancement and cooperation; the desire to serve the art of poetry and to consolidate public interest in its growth an dpopularity—to quicken and enlarge the poetic pulse of the country. In this spirit, we propose to our contemporaries in the field

a union of effort and mutual encouragement; to the poets of America an open forum and a clearing-house for ways and means to serve the art we all love; to the poetry-reading public of our country we pledge a never-ceasing striving for the best in American poetry, and a constant effort to bring out the strength and joy to be derived therefrom."

Branch Library News

A very timely selection of titles of books on military education are printed on the pages of this month's Branch Library News, the monthly publication of the New York Public Library. They are compiled at the request of the Committee on Military Education of the American Defense Society. The books named are simple, non-technical works, nearly all of them intended for the reader without previous knowledge or experience of this subject.

Edison Diamond Points

Even if it is a trade paper and primarily of interest only to people engaged in the selling of Edison Diamond Discs it contains a lot of material of interest to almost everybody who wishes to know a little bit more about American artists and musicians, than the average newspaper or magazine article will contain. There is, for instance, a chat with Albert Spalding, the Violinist, "The Spell of Spalding's Bow". The department "With the Edison Artists" is a kaleidoscope of everyday life of men and women famous in both hemispheres.

Poetry

Harriet Monroe's magazine which just entered upon its fourth year of existence has a new cover design. This is a welcome change to the otherwise little variety this journal has to offer.

The Last of the War Correspondents

(Continued from last week)

You did not know he wrote books? Mostly on trains he finds time for that. But then a train going through Siberia in the Russian-Japanese war took over two months. He was on it. The party left the train forty days, because they were all imaginative and two of them were saying with the car trucks: "Click clickety-click," and had been at it ten hours to the exclusion of everything else. One of the two stopped the next day, but the other kept on jibbering and had to be left behind.

No, the time with von Kriegelstein was very dull. On the train was Uriquidi going to join Villa. Best Mexican I know. Educated in Paris. Big electrical engineer. Atheistic idealist is Uriquidi—if such is possible—and marvelous to tell, does not hate the Catholic Church. Small head has Uriquidi, but a broad mind. An atheist who does not—. Learning something every minute.

Von Kriegelstein talks of a single star for an hour. No repetition of adjectives. Perhaps because Mexican night is black like jeweler's velvet with a handful of diamonds, scattered over the soft deep black and a smudge where jeweler's powder has been wiped away.

There are adventures in Torreon, where we get the word of the highest authority that a Japanese army of twenty-five thousand with rifles can be called on Villa's colors in four days. No, they will not cross the ocean in that time. Francisco Madero could have had them before he finished the first revolution. They are in lower California now. Authority? Only Francisco Madero's brother, General Emilio Madero. Yes, the chief adviser to Villa. Certainly, all the Maderos are with Villa. Perhaps, but it will be the first time they have backed a loser.

We are in Chihuahua. It may be dangerous for the baron to see the great revolutionist. Villa is such a great democrat the baron had better discard his white suit and medals that infuriate people on the street. Once on a street a man hurries after him and seizes his coat and kisses it. He stands aside bowing humbly. The street is thronged and there is laughter...

"I must register my character here also," the baron says. He does, but only with the cane.

"Never when you are with people like these who are half developed must you fail to register yourself at once. They are fond of someone to fear. Never you will tell me this revolution is to free the people. All leaders who want to free the people are discontented aristocrats. The other aristocrats will not let them have what they want, so they overturn the order and take it themselves.

"I am going to wear these clothes. I call them my offensive clothes. They register my personality and show that I do what I please. There is one way to stop me and that is to kill me. But I have been in many places. So we will go to this Villa just as I am."

Villa received him. A baron? Villa is delighted. Will all Europe know of his prowess? All Europe will and history forever will record it even better than Juan Reed did in the Metropolitan Magazine. Villa is puzzled which John Reed? But Secretary Luis Aguirre Benavides remembers. There was such a young American long ago, before Torreon for one or two days. No one with the forces now. Will the baron step into the reception room of Villa's house? There is a twenty-five thousand dollar (not Mexican) chandelier. Yes, Villa is very fond of the beautiful chandelier. He likes comfort despite reports to the contrary. We have dinner with Villa and Mrs. Villa. The leader of the revolution uses a knife and fork better than the average American. You are fascinated by his eyes. Some fool said no leaders of men have brown eyes. I think it was in the New York Journal. It doesn't matter. Villa has big soft looking brown eyes and according to form can never rise above a clerkship. That is why he is absolute ruler of millions in Mexico and more really ruler than the Czar.

Von Kriegelstein jokes with Villa and they indulge in horse play. The officers are amazed. Never has he become

familiar with anyone before. Surely von Kriegelstein cannot be right when he says Villa is a true aristocrat and is delighted to have a baron treat him as a companion. Will Villa pose for some nice pictures? There is no need of him looking like a bandit for Europe. Will not General Villa go upstairs and put on some glad rags? See Metropolitan Magazine for proof, Villa is a plain citizen who hates show. Villa comes down wearing a new uniform with, by actual authenticated figures, fifteen pounds of gold braid that never saw a brass foundry.

(To be continued)

Wall Street Reflections

THE seismograph of the stock market has shown no indication of the disturbances either on land or sea, in other words the Mexican outbreak or the new submarine crisis; this strikes one as a very significant fact.

The natural seasonal tendency is always upwards. This year is no exception to the rule.

The closing of the Southeri vacation season brings back to the financial centers a large number of Capitalists who will no doubt take particular interest in the spring activity.

At the present time the question of railroads is one of the great problems before this country. The industries of a nation can be no bigger than its transportation accommodations.

Our expert trade continues to break all records and it is generally believed that the threatened great strikes will be averted.

Bankers admit that the investing public is more discriminating in their purchasers than at any time this year and that there is extension buying of good Securities in connection with the reinvestment of April dividend money.

"Junius"

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No. 16.

APRIL 15th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

Ave Maria Plena Gratia

*Was this His coming! I had hoped to see
A scene of wondrous glory, as was told
Of some great God who in a rain of gold
Broke open bars and fell on Danae:
Or a dread vision as when Semele
Sickening for love and unappeased desire
Prayed to see God's clear body, and the fire
Caught her white limbs and slew her utterly:
With such glad dreams I sought this holy place,
And now with wondering eyes and heart I stand
Before this supreme mystery of Love:
A kneeling girl with passionless pale face,
An angel with a lily in his hand,
And over both with outstretched wings the Dove.*

Oscar Wilde.

Florence

Disasters and Poetry

IN olden times, when a big catastrophe occurred, bringing death to many people, and damage to much property, artists and poets promptly took possession of what had transpired, made it a subject for reverie and were transported into a playground of fantasy and inspiration. After the earthquake which demolished Lisbon in 1755, an entire literature was created. Poets, on wings of imagination, visited the ruins of the city and themselves felt the power of the mysterious spirits that shook the earth and disturbed the depths of the planet. They wept with those whose most dearly beloved lay buried beneath the debris and voiced in song the praises of the heroism and sacrifices of men and women who were brave enough to forget their own safety, when friends, or even neighbours, were in danger.

Other catastrophes of the eighteenth century likewise won the glorification of their heroes. So Goethe erected an everlasting monument to the memory of the seventeen-year-old Johanna Sebus. Everywhere there seemed to rule a desire to preserve in the jewel box of memory a momentous hour of danger.

And not long ago, indeed, even a few days after the terrible Chicago holocaust of 1871, poets the country over evinced its inspiration by paying tribute to the heroes of the devastated city as well as to the unseen force which burst its bonds and blazed forth in such mighty power. Throughout the world and in many languages rang the rhythmic cantations born in the wake of the disaster. Bret Harte was one of the first to greet the sorrowing world with a poem. John Greenleaf Whittier dedicated another to the victims of the smitten city.

Copyright 1916 by Guido Bruno

And what of to-day?

Indeed, we are not lacking catastrophes in the present age. With the progress of civilization, to be sure, they seem to have increased in frequency and horror. We need but recall the tragedies since the war started. Think of the many lives and millions of dollars worth of property buried beneath the ruins of San Francisco and the hundreds of thousands of victims of the present war.

And each time there awakes amid the horror of such tragedies the same heroism of olden times. Men are certainly no less valiantly inclined and ready to sacrifice to-day than centuries ago. But still our catastrophes bring us no poesy as in the past. Our poets do not sing the praise of these heroes. They turn their eyes from the sinking city.

They do not spar with the envious wizards of the inner earth, who vent in terrific cataclysms their jealousy of happy people. They do not reach in despair with the drowning for the splintered mast, with the fighting for new strength.

And yet, are not these very subjects rich enough in grandeur to inspire the artistic soul to the most fantastic dreams?

Dreaming?

Yes; there is the point. We dream no longer.

We are a generation of newspaper readers. We possess no more the faculty to picture in our thoughts the catastrophe with all its dreadful consequences—to allow our fantasy an unbridled rein, which she must have if something poetically true is to be materialized from the fabric of fact. There is made to hover over the grim region, where death harvested, no fanciful twilight whose outlines are hazy. There is no mystic belief in the animosity of personified elements. The cold, daily press compels us to see everything in broad daylight and too obvious reality.

The "Special Correspondent" sent to the scene of the disaster, telegraphs homeward and over the world in his dry, or what is worse, his pompous, sentimental English, all the details a few hours after things have happened. He interviews the relatives of the dead and the sick, and the eye witnesses and gleans his information so that he may be able to relate all in the most minute detail.

Of course, we learn too about the heroes and heroic deeds; and should fortune decree that a man of financial or social standing should excel in bravery or calmness in the moment of danger, the news cables vibrate gleefully the story of his flattery and praise. The disaster is then portrayed to us in a manner as though it had been enacted by the heavenly powers for one purpose only—to give the excellent character of this Croesus or social leader a dignified background. Certainly, too, there are loyal bards who will sing submissively of his praise. But loyal bards are very seldom, perhaps never, good poets. The good poets remain silent during catastrophes. And the reason for this is that everything that happens is sobered into sordidness by the press dispatch. Newspapers vie to excel in offering lurid descriptions of the disaster. And

so we learn of a catastrophe in all its gruesome entirety. We read its extent and know just how many were killed and how terribly their bodies were mutilated. This arouses in us a sadness, an admiration for the heroic and a desire to aid the suffering.

But when the imagination is smothered, the artistic inspiration is lost. And, indeed, should a poet depart from the trend of the times and write about a catastrophe he would have little effect and—what to the nowaday poet is most vital,—little or no popularity. The newspaper, which satisfies and arouses his curiosity, conveyed the same narrative more correctly, in greater detail and in a way, perhaps, better understood by the masses.

"My paper has this better," says the subscriber, and laughs about the poet, who doesn't seem to know the cruel details and correct descriptions of the disaster location.

None would deny the merits of the newspaper of to-day. It renders speedy succor possible and brings felic peace to the unfortunate. And with our rapid transport facilities, immediate news despatches are a necessity. But the daily press is killing all dreams, educating a fantasy-lacking race and paralyzing poetical desires. Because of it the catastrophe of to-day is not followed by poesy. We are robbed of the faculty of seeing with our own inner eyes and are compelled to look at everything as thousands of others about us see the same. There is stolen from the disaster and the heroic deed of unselfishness the romance, without which we cannot feel poetically.

And so we may say unhesitatingly: What is clicked over the wires is lost for Art.

Guido Bruno.

Reminiscences of Tommaso Salvini

By Hugo Ballin (New York)

IT was excessively cold the first time Tommaso Salvini called to see me in the big empty studio in the Piazzo Donatello in Florence. On that day the hills of Fiesole were patched with snow, as if some mighty visitor from the North had left the impress of his powdered sole. Through my southern window the little oval English cemetery intercepted my view. The naked trees, like imploring hands clawed the cheerless heavens for a ray of kindly warmth. Salvini knocked at my door at about ten in the morning. He refused to take off his large heavy bat-winged coat. The thermometer registered about 55 degrees F. My big fat tin drum stove was very useless on that day as on all other days. The more wood I fed it, the less it worked. It seemed to grow stubborn. The ashes that formed within its body, choked it. It was sorrow-bound for four cold months. It was the most ineffectual bit of machinery ever reared by man. I called it a stove because it stood where stoves are supposed to occupy a studio and from its collar-bone a long black unpainted tube

ran up sixteen feet to an exit that was the most efficient exit ever numbered. The Gordigiani, the proud owners of this equipment, had other possessions such as the building in which this treasure was housed, and in their drawing-room hung the most remarkable collection of chilled tapestries that ever graced an unpainted wall. But all this is quite irrelevant. Salvini knew the Gordigiani, but on that cheerless day he came to me.

Those days in Florence were not exactly happy ones. Even Hope, the most constant friend an aspiring painter has, had left me. She flew South on the wings of my far-reaching desires to linger where the waters are ever blue and where the sweet-voiced and ill-behaved daughters of Oceanus port-holed cruising parties and behaved so surreptitiously. I remained in Florence because I had contemplated remaining and I would no more break this resolve than a thousand lire note.

I had met Salvini in his home. I entertained a suspicion that the first time he called to see me, he went abroad to find more comfort in the rooms of another. His house was a very cozy place, full of photos and fragments of tabards and morions and Lochaber axes that crossed halberds in palmated arrangement. It was essentially an actor's home, crowded with souvenirs. I remember him reading to me in his ground floor room; that was sixteen years ago on a bright morning in early Spring when life had returned on the breath of a soft message from Aeolus.

Perhaps Salvini's friendship for me was very sincere because he found me alone working with very swollen hands, due to the cold, trying to realize an ideal in the face of these oppositions. There must have been pity in his heart, for after that we often saw each other and when I was not in Florence his letters were a great source of interest and enjoyment.

I shall quote his letter written Oct. 21st, 1902.

Most dear Mr. Ballin:—

As you see (referring to a small photograph) I am still in the country with my Newfoundland between my knees. In a few days I shall return to Florence, via Gino Capponi 17. In general my health is good with the slight exception of some small annoyance, which persuades me that I have not acquired seventy-four years for nothing. But what can be done? Suffer it until death.

I too know the Island of Capri. Its location is incomparable, so poetic and inspiring. Who can tell how many sketches you have made? Are they compositions for a large painting? Why do you say that you have admired these places for the last time? You are young and can return to them, not once but twenty times, while to me it is forbidden to visit America, not having much time before me.

I can be naught but thankful for the kindly memories you cherish of me, I beg of you to always have them. It makes me pleased and happy.

This letter will find you in that country of energy and loyal people for whom I have deep sympathy and affection. I hope that you will cross the ocean safely and that you will enjoy perfect health. Every time you wish to give me news, it will give me a holiday.

Believe me with respects,

Yours affectionate and devoted

Tommaso Salvini.

Another letter dated Siena per Vagliagli, Aug. 18th, 1903 I am sure will be of interest.

Gentilissimo Ballin:—

If I could write and speak English as you write and speak Italian, I would consider myself a sage; you will therefore see how I must not criticise any slight error in your letter.

Yes, gentle friend, many were the inducements which the impressarios, Liebler & Co., personally made to me, and I could not refuse to return once more to the United States. This will be settled next April.

I will act in Italian with an English company in which your beautiful star Miss Robson is to take part. If you will tell me something concerning this young actress I will consider it a favor.

I am now in my domain to escape the warmth of the city. In October I am going to Asti and Torino to commemorate in a production of Saul, the centenary of the death of Vittorio Alfieri, our grand tragic poet, and afterward I shall return to Florence where I will prepare myself for the new tour.

I believe I have always answered your very welcome letters and I do not merit the reproach you make of my not having written you. My correspondence is enormous. I do nevertheless answer all my letters.

Your country never ceases and with time it ameliorates. As! me! I always cherish the advancement of that great country.

I am sending you a clipping which will give you pleasure. Read it and congratulate me in time. In the meanwhile I exchange best wishes. Consider me always your affectionate and devoted friend,

Tommaso Salvini.

These two letters are typical. I always found him sincere and kindly. The last time I saw him was four years ago in Florence when I called at his home with my wife. He was rehearsing his son and daughter-in-law for a production in which they were to appear that afternoon.

We drove up to the amphitheatre at Fiesole and under a soft blue sky we saw "Edipus Rex." The air was never softer and the seats were never harder.

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus

Vermouth

THOU canst unbind by potency unique,
 The tangled skein of misty souvenirs,
 And bring again, defiant of dull years,
 The mantling pulse of youth unto the cheek.
 Urged by thy warmth, the fancy loves to seek
 The roses of a past that disappears,
 And by some recollection that endears,
 Once more, in charm, forgotten words to speak.
 The sunlight of the past will then return
 Warming the soul; and I, oh blessed boon
 And resurrection of the things that fade,
 Recall the happy days for which all yearn,
 When first I heard on Venice's lagoon,
 The soft adagio of a serenade!

Absinthe

WHENCE comes thy fatal, fascinating charm?
 Thy fumes are sharp, dire as Medusa's tears,
 In thy green depths a tempting demon leers,
 Leading the victim on without alarm.
 Thy traitorous poison makes the senses warm;
 Dull minds, grown vivid, grasp the distant spheres;
 But ah, the sad reaction, when the tears
 Of madness flow, when maniac fancies swarm!
 To me, thy glorious Lethe ever shows
 Some godless wretch, with haggard eyes and pale,
 Seeking the shame of brutal bagnios.
 Or, mixed with powder, when all else doth fail,
 I see thee make impetuous Zouaves scale
 Stern Malakoffs that teem with countless foes!

A Fable

ONCE upon a time two beautiful maidens went bathing. One was named *Falsehood* and the other *Truth*. After gamboling to their hearts content in the water, *Falsehood* stepped out first and, true to her nature, she stole and dressed herself in the robes of *Truth* and ran away. When *Truth* came out she found the robes of *Falsehood* lying on the bank; she, however, true to her nature, would not don them but went her way as it was, and that is why we so seldom meet with "*Naked Truth*."

Sadakichi Hartmann.

The Perversity of Love

ONE day Love dropped an arrow from his quiver. A short, stout little lady picked it up and with many blushes, returned it to its owner.

"Ah! Sweetheart!" said Love, "you shall have your reward," and he shot the arrow at a man who was passing. And the man, alas! was tall and slim.

Ernest Peabody.

A Greenwich Village Anthrology

(With apologies to Edgar Lee Masters)

Sadakichi Hartmann

Where he came from and where he is going—
 That is not the main thing.
 The main thing is that he is Sadakichi Hartmann,
 A strange sardonic figure,
 The author of *Christ and Buddha*.
 But great as are his *Christ and Buddha*
 Greater still, more piteous and more splendid
 Is the drama called *Sadakichi Hartmann*.

The Nameless One

There were two people in Greenwich Village.
 One of them belonged to the oldest and most infamous
 profession for women.
 She created nothing; her mission was to destroy.
 The other was an artist who created beautiful things.
 Mark the irony.
 The artist died.
 The nameless one will live to a hale and hideous old age.
 For Death will have his little joke.
 Even in Greenwich Village.

Alfred Kreymborg

In a selfish age
 This man is kinder to "Others" than to himself.
 He obeys the maxim
 "Do unto 'Others' as you would they should do unto
 you."
 Shelley was the poet's poet.
 Alfred Kreymborg is more than the poet's poet.
 He is the poet's friend.

Sardonyx

A Publishers' Club

Scribner persisted in weeping.

"If Americans cling to their new fad of reading American literature," he gasped, "our great British writers will starve." "Our great American writers," Holt reminded him, "have starved for years."

"They're used to it," Dodd put in, "and we're not. We're publishers."

"We'll starve too, though," Houghtonmifflin groaned. "We have loaded ourselves with British novelists in sheets. British poets by the wagon load."

"The jig," MacMillan roared, "is up! The fools won't buy the poetry and prose of the Londoners just because they're Londoners."

"Couldn't we work up a centenary of some British novelist?"

Dodd asked this. He was snapped up crossly by Houghton-mifflin.

"No, we can't have any more centennaries of British novelists. We can't live on any more scandals about British poets. 'You don't mean,' gasped Scribner, 'that Dodd'll stop *The Bookman*?"

"How can Dodd stop *The Bookman* when it isn't going, you fool?" roared MacMillan.

"Boys!" yelled Doubleday, "this trick will save us."

He held up the picture of Byron, now labelled in large letters with the name of Charles Brockden Brown.

"I see the game!" cried MacMillan. "I'll have a statement in next Sunday's *World* to the effect that we've always stood for American literature."

Even the weeping Scribner had to join in the laugh with which they all broke into the chorus of "stuff the public, stuff stuff, stuff, publishing is nothing but a game of bluff."

From The Bang, Alexander Harvey's Fearless Weekly.

The Stranger

THERE came to the colony a young man whose face was unmarked by care and whose blue eyes contained a deep happiness.

The people stared at him, but none thought to offer him lodging. They did not inquire his name nor from what country he had journeyed.

"He is not like us," said one, and he berated the new-comer with coarse words and threw stones at him.

"Let him alone," said another; "his odd conceits may serve to make our children laugh;" and he gave to the calm young stranger a gay cap with bells.

But a third said, "This wanderer speaks words which we do not understand. He is mad."

So they built with great stones a tower and imprisoned the beautiful stranger, not dreaming that his name was Wisdom and that he had come from their far-away Fatherland.

Emily B. Stone.

Longing

FOR the unutterable,
For the ineffable
Am I longing
In dead of night;
For the rose unfading,
The song unending,
The heart unchanging,
For love, for light!

I would gather the stars,
The flowers of heaven;
For my garden bright
Is the beautiful whole;
I would stray with thee
O'er night's wide meadow,
O spirit maiden,
O radiant soul.

From "The Victory—Songs of Triumph"

Charles Keeler.



Sadakichi's Head Carried Away by the Sculptress
An Episode of Greenwich Village Life, Nov. '15.

Religion

AND it came to pass that I pondered on the reason for my being. And as time passed my spirits drooped within me—my days became sunless and my nights abysmal—for I knew not my purpose. And lo! as I sat, brooding by the margin of a pool, watching the pale white lilies nodding one unto the other, the figure of a man appeared unto me coming from out the hemlock grove. And he came close to me and spoke words of counsel. And I thought unto myself: "I will do that which this man counseleth," and arose and went straightway unto mine own house.

Then it came to pass that after three days I stood before the oracle and I spoke unto him three questions: Whence came I? By what rule must I live? Whither do I go?

And the oracle answered unto me saying: "These are mighty matters of which ye speak."

Then drew away the oracle unto himself. And after the moon had risen I went again unto him for an answer. And he replied, saying: "Oh ye of little faith! Know ye not that the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto rare gems that are hidden, and that he that liveth by the spirit shall have everlasting life? Let thy faith circle then round about like unto a coat of armor. Believe for in believing lies all virtue."

And I prostrated myself before him in reverence and in worship. And after I had made offering of gold and of silver—of sandal-wood and of rare spices I returned unto mine own hearth exalted.

Yet, I knew not the meaning of that which was spoken unto me.

Tom Sleeper.

In Our Village

WHENEVER the Great sojourn among us and we have a chance to see the daily life of men whose works we do admire, we view it through the magnifying glass of the unusual; stories—really only everyday observations—pass on from mouth to ear and from ear to mouth. That is how history is related. A rich field for biographers.

Many and various are the stories told about Sadakichi Hartmann and his indispensable valet, during his last visit to our village. Inseparable like a shadow, watchful like a dog, inspired with a mission like an apostle, is that little man whom Sadakichi chooses to intrust the care of his bodily welfare.

He is never far. If he does not announce the arrival of Sadakichi he is carrying his master's overcoat or rain-coat and that ominous hat-box which contains not only a black sombrero but also other useful objects which might come in handy if a man decides quickly to do something quite different than he has planned on leaving his home. He is more than a body servant, who keeps shoes shined, the proper crease in trousers and all those other things which are

the daily routine of a "man". He is the screen Sadakichi chooses often to put between himself and the world. He is the bearer and deliverer of messages, the plenipotentiary extraordinary on occasions most difficult and delicate.

It was at a dinner recently in the home of a well-known patroness of Art on the north side of the Square. Sadakichi was one of the guests of honor. He was in that mood in which one enjoys a well-prepared repast and awaits anxiously the arrival of the demi-tasse. A lady well-known as a soulful poetess was sitting at his right. She is one of those women who are not content to leave buried the romance of their life and to plant faithfully flowers of the season around the tombstone, but who are trying constantly to exhume the carcass, to force to new life what was dead and should remain so for ever. She spoke to Sadakichi; she spoke constantly. He was undisturbed, partaking of the different courses of the dinner. The slight signs of annoyance were not noticed. The lady talked. It was too much for Sadakichi! "Call my valet" he said to the butler, while everybody was rising to repair to the next room for the demi-tasse. The valet appeared. Sadakichi calls him "valet," never by name. That man doesn't seem to have a name at all. He must have been born as Sadakichi's valet, and to be his valet seems to be identical with his life. He appeared; he did not take notice of anybody in the room. He stood there all attention, like the despatcher of torpedoes before the commander of his craft.

"Valet," Sadakichi thundered at him, "take my place at the side of this lady (pointing to the soulful poetess who was still talking) drink a demi-tasse with her and exchange commonplaces.

Out he walked and the bang which sounded through the house indicated that Sadakichi had not waited for the footman to open the door for him. How long the valet remained in the drawing-room I do not know, and if he drank a demi-tasse with the soulful poetess and exchanged commonplaces with her I could not ascertain.

And then it was on an afternoon in the Brevoort. Maria Appel, the sculptress who had just finished the bust of Sadakichi, interrupted a serious session of his, around a round table: "Your bust is ready; it is good; it is wonderful; it is not only a likeness, it is a masterpiece. I will ship it tomorrow to an exhibition up-town. You MUST come and see it at once!"

Sadakichi who at first had indignantly interrupted his apparently more important conversation with his companions at the table, looked around for a few seconds as if searching for something and then, wheeling around in his chair: "Valet" with such a strong voice that Emily Stevens in the next room was visibly disturbed in the consummation of her scrambled eggs, and the waiters rushed to the door ready for an affray. Heavy steps quickly approaching. The valet with hat-box and rain-coat.

"Valet" roared Sadakichi, "Go home with the sculptress,

look at my bust and then come back and report to me if it looks like me." And he resumed his conversation.

Again I do not know if the sculptress accepted Sadakichi's proxy and if he proved himself a competent art critic.

Doctor Reitman, the advance agent of Emma Goldman, undertook some time ago to manage a series of lectures for Sadakichi. They had a disagreement of some sort, a long argument that lasted for hours which culminated in the final break-up of business associations. These were the parting words of Sadakichi:

"You are permitted to greet me but I will not talk to you—that shall be your punishment!"

Tom Sleeper, the hermit of the New Jersey mountains, poet and ponderer of the riddles of the Universe, left, as we are informed by authentic sources his solitary hut, has thrown away the hair-cloak to invade after an absence of months the village on last Wednesday eve. He came in a Ford accompanied by a man who as rumor, and he himself ascertained, will be married to the woman of his choice in less than fourteen days. Tom Sleeper had been seen the week previous in Hoboken but he assures us that he did not take advantage of the marriage facilities of this peace-loving suburb. Tom took, as he always does upon his arrival, a solitary walk on the square in worshipful reverence of the great spirits deceased and still among us, before he pilgrimaged to Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre. While deeply meditating upon the fate of unborn children of persons unfit to be parents, and upon questions of preparedness, he tried his best to start his Ford. He succeeded after a while and leaving for the better illuminated haunts of upper New York, he shook off the impressions the Bruno Players had made upon him during the performance he had attended with a "Develish thing, this Sada Cowan's 'The State Forbids'." Ziegfeld's Follies were his antidote. Careless as every proprietor of a Ford, he wanted to leave his car unwatched in front of the New Amsterdam, trusting that thieves recognize the make of an automobile at first sight. A benevolent policeman drew his attention to the fact that someone might take a chance on it, being a brand new one. But nobody did. And in the chill of the early morning hour did he start back for his home mountains, leaving behind him the lures of the Great White Way, of the haunts of our village whose foremost citizen he will remain even he not in our midst as of yore. Yes! New Jersey! That's the life for you! Far out there in its plains and in its mountains!

Many were the notable personages who pilgrimaged down to Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre during the last week and honored the Bruno Players with their illustrious presence. Kaufman, he of "Around the Town" in the Globe had come, seen, and listened. It was particularly nice and comforting to have it from him himself that he was pleased.

Zoe Beckley of New York Evening Mail fame, who interviews on the average more queer and famous people in one year than the ordinary human being has a chance to meet

in a lifetime, attended one of the performances and acknowledged frankly she knew nothing of the Bruno Players before this evening, which marked a historical moment in her life. To know so much and not to know the Bruno Players is a distinction of its own. With pleasure did we inhale the fragrance of this bouquet, Zoe Beckley!

Helen Roland accompanied her, she, the renowned sage of the Evening World's magazine page. And Emma Goldman had come to see what "The State Forbids". It was not new to her.

Miss Sada Cowan, who wrote the play presented by the Bruno Players, was pleased with her work. She viewed it, accompanied by her mother, from the first row, and she is quite different from any other author of plays. She had no suggestions to offer nor changes to make.

Mr. Walcott, the great Dramatic censor of a still greater daily paper, sat through the whole performance very attentively. He was accompanied by his yellow gloves, his spectacles and his walking cane.

Books and Magazines of the Week

The Citizen and Art

THE citizen does not criticise anything so keenly and so self-lordly as Art. Every new appearance of literature, music and painting gives him a welcome chance for his jests and jokes. Just like the paranoiac, he sees the megalomania under whose illusions he himself labors, in the artist. The citizen hates Art because Art seems to him "useless". Art does not transmit to him news. It doesn't bring him facts and it is very hardly avoidable, because Art is—it is hard to say why, and surely it must be lamented—a part of society. But Art is obtrusive and therefore one must find imaginary, sham causes for a defence. One simply has no time for Art. Life to-day is very strenuous. Every profession claims the whole man and the whole woman, and in the evening it is the duty of everybody to look for recreation. One's mentality must be unhitched, and it was never hitched! (Nothing is more automatic than to follow one's profession.) To acquire a surface knowledge—in order to be counted among the educated—the daily newspapers suffice and a knowledge of names. The new novel of Richard Harding Davis, a new drama by Shaw, the new poems of the friend, the lawyer, are bought and one has done his duty. The musical comedy "D'u Jour" the average citizen would take in three times. You know it is necessary to recognize the melodies in the cabaret! Everything else done for Art is felt as a disturbing element in one's private life, preventing an afternoon nap or a spin into the country. How dares Mr. Matisse to draw things one cannot see. How dares Ezra Pound or Richard Aldington or Alfred Kreymborg to write a language one does not speak? Even if one does not speak his own English mother's tongue, one has learned his little French or German in school—also for the sake of that

curse, to be counted educated. And the critic of the family paper is "against it." Artists simply have to learn to express themselves so that they can be commonly understood. Otherwise, the Art can go to blazes, especially the Art of our contemporaries, because the citizen has, by reason of the afore-mentioned education, his beloved "classics". In the museums are the most wonderful pictures, and people who would never think of visiting them are indignant that there is being charged an entrance fee on certain days and just on those days when they intended to revel in Art. Music always had to be paid for in cash, but there, one has the advantage of sitting in a comfortable chair. And now you, dear reader, if you meet men and women who speak to you in strange-sounding voices, whose language seems different from your own and therefore foreign to your own self; if you see their paintings which are strange to your eyes because your eyes have never seen their like before, do not join the chorus of the Romans. Do not assail them because it is more comfortable to walk the path trodden by the millions. But try to be yourself—your unbiased self, and lo, the miracle will be performed and your eyes will see with their eyes and your ears will hear with their ears and your language will become their language and the beauty outside of you will become a part of yourself and the universe will be a part of you and you will be a part of the universe. The joy of others will be your joy, and your sorrow will be the sorrow of the world; and you will be nearer—oh, so much nearer to the solution of your existence before you have to return to the nothing out of which you came.

The Nutshell

"Taking tea with Longfellow" is the pleasant experience of A. G. Heaton, the Editor of this unique communication sent out by him into the world quarterly.

The Art Critic

This new magazine devoted to art criticism contains very little criticism of art. I do not believe that is is essential to know market values and financial returns of pictures in order to appreciate their artistic merits.

The New Review

An additional feature of this critical survey of International Socialism is the publication of a complete play in each issue. "Will he come back?" by Felix Grendon is not bad.

The Edison Monthly

The historical articles and illustrations of the same by old and rare prints add importance to the monthly numbers of this magazine. "The Descent of the Brick" draws attention to a subject otherwise scarcely thought of to write about.

The Last of the War Correspondents

(Continued from last week)

In the garden he poses and we talk but it is to von Kriegelstein he gives all his attention. Villa does not smoke. We gave the word of the New York World editorially for this. That is why he is rolling a corn shuck continuously. Pardon the digressions. Poor Villa is the most maligned aristocrat in Mexico. He really loves the common people enough to make them behave and work for the common good which will be headed by Pancho Villa. See Government of the United States for a parallel. Only Villa will have to shoot a few more deluded peons who are with the Carranza army before the common good comes about. The baron likes Villa. He remarks after the meeting:

"Villa is an orang-outang with the heart of a tiger."

"Will he rule Mexico?"

"Absolutely, and the best that can happen to them."

Merely opinion, but von Kriegelstein has seen twenty-one years of revolution. It is now possible to get an article out, for the announcement comes that the wires to the United States are open. This is August the sixth, and the baron is interested to learn that his country is now at war with most of Europe. Even Chihuahua is excited although used to war for four years and there is no war just as interesting as your own. There are reservists to gather at once, mining men who have been officers in Austria. They must be financed out in a hurry for they all know something of benefit to Austria. The baron must go.

Von Kriegelstein shows excitement for the first time. This is the great war that he has lived for. I hurry with him, for now it is useless to try and send any Mexican news. He must have one interview with General Felipe Angeles, the artillery commander. General Angeles is no slouch. The French Government wants him in Europe this minute to take charge of artillery there. He is acknowledged in secret circles of Europe to be the best military expert in the world. Yes, he is a Mexican. He has more and better artillery than the United States. He also has more than one day's ammunition for it. No, he will not invade the United States. He is too good a general for that, although he imagines he might be able to hold the Southern State for a year. The conversation is in highly technical French.

General Angeles knows the baron. They figure out some involved things. Shucks, but von Kriegelstein is the type of correspondent who foolishly acquired military knowledge in the absurd belief it made him better able to understand and report war. Not needed now. Didn't think I needed it myself until I knew the baron a while. Languages helped somewhat, too. Witness him that day.

He speaks French with General Angeles, goes to the little restaurant under the Hotel Francia and jabbers a moment in Chinese with the proprietor, talks Spanish on the street, enters the Hotel Palacio to get a draft cashed and talks with the

Danish owner in Danish, meet Ihmkoff, the Russian salesman for a shoe company in St. Louis; damns him out and his country in satisfactory Russian, hurries me along in English, chats an instant in Turkish with a salesman who has been marooned probably as a punishment for trying to sell oriental rugs and winds up by bowing in Japanese to the attache who has just come over from Torreon. He could have spoken to the Jap in Jap, because his complete repertoire of languages is fourteen, in six of which he writes articles. English he likes best, because there are some hundred thousand more words to pick and choose a meaning than in any other language. So he says, but I have never verified it.

Are you beginning to believe that the last of the war correspondents was von Kriegelstein?

Before we left Chihuahua, the Russian attempts to have the baron murdered, a matter of money there, the same as in New York. The man selected is the renegade Brooks, an American army deserter, who is playfully accurate with a pistol when executing helpless Federal officers. He is affectionately known as "Fierro's Gringo" and lives up to the quality of his master. But he meets the wrong man in von Kriegelstein, who promises to shoot him out of hand. Brooks means nothing, he says, and produces an American army colt automatic marked United States property. He will remove the magazine to explain the new colt to the baron. He does remove it and is about to point the empty pistol at the baron when von Kriegelstein covers him with his own pistol telling him to take out the bullet that remains. Brooks is very surprised that he should have made such a mistake. He removes the bullet. There is no accident.

(To be continued)

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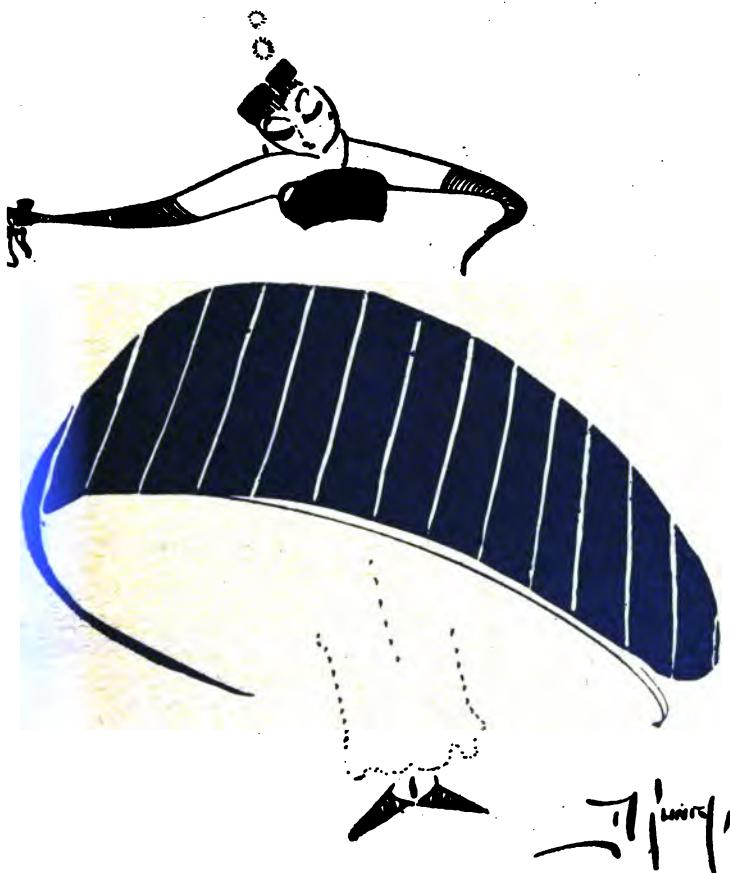
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



June Barnes

EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

April 22nd, 1916

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52 ISSUES FOR TWO DOLLARS

BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 17.

APRIL 22nd, MCMXVI.

Vol. II

Easter

Easter! It is an assurance that death does not rule the world. We need it, viewing the wide welter of war. Those dead over there died for something beyond death and the life they so freely gave. They die that other men may live, that certain ideals, however dimly or distortedly conceived, may have assurance of persistence. They die, too, at the urge of mighty forces using them for ends we must believe are good. Do we not see that Life burns brighter for the mighty orgy of Death? Is there not sensibly a spiritual quickening of men before the tragedy of the dozen nations sworn to slaughter? Is not Pity succeeding Rage, and Hate in its own futility engendering Love? When truly was the world more desirous of peace than now, when war has purged its spirit through its horrors? How many evils this war will sweep away! An old world is dying in blood. A new world is being born in cataclysmic travail. The old earth has come through many wars and to betterment. The race of man has learned through suffering. It has forgot and has had to learn again and more. Death perpetually renews Life. And Love wields both in interplay. The peoples will be nearer one another for this present madness. If we believe not this, the universe is a madhouse and the law of being is the emanation of an Infinite Idiot. The millennium is yet far off. There will be other wars, other purifications by fire and blood. A God, they say, died for us. We shall have to die often for the God within ourselves, till all but the God shall remain dead and then His kingdom come. There shall be myriads of Easters ere the agonies be done, if ever. And endless loveliness of recurring Springs "with that nameless pathos in the air" for all that die that Spring may come to be.

Marion William Reedy.

Some Personal Recollections of Greenwich Village*

By Euphemia M. Olcott

THE contact of our family with Greenwich Village dates back to the days of my great-grandfather, the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church in Murray Street, who lived for some time at what became the corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue. I never saw him, but visited the house in my childhood, when it was occupied by an old Mr. Pringle, who was a friend of the family. My mother was born away out in the country, on Lovers' Lane

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Henry Collins Brown, who gave me permission to extract it from his beautiful "Book of Old New York," printed by him privately for collectors.

on the Oothout Farm, where her grandfather had rented a house to take his family out of the reach of cholera, then prevalent in the city. She was born on the third of August, 1819—a contemporary of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Her birthplace was a frame house with hip roof. In after years a brick front was put on and the hip roof was straightened up with bricks. The house was divided into two, and became either 32 and 34 West Twentieth Street, or 34 and 36—I am not sure which. Only a dozen year ago, when business made its inroads into that section, I discovered workmen razing the building, and the next one having been previously demolished, I could see the outline of the old roof and some of the original clapboards. Much to the amazement of the laborers I asked for and secured some pieces of these clapboards and distributed sections of them at our family dinner table on the next Thanksgiving Day. My mother grew up at the corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets, her father being the Rev. John Knox, D.D., whose pastorate of forty years was in the Collegiate Dutch Church. She often visited in Greenwich Village, both at her grandfather's and at the home of Mr. Abraham Van Nest, which had been built and originally occupied by Sir Peter Warren. But she never thought of going so far for less than a week! There was a city conveyance for part of the way, and then the old Greenwich stage enabled them to complete the long journev. This ran several times a day, and when my mother committed her hymn,

"Hasten, sinner, to be wise
Ere this evening's stage be run,"

she told us that for some years it never occurred to her that it could mean anything in the world but the Greenwich stage. Mr. Van Nest's house was as dear to my young days as to those of my mother. It was a square frame house on a slight elevation in the midst of land bounded by Fourth and Bleecker, Charles and Perry Streets. It was the country residence of a gentleman, with flower and vegetable gardens, a stable, a cow, chickens, pigeons and a peacock, all dear to childish hearts. And likewise

"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality."

From its doors many children had married and gone forth before my time came, and the mother I never knew. But "old Mr. Van Nest," a faithful elder in our church, one especially liberal in his ideas of what the ministers ought to receive, and his daughter, Miss Katherine Van Nest, made many young hearts happy, not only the returning grandchildren, but those who, like myself, could present only claims of friendship with kinship. A large hall ran through the house and a large mahogany table stood there, and this was always furnished with a large silver cake-basket full of delicious sponge-cake, a batch of which must have been made every morning, I am sure, by the colored cook. And from this basket we were urged—no! We never needed

urging—we were permitted to help ourselves—and we did. This was just for ordinary days, but yearly, at least, there was a children's party where mirth and jollity reigned and all old-fashioned games were played and every child carried home a charming little gift. A party dress then was—I remember one such very distinctly from my pride in its acquisition—a red merino, short enough to show the white pantaloons which went down to our ankles, and over it a dotted Swiss muslin apron with straps over the shoulders. And we felt just as fine as the more bedizened little creatures of to-day—and I yield to no generations, before our days or since, in the good times we had.

It was in 1843 that my mother married, her father then being resident at the corner of Fourth and Mercer Streets. There I was born in 1844, and when I was two months old I was carried to her home, where I still reside. This is in Thirteenth Street, west of Sixth Avenue. There was a drug store, kept by Mrs. M. Giles, on the corner, and beyond that lot began a row of dwelling houses of which my father bought the fifth, but latterly business has absorbed four of these, so that we are now the first residence on the block. It was very far uptown in those days—there is a letter still extant which predicts that my mother will never see her old friends for they cannot go so far up—and it was thought very narrow, being only twenty feet wide. Oilcloth was in those days laid in the halls, but my grandfather advised against it, saying, "Throw down a strip of carpet, Helen: you won't stay here five years." She stayed sixty-five, until she was within two months of ninety years, when she went to her home above. Nine children were born there, one of whom made a brief stay in this world—but eight of us grew up, four boys and four girls, a natural, wholesome, noisy, merry set of youngsters, whose old-fashioned ways would doubtless amaze the succeeding generations. Just to mention one thing—no Sunday paper has ever been delivered at our door.

The location, considered from a sanitary point of view, has always been excellent; in fact, it was a knowledge of this that determined its choice. The Croton water was in the house, and even a bath-tub, but no stationary tubs for a good many years and well do I remember seeing the maids on Monday afternoon carrying out the round tubs and emptying them into the gutter, and great was our glee if the water soured a great black pig from its siesta—for these creatures roamed at large and were the only scavengers of any consequence.

Well do I remember also the introduction of gas and how we followed our father from room to room as he triumphantly lit each burner. It was a frolic after that on winter evenings to shuffle across the carpet and light the gas with an electric spark from the tips of our fingers, I being the one most usually successful in this feat.

(To be continued)

Passing Paris

April 1st, 1916.

LA TRIENNALE. A selection from the leading art-groups and limited to artists of French nationality furnishes a good, tangible object-lesson of what is to be expected of modern French art and serves as apology for a display at the present juncture. Naturally it is chiefly retrospective, not in its representatives, but in the works it summons together, most of these being already familiar to habitues of the annual shows. A judicious, deliberate eclecticism balances the most opposed schools one against the other: Matisse versus Bonnat; Harpignies versus Marquet; Mme. Marval versus Mlle. Dufau, etc. Besides the veteran Harpignies there are others: Degas, and Renoir, who here introduces himself as a sculptor—a young, debutant sculptor, nearly eighty years old by the way. Claude Monet is missing, but in his stead there are Signac, as president of the Independants, and Odilon Redon, who has dared, and quite exceptionally, to honour these walls, for he does not care to mingle in "mixed" society as a rule. And it is well for his companions, they being painters of varying degrees, high or low in the scale, but merely painters, and M. Redon on another plane, outside their zone of operations. The same criterion does not apply to them and to him. It is clear that they struggle for some technical supremacy, while he, possessing his technique, possessing it in the sense that the Japanese masters possessed theirs, aims and achieves, through an amazing mastery of his materials, the absolute liberation of the material element in painting. His art is not only art, but an art.

On all hands artists are making a stand against the war-deluge. Some yield prudently to the general turmoil by individual transformations and, realizing the vanity of practising "fine" art at its finest just now, adapt their skill to more accessible forms, and we have painters and sculptors trying their hand at toys in response to a demand for the French and, especially, artistic idea. M. Poulbot, the draughtsman, had, years before the war, set an example with his gutter-snipe dolls. Mlle. Poupelet, our leading woman-sculptor and one of our leading artists, irrespective of sex, was one of the next to make an attempt in this direction, and a group has gathered round her who model and carve and carpenter for the intended amusement of the young and the certain admiration of the old. Several exhibitions have already been held in Paris and New York, yielding success surpassing anticipation, though it is not to be supposed that the more remarkable qualities some of these little knick-knacks disguise under their more obvious purpose is particularly apparent to the general public.

Muriel Cielkovska

From "The Egoist" London

Come, William et al

By Edgar Lee Masters

COME William, you are the author of "Currents of Destiny."
Come, Theodore, you wrote "Cowardly Skrinking from Duty."
Come, both of you, America needs you.
We have a problem.
It is called: "Neutralit, or The Freedom of the Seas."
We will make it into two problems,
For it would be a shame
To waste both of you on one problem.
One problem then is Neutralit,
And that's for you, William.
And one is The Freedom of the Seas,
That's for you, Theodore.
And first where do the Currents of Destiny take us,
O, William, in the handling of neutralit?
And if we do-not shrink in a way too cowardly
May we have the freedom of the seas,
O, Theodore?
Ahem! There are difficulties!
For it is nice to stop the submarines,
But it would be nice to ship goods, wouldn't it,
To neutral countries?
But how can you do it
When certain foreign consuls at our ports
Won't let you?
And if they won't let you, where's your neutralit,
And your freedom of the seas?
Well, now, Theodore, how shall we not shrink
In a way cowardly or otherwise?
Ahem! we could drive these consuls from the custom
houses,
And send battleships
To convey America's meat!
But if we did,
What would become of our precious Philippines
Which came to us on the currents of destiny
And through bravely doing our duty
And not cowardly shrinking from it
Ahem! You get the secret thought no doubt!
Come, William!
Come, Theodore!
What shall we do?
For you who piloted the Republic to such glory
Can certainly take us to the Islands of the Blest!

Via Reedy's St. Louis Mirror.

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus

Water

I HEAR strange voices in the warm, swift rain,
 That falls in tumult upon town and field;
 It seems to tell a mystery unconcealed,
 Yet hieroglyphic to a mortal's brain.
 It sighs and moans as if in utter pain
 Of some colossal sorrow, never healed;
 It warns of awful secrets unrevealed,
 And every drop repeats the sad refrain.
 And then I think of the enormous sea
 Fed by these drops, with drifting wrecks bestrewn,
 And dimly, vaguely, like a far-off sound,
 The meaning of their sorrow comes to me,
 For they may be, oh rare, considerable boon,
 Heaven's humble mourners for the unnumbered
 drowned.

Brandy

THY mighty power stirs up the sluggish blood
 To craft and cunning and rejuvenate fire,
 And fills again with raptures of desire
 The failing sense that drowns in armour's flood.
 The spirit's song, freed from our carnal mud,
 Then soars supreme, and grandlier doth aspire,
 And with new vigor that can never tire,
 The flowers of fancy burst within the bud.
 In nobler ways, even yet, thou prov'st thy might,
 When soldiers, strengthened by thy drops of flame
 Forget their gory wounds in frantic zeal.
 And with high souls all thrilling for the fight,
 Assault dread bastions for their country's fame,
 And lead their flags thro' labyrinths of steel!

Chinese Letters

By Alan W. S. Lee, Wuhu, China.

The Festival of Ba Yueh Dzieh

THIS is the night of perfect beauty, the night of worship, the Festival of the Moon—ba yueh dzieh. It is seven o'clock, and all through the land of the Middle Kingdom the Black Haired People turn their faces to the East. On every one of the little hills around about Wuhu (sedgy lake) stand-groups of men, women and children, on every high place they stand in silhouette against the ever deepening light of the eastern sky. They stand with outstretched arms to welcome the Moon, waiting silently, patiently, until she shall appear.

Lights glow in the temple under the Pagoda on the hill, but they shine wan and faint against the bright glory behind it. Suddenly the silence is broken, the big bell in the temple

of Gwo Yin and the bells from the pagoda boom across the fields of rice to the country across the river. Bells from the temple inside the city call back and forth to each other, gongs clang sharply, the thud of big drums and hollow wooden instruments mingle into one continuous sound, and under it all is the low murmur of many voices.

The figures on the highest hill are frantically waving their arms for they have seen the Moon, and now over the edge of the hill her great golden arc swings slowly up behind the Pagoda. It is a perfect night, and all the city is out to do worship to Her—Astarte, Diana, Ashtoreth.

All yesterday and to-day the streets of the city and all the country roads were crowded with men and women, bearing baskets full of incense. It was almost impossible to get along the Chang Giai, as no one was in a hurry, and every one wanted to stop and talk to every one else, for yesterday was also a holiday.

Now from every square, every yard and open place thick clouds of pale blue smoke rise to the Moon, and she is glad for on no other night of the year has she been so beautiful. This is not a religious festival, Confucians, Buddhists, Taoists, Shintoists, and Mohammedans worship the Queen of Night together.

From my table goes up three streams of incense smoke, fragrant and sweet, from burners of brass, bronze, and porcelain.

The Moon is well above the hills now, and by her light I can see a water buffalo lying half-submerged in the pool across the road. The air is full of whirling lights, and fire works of many kinds. The gongs and bells and the fire works will continue all night, and not until dawn will the weary people stop for sleep.

A Publishers' Club

"Look here, Scribner! Don't be downcast. The vogue of American literature in the United States may be only temporary."

With those consoling words, the obese Macmillan slapped the weeping Scribner on the back. The weeping Scribner was not consoled.

"It's all very well for you, Macmillan," he sighed. "You can spend your best years in New York on a list that is British and then give bold interviews to the newspapers about the encouragement you have given to American literature. But we Scribners live by beating the British drum."

He buried his Anglican countenance in a London pocket handkerchief.

"This procession is about to start!" roared Doubleday. "All banners must bear the portraits of American authors."

A quaint procession they formed as they sallied out of the Publishers' Club, trying hard to look as if they had ever done anything for American literature. Houghtonmifflin, in his capacity as the most Anglicised of them all, took the lead. Dodd, caught with the British goods on him, paraded side by

side with Putnam, who carried a British flag painted over to resemble the stars and stripes.

"I'm afraid," sighed Harper, as they turned into Fifth Avenue, "we'll never bluff them with this sort of thing."

He looked dubiously at an Americanized list issued in a hurry to suggest that it wasn't made in London.

"You don't know Macmillan," murmured Holt. "He can disguise himself so cleverly that you'd read the map of London in his face with difficulty at first."

Just then the procession, with Appleton at the head of it, turned out of Fifth Avenue into a side street, halting in front of a private residence.

"Now, boys," yelled Doubleday, "give 'em Yankee Doodle."

They burst into a chorus of "Rule, Encyclopoedia Britannica!" As New York publishers, they thought the tunes interchangeable. They had not been singing very long, when a bedroom window above their heads flew open and the Reading Public appeared.

"Oh, I say!" cried Scribner, clapping a monocle to his eye. "Amewican literachach, ye know! We're for it. Henwy Jimes—that sort of thing, ye know."

"Bah Jove!" struck in Macmillan. "We're very American, what! Marion Crawford—er—ah!—Jack Lon'."

"'Merican, s'elp me bob!" Holt was addressing the Reading Public now. "Poe, you know. Hawthorne. Ya'as, ya'as!"

"But," asked the Reading Public, suddenly, "why must you New York publishers wake me up out of my bed in the middle of the night to tell me you are friendly to American literature?"

All eyes were turned on Macmillan, but that Anglican was unable to bluff on the spur of the moment. Before they knew it a hose was turned on them, and as they fled back to the Publishers' Club, the dripping Scribner assured the soured Dodd that Macmillan had made a fool of them all again—what?

Alexander Harvey in his Weekly "The Bang."

Sonnet

*I wandered in Scoglietto's green retreat.
The oranges on each o'erhanging spray
Burned as bright lamps of gold to shame the day;
Some startled bird with fluttering wings and fleet
Made snow of all the blossoms, at my feet
Like silver moons the pale narcissi lay:
And the curved waves that streaked the sapphire bay
Laughed i' the sun, and life seemed very sweet
Outside the young boy-priest passed singing clear,
"Jesus the Son of Mary has been slain,
O come and fill his sepulcher with flowers."
Ah, God! Ah, God! those dear Hellenic hours
Had drowned all memory of thy bitter pain,
The Cross, the Crown, the Soldiers, and the Spear.*

Oscar Wilde.

Written in Holy Week at Genoa

Our Daily Press



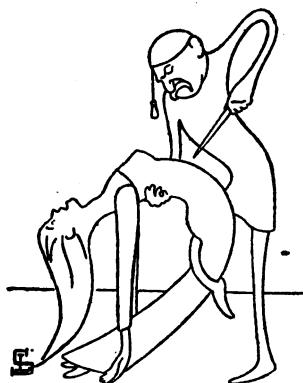
Society Columns



Family Magazine Page



Romance in Installments



Tragedy Day by Day

Automobiles and Things

WE sat all day on a rock high above the sea, propped
against a solitary ragged cedar.
And the wind rising over the cliff blew drenching fogs
against us.
We sat quietly, not very far apart.
At last, stiff and dripping, we swashed thru the cran-
berry swamp - towards home—slowly, very, very
slowly.
That was a long, long time ago—
I wonder if we would call that fun now?

Tom Sleeper.

Two Things by Cat's Paw

A Man Without Money

A MAN without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a spectre that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which it is feared may end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby—landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery.

The Fortitude of a Pig

THE stoicism of a pig is enviable. The manner in which he receives the injuries heaped on him is no proof of it, certainly but his mode of bearing them after they are inflicted, is truly his own. No creature on earth can make more noise than he does to prevent himself from being hurt; but that is excellent policy. He seems to know the value of the old proverb, "It is better to prevent than to cure." But when he finds the thing is done, he is silent, and as patient as Job himself. Indeed, if Job had been allotted to bear what a pig bears we might be permitted to doubt his patience. The trials of swine are great.

In Our Village

BUT if we look back on the scenes of what we are accus-
tomed to call the Village, back of the Square, west of
Fifth Avenue and still more west of Sixth Avenue, our illusion
vanishes. Back of the community which seems so unique with
its worshipful reminiscences of the old, with its stately man-
sions, with its touch of cosmopolitan grandeur as it is voiced
every night in the Brevoort, the Lafayette, in Mazzini's, in the
Greenwich Village Inn, or in the studios of our pur popular
ones who harbor refugees from all belligerent countries:

Ragged children playing on sidewalks and thoroughfares, babies which rightfully should be in the arms of their mothers left in the care of older sisters or brothers, sitting on doorsteps or fighting for a place on one of the few benches of Washington Square. The illusion that we are living in a village, superior and extraordinary, vanishes quickly if we stroll around Bleecker street or, down Houston or Thompson and all the other tenement streets. We hardly think it possible that so few, time-worn, rickety, dirty old houses can serve as domiciles for so many thousands of families. Put together all the heart-touching newspaper stories and reports of charitable associations about human misery in the big city as they appear before Christmas, make a mosaic of the most pitiful conditions humanity in a big city is subjected to . . . and you will have the painting, vivid in colors and naturalistic in conception, to which we of the Greenwich Village on Washington Square and on Fifth Avenue, created the much-admired and talked-about frame.

We discarded our overcoats, the furs are properly stored away, we are thinking of our trip, of moving to the country; the trees are budding, soft green blades of grass peep bashfully out of the brown earth, the sparrows came forth from under their eaves repairing their summer residences in trees and bushes.

The sun did it. The sun with its kind golden rays, which are more beautiful on the dirtiest sidewalk of Little Italy back of our square amidst the raggedest and noisiest lot of children than the chiselled gold-circling around the cold, costly-cut precious stones in Tiffany's window on Fifth Avenue. The sun did it, who shines for the poorest of us just as warm and gladly as for the richest. The sun who finds his way to the heart of every one of us, no matter where we are, no matter what our lot in this world might be; the sun comes and knocks at the door of our heart, and he is persistent. We will have to open, even if we think in the importance of our microscopic existence that we have no time . . . for sun rays which warm our heart and for light and for love.

One quarter of an acre of playgrounds is provided by our city for the thirty-five thousand children of Greenwich Village. One quarter of an acre of land to play in, to romp in, to feel like a human being before being shut up again in the evening in the stuffy atmosphere of a dingy tenement room. There are large parks in other parts of the city; parks where these poor little ones who do not know God's free country could spend a day and think they had been in the country. But mothers cannot take them, they have to work and slave from morning till late in the night in order to eke out a living after they succeeded to earn enough to pay their rent to their landlord (I cannot understand how the honorable landlords dare to take money for these dungeon holes, very often unfit to house vermin).

Cars and elevators cannot be used without paying a fare and children get very hungry being out in the green using for once their limbs unrestrictedly, and a proper repast has to be provided for them. The babies want milk.

There is a man among us who plays St. Peter to the children of Greenwich Village. He is the gatekeeper to the summer pleasures of thirty-five thousand futur citizens of our country. The Rev. Sheridan Watson Bell of the Washington Square Church, supported by a host of men and women—his true apostles—is planning for this year still more than he did last year for the children of the village. No sectarian questions are being asked, no matter what nationality or denomination they might call their own. They all are alike, they all are entitled to fresh air, to sunlight, to the freedom of the country. Dr. Bell gave last year two hundred and fifty children each week a whole day in one of our city parks. They had a jolly ride up to the park, a lot of playing if they felt like it; they could lie on the green grass and look up to the sky, unhampered by smoke-stacks and factory buildings, and they could watch the passing clouds. They could dream, and a good substantial lunch would remind them that dreams come true even here on earth. And then the ride homeward again, fun and laughter and tired—healthily tired, ready for a good night's rest.

Do you remember how often kids come up to you while you are buying a ticket for a moving picture show and look at you with their pleading, hungry eyes: "Please, mister, take me in." If you are one of those who feel the warm spring sun even if their backs are turned to the window, you'll buy a ticket for the child and play the host.

If you feel inclined to give one of these thirty-five thousand children of our village eight perfect summer days away from the dusty, smoky street, send Dr. Bell one dollar. Send it in care of the Washington Square Church or in care of Bruno's Weekly. What is one dollar? The tip you hand the waiter after a ten dollar dinner, the price of five high-balls, the price of a taxi from the Brevoort Hotel to some lobster palace. . . . No, not that? A part of your weekly room rent, almost the half of a pair of shoes or your laundry bill?

But think, it means sun, happiness, health to a little boy or to a little girl.

Of course, you will send that dollar. But send it immediately. Bis dat, qui cito dat.

Djuna Barnes, who designed the front cover of Bruno's Weekly this week, retired to a sedate and quiet private life. After a rather exciting career of a few years of newspaper work (drawing and writing) she decided to do some real work unhampered by editorial (*sic!*) influences. A series of war pictures and among these her uncanny gripping "The Bullet," are not only the work of a promising artist, but of one who started to really fulfill promises.

As well as in drawing and painting she has a style of her own, in her literary adventures. Her poems and her short stories cannot possibly be called otherwise but adventures. She feels the rhythm of her inspiration and she struggles along as good as she can to make us feel it too. Her inspiration is flirting constantly with her creative-desires. But Djuna Barnes is a bad match-maker. The little things in life

make for tragedies. Spelling, punctuation, syntax, lack of concentration, are such little things. They are every-day tragedies in Djuna's life.

Charles Keeler is expecting anxiously the appearance of his new book "Songs of Victory." It should have been out a few weeks ago, but Laurence Gomme is not better than all the other publishers, just a little bit late.

Hamilton Owens, once upon a time the youthful Sunday editor for Mr. Munsey's New York "Press," and who is now the publisher of the "Motion Picture Mail," made after a long absence a trip to the village. He and his associate editor Homestead, were seen last week in a spaghetti house.

A Defense (?) of Vaudeville

VAUDEVILLE is excellence of execution without motive. Drama is motive partially dependent upon execution. In Drama we see life. The Drama is for people who do not see life until it is acted, and for those who prefer to look at life only.

Drama is life. Vaudeville is the beauty of life. We enjoy the beauty of life without the motive when we watch a graceful diver, when we dance, in music, sometimes in paintings. There are those who revel in Brahms, and discard Wagner as inferior. It is a matter of comparative execution. Drama is the idea.

Drama, like the cigar, stimulates and continues meditation, research. Vaudeville the cigarette, affects the senses primarily, the brain reflexly. Drama is for those who do not know introspection and musing, and for those who dwell exclusively on life. Vaudeville appeals to those who ARE Drama and seek beauty without motive, and to those who sense the primitive affect, unconscious of cause.

A Drama may be good even with poor execution; Vaudeville, never. A Drama is an idea well expressed in words and action. A Vaudeville act (not a play in a vaudeville program, but an exhibition of strength, beauty, equilibrium, rhythme or buffoonery) is execution and personality minus motive—as is a concert. Granting that music may have a meaning—it is sensual, not mental.

Humor is the intermediate medium between sense and brain, and Drama is essentially mental, tempered—but slightly—by scenery and acting. Opera depends upon both motive and execution, but execution is the more essential.

To sum up:—Drama is study; Vaudeville, enjoyment.

W. V. Richberg.

Books and Magazines of the Week

Von Zorn

EDWARD ARLINGTON ROBINSON'S "Van Zorn," a comedy in three acts, and published by that lady-like concern, the Macmillans is, for some reason or other, laid in Macdougall Alley, Greenwich Village, New York. The characters are artists who are wealthy. With all due respect to Mr. Robinson as one of our foremost American poets, we cannot applaud a work whose relation to the life of the alley is about as real as an automaton is to a human being. The characters talk like books, and of them all, Van Zorn himself, a wealthy fatalist, is the most tiresome. Villa, the heroine, is a stilted lady. Her attempts at wit are a painful bore. And what ancient humor she unearths!

"It seems to me sometimes that funerals are better than weddings. When we go to funerals, we know what has happened; but when we go to weddings, we don't even pretend to know what is going to happen."

"A spiritd story," says the Macmillans. It is about as spiritd as the worms who wait on customers at their saintly sanctums on the Avenue. Technique it has, but a technique as academic and cold as a dead fish.

A. K.

From The Mirror, St. Louis

APROPOS the "Encyclopediæ Britannica" swindle, it is worthy of note that the advertising of the "handy" set is placed by its publishers and not by the Sears, Roebuck Company of Chicago. It is the publishers, not the distributors, who are responsible for violation of the guarantee that the price of the publication would be raised after the filling of the advance orders. The cheaper edition robs the purchasers of the first edition of the 60 per cent. difference between the original and later prices. Subscribers to the first edition should refuse to complete their time payments otherwise than on the basis of the lesser price for the handy edition.

Failure?

*So much was asked of me
That, in striving to forget,
My Heart was crushed.
So much was asked of me
In striving to raise my eyes
My lids have drooped.
So much was asked of me
My Soul could no longer strive;
In the dust I lay.*

—Diamond Crisp.

In a Modern Art Gallery

LAID out on a table draped with heavy black velvet, in a room without windows and with staring, orange-colored tapestry, was the pale body.

The room had no windows, the air was thick and heavy like that in the Martyr Chamber of the Venetian palace, sixty feet below the ground.

The lifeless eyes of the corpse were opalescent. They shone in the darkness like badly cut opals on the velvet waist of a picturesque Mexican.

The orange of the walls seemed glaring and the black velvet under the carcass, fascinating like the preaching of the fifth Buddha, who is not born yet.

The orange of the walls was dazzling like the hungry eyes of the stray hyenas. The beasts smelt the nearness of the dead. They wanted to feast on his flesh, they wanted to crunch his bones.

There was no light. There was no love. There was no beauty.

There was black. There was orange. There was hunger.

Guido Bruno.

Gleanings From Jean Paul

The Enemies of Freedom

Crush every league of her friends, destroy every book and every one who gave it to the world, to show us the rising sun of freedom, and that sun will not be reflected from one mirror alone, but will shine with new lustre in every fragment. When the sea is smooth, but one sun shines out from its breast; but when broken into a thousand waves, it glitters with a thousand.

To a Rose Bleached by the Sun

Pale rose, the sun gave thee thy bloom, and the glowing sun now robs thee of it; thou art like us. When the spirit, which makes the cheek of man to glow, draws nigher and nigher to us, it, too, makes our cheek pale, and we die.

Thought and Action

Many flowers open to the sun, but one only follows him constantly. Let thy heart be the sunflower; let it not only be open to God, but bow to him, and follow him.

Flowers on a Virgin's Bier

Strew flowers upon her, ye, her fair friends! Once ye brought flowers to grace her cradle-festivals; now she is celebrating the greatest of them all, for her bier is the cradle of heaven.

The Last of the War Correspondents

(Concluded from last week)

Merely an incident in his way of life is this avoiding an accident by pointing a pistol at a man's heart. The baron knows he will have to be well protected and for the first time he seeks shelter in Chihuahua from individual assassins. Urquidi takes him to the house of Gonzales de la Garza who is later to become one of Mexico's presidents for a few days' appearance only. De la Garza is kind and gives the proper refuge.

The next day it is Juarez and across the border.

Von Kriegelstein is written up in Chicago as he goes through.

Consequently he must get some kind of a paper, probably an American passport to get him over to Europe. Well, at any rate we said good bye and although the British cruisers searched the steamer he was on—well what can one or two ordinary humans do with a man who talks so many languages.

But because he was von Kriegelstein I kept thinking of him after he had gone. Then came the news of his death as he should have died facing the Russians whom he hated and wrote against. The sun of his profession has set, but the star of von Kriegelstein is rising. Like most he will be best known long after he is dead because he has left his books to speak for him.

To Clara Tice

O CLARA TICE
How very nice
To think about the rhymes
That one can frame
About your name
A hundred or more times
O Clara Tice,
You rhyme with mice;
You should be very glad!
I'm sure you'll find
It will remind
Of the pet cat you had.
O Clara Tice,
Your talent's spice
To Guido Bruno's wit;
And, in his sheet,
We hope to meet
A great deal more of it.

Violet Leigh

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

WILLIAM H. TAFT
NEW HAVEN, CONN

Pointe-au-Pic, Canada,
July 12, 1915.

My dear Mr. Bruno!

I have yours of July 5th, and thank you for sending me the current issue of your journal, the "Greenwich Village". I have read your leading article, and am very glad you have taken the position you have, in which you perhaps know, I entirely sympathize. Of course your article has the additional interest that it is written by one who has lived in so many different countries, and whose allegiance to the United States is the result of voluntary action.

Sincerely yours,



Mr. Guido Bruno,
42 Washington Square S.,
New York, N. Y.

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

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Guido Bruno

BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

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Vol. II

The proof that liberty is the divine ideal of man, is that she is the first dream of youth, and that she does not fade from our soul until our heart is withered and our mind either debased or discouraged. There is not a soul twenty years old that is not republican. There is not a decayed heart that is not servile.

Alphonse de Lamartine

Les Confidences: Being the Confessions of a Self-made American

(This article was written shortly after the Lusitania incident and appeared in Greenwich Village, the semi-monthly forerunner of Bruno's Weekly.)

IN the solitude of my garret have I thought about all this business that is setting afame with barbaric rage one world and creating uneasiness, constraining personal liberty and sowing the seeds of hatred among brothers in the other.

And because I am an American citizen, and because I thank the belligerent countries for some of the best and most essential things of my life, I feel that I must voice these thoughts of my solitude and tell them to you, who were born and raised in America, and who might better understand after this, and to you who are citizens as I am by your own choice, but who perhaps had never time or inclination or the intuition to think about it all.

Well do I remember the day on which I resolved to make this country my own. It was nearly a year after my arrival in the United States. I had just finished reading the writings of Abraham Lincoln. I wanted to be a citizen of the country this man had lived and worked and finally died for.

Hero worship! But how I would wish to be as young again! My ideals carried me with uncurtailed wings high above all material matters—above disappointments not spared to any of us, and all those little disasters which are part of our lives.

I had admired Alexander the Great; Napoleon had been my ideal for years. Power, strength, determination of will, making other people do what he thought was best for them,—that had impressed me. To read the lives of these men, to study their methods and their actions brought me elevation and gave me ambition.

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Being the product of a monarchistic system, raised in an atmosphere of discipline, of castes and of traditions, I was to be deeply impressed with the European Republic—with France. *Liberté! Égalité! Fraternité!*

I searched for it in France and I could not find it. Maybe I was too young in those days; maybe I was not able to translate the ideal into existing conditions. Maybe I was considering life as it was more than as it had been planned to be.

And I became a cynic; I lost my belief in real things. I wanted to live my own life outside of the community of men whom I did not trust, who seemed to me egotists, sailing under a false flag of idealistic endeavors. Too deeply rooted in me was my early education of respect for laws and regulations to do anything desperate, or to join the groups of the dissatisfied, of men who call themselves betterers of humanity, and whom humanity calls outlaws, parasites or reformers.

And so I decided to live my own life in the "New World," to think as I wanted to think, to believe what I wished to believe, not to know anything of government, not to be a part of a system. As work which should furnish me with the necessities of life, I chose hard menial labor. Work that anybody could do who had strength and physical ability, where there were no questions asked, no contracts made. I came in the morning and received my pay in the evening, if I wished to. If I didn't like the work, I could quit it. And while I was working to earn my room and board, my thoughts were my own. And never in my life did I feel freer than in those days in which I had exchanged my pen for a shovel.

I frequented the libraries. In my work clothes I strolled in, asked for any book I wished to read. Can you recollect the red tape you have to go through if you ask for a book in the library in France, in Germany or in Italy? Not the big tragedies of life made for unhappiness, but the small, little annoyances spoil for us the pleasure of enjoying this world.

"I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and mean to keep doing so 'till the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything."

These are the words of Lincoln, uttered at a time when he seemed entangled in a labyrinth of political complications. I read his life, I read everything I could find about him, about his contemporaries, and now after more than fifty years have elapsed since his tragic death, these words of his have proven true. He had been far above the criticism of his time; he had seen only one goal for his life, one path leading to this goal, and he walked this path. He saw the ambushes; he anticipated the stones which would be hurled at him from behind, but he walked on. He had one life and the only vocation of his was to live that life of his. His

words—and his words were his life—showed me what this country meant to the world, what America had been and was for all nations, for all races.

AND so I stood there before the clerk in a western city and desired to make my application for American citizenship. It was a formality of a couple of minutes. I glanced over the slip of paper he handed me. There it stood, black on white, glaring into my face, that I had to renounce the sovereign, the prince whose subject I then was.

There are moments in the life of every human being when his brain works with a horrifying alacrity. Thoughts, memories, vivid pictures of scenes that have left an everlasting impression shoot through the brain in terrifying quick succession. They follow one another, covering as long a stretch of years as our conscious and unconscious memory goes back in our lives. It happened there to me. In the clerk's office while I was looking at the disinterested face of the man who wanted me to raise my hand and repeat the oath and to be done with me. I saw myself as a young boy singing patriotic songs. I saw myself as a youth in uniform with unsheathed sword swearing an oath of allegiance to my king. How terrible that oath was! "During day and night," the oath reads, "in water and on land, in peace and war, will I follow his leadership, will I be loyal to him. Even against my father and my brothers will I be loyal to him."

And then I thought how I had been educated at his expense, being a beneficiary of a stipendium, how I had to thank him indirectly for my college and for my university education. And I thought of my father and of his father and of all of my ancestors, and I thought of my brothers who wore his coat and spent their lives in his service, and all this I thought in less than a minute, and I told the clerk that I would come back on another day to sign my declaration of intention.

I do not take myself more seriously than is necessary in order to be taken seriously by others. I always hated ceremonies and climaxes of any kind, but on that day I felt something that I never had felt before. I felt I was giving birth to myself. Instead of doing as I had done so often in questions of importance, to wait until the moment presented itself and then act, I decided to have it out with myself.

A man who wanted to live his own life, a man who could not give himself up to the narrowness of his surroundings, who was willing to give up everything, to sacrifice the fruits which long years of study and a professional training would have brought him, because he could not accept certain traditions and convictions—an iron ring around his head and an untransgressable wall enclosing his ambitions—must have the ability to forget, to erase out of mind completely what has been. Or the thoughts what could have been will come

and torture him and make him regret and kill him.

For years I had not thought. I felt a stranger in my own past, as I was sitting there in my dark little hall room thinking of my allegiance to my king whom I had to abrogate in order to become an American citizen.

A TEACHER paid by him or by the government whose earthly impersonation he is, had taught me to read and to write. His schools gave me a military training and the military discipline taught me that great lesson millions of our brother citizens seem never to have learned: To keep my mouth shut and obey orders.

That was about all that I wanted to say thanks for to the country of my birth. I came to this conclusion after I had guided my thoughts through twenty-three years of my life. I surprised myself at musings of sympathy and of pity for many of those who had been associates of my youth. While my country gave me education, I had to go to other countries for food to sustain my real self. I had to go to the philosophers of Germany, I had to go to the poets and artists of France, I had to go to the singers and musicians of Italy and to the dramatists of England for all those essential things that make my real life worth living. And then I recollect those months that I had spent in this new country of my choice. I remembered how nobody asked me questions, how nobody put obstacles in my way, how everybody seemed to take me for granted, looking into my eyes and sizing me up as the man I seemed to be.

I summed up the impressions I had received during my stay in the United States. The streets of New York loomed up in my mind. I saw the Italian selling his Italian wares, the German the products of his country, the French the specialties of France, I saw Norwegian and Swedish skippers, I saw the ghetto with its typical life, I saw the Armenian with his carpets and I saw the Greek and the Turk and the Spaniard; in the Metropolitan Opera House there was German and Italian and French opera. The book stores were laden with the Anglicised literature of the world. The museums bore witness of everything beautiful that had ever been created in any part of the world at any age. The most remarkable, the most useful, the most beneficial things of the universe were brought here, put to the disposal of, annexed and assimilated by the American. And the American himself had come once from one of these countries and had taken possession of all that he found and had given in exchange for all that he had.

He had come as I did.

And I realized that to be American means to be cosmopolitan.

To be cosmopolitan means to be big, to be high above small hatred and petty jealousy and ill-directed ambition. It means to be a brother to mankind, a fellow-builder to this world.

While I had felt the laws of every country that I had

lived in constraining personal liberty of the individual, I saw them here apparently made for the protection and for the benefit of the citizen. I was young in those days!

A PESSIMIST, he who has given up hope, turns easily into an enthusiast. Over there in my own country by not complying with the average requirements of that particular class to whom I belonged by birth and among whom to live would have been my fate I hardly could have done anything with my life. I always would have been the apostate.

Here all paths seemed to me open to any goal I might set for myself. I had just finished reading the writings of Lincoln and I felt that everybody could do things in this country. People would consider the merit of things done and would not ask, "Who is he—why did he do it?"

I felt they would give me a chance.

And how I wanted a chance!

And then I thought what I would do with my life. I decided to stay here for good, to make America my own country. And then and there I bade farewell to the past, to my king and to my country.

I became an enthusiast again. I wanted to give everything so as to be worthy to receive. I went up to that clerk's office on one of the next days and made tabula rasa. I swore off an allegiance which had become sham without flesh and without blood.

YEARS came and years passed. I found that there was a vast difference between a Lincoln and the lives of Americans I was confronted with every day. I found that not everything is gold that shines. The enthusiasm cleared away like clouds—beautiful clouds, dreamy, rose-colored clouds, but never did I miss the silver lining.

I know America from East to West and from North to South. I know its people, those wonderful people who till the soil, who raise cattle, who mine hundreds of yards beneath the surface; I know the people of the city who work and scheme and labor and slave. I know the rich who had more at the day of their birth than an average human being could ever earn in three-score years: I know those wonderful geniuses who moulded their lives to their own desires, and I know the unfortunates who await on park benches the dawn of a new day of misery.

I KNOW this country, with the beauty of Italy, the romance of Spain and of Switzerland, with the marshes and pastures of France and of Germany. And the people are big-minded and big-hearted; they are dreamers but builders, lovers of the beautiful but utilizers of beauty; everything that is fit to survive—everything that was created to last forever is a part of this United States. It is the cosmopolis as a whole and in its smallest village.

INEVITABLY will there arise in every community which, through individual vote, expresses its individualism by the election of one leader, the occasion when he will have to act as the supreme executive. The President of the United States is the leader of every citizen. At a time of crisis he has to shoulder the gravest responsibility that ever burdened a human being. He has to think, he has to come to conclusions which mean life and death to thousands, to millions of those who look up to him with trust and with confidence.

Would you call an American a loyal American citizen who interferes with his President while he is meditating the gravest problem perhaps ever to be solved by a President of the United States? Can he be called an American citizen who forgets his oath of allegiance to this country—be it acquired by birth or by his own free choice—and tries by means that can be called either "making use of his right of free speech" or open vulgar treason to interfere with the highest executive who alone can act, who alone must act and who alone will be responsible to posterity for the occurrences during his administration?

Be it good or be it bad, be it wise or be it hasty, be it peace-bringing, or involving us in a disastrous war, like one man we must stand back of him whom we have chosen to be our President—in the time of crisis our leader.

WE, the descendants of all nations of the world, feel today better than ever that to be American means to be cosmopolitan. And while we rage against this nation or that nation we forget above all the most vital thing in life: good taste. We, who are brother citizens of the descendants of all nations, cannot, now or ever in the future, speak ill of any nation without hurting the feelings of a descendant of that nation who breathes our American air and who may be sitting at our table.

The decision of our President must be final with us. America does not know military conscription, but everybody is expected to be a soldier in time of need. A bad soldier is he who discusses the possible actions of his leader ahead of their event. And a failure in life is he who complains and mumbles and talks even after he realizes that his choice of leader was not the wisest. The individual ceases to have an own will and an own opinion if he is bound by his oath and by the honor of his manhood to follow one leader. A coward is he who resigns in the last second, who is not willing to sacrifice his individual convictions and even conscience for his country.

There are no hyphenated citizens. There are citizens and no citizens.

HYPOCRISY it is to hoist the American flag and at the same time incite hatred against nations. Just as cosmopolitan as the United States are, just as cosmopolitan as its people is—and therefore truly American, the American flag is the highest and supermost symbol of the universal love of the kindred of men. Abolished is the distinction of races. Black be the body of a man or white, as long as he has a white soul he is one of us. And white are the stripes, next to the red, red as the blood that pulsates in the veins of everything that is alive, of everything that is created and might find its way to the hospitable shores of the land of liberty. And the dome of blue arches above all of us in all parts of both hemispheres and the stars are there, those kind benevolent eyes of eternity which follow us wherever we go, that bring peace to our hearts and hope and beauty, if we only lift our eyes to find them.

And because every one of the belligerent countries gave me an essential part of my life, and because I lived in all of them, and because I claimed the United States as my own, and because I am looking to our President as to my leader and to the United States as my just claimant, I feel that to be an American means to be cosmopolitan.

Guido Bruno

Some Personal Recollections of Greenwich Village

By Euphemia M. Olcott

(Continued from last issue)

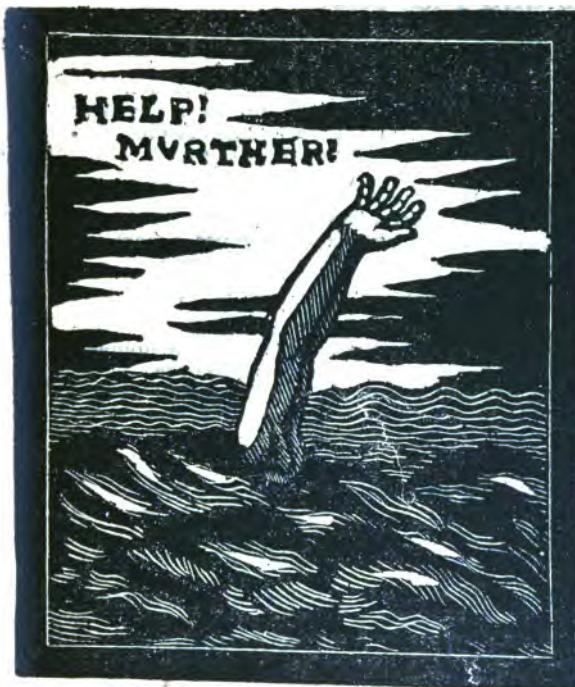
OUR back yard—about 40 x 60 feet—contained a peach tree, an apricot tree and a grape vine. These bore plentifully and our peaches took a prize one year at the American Institute Fair. We also had beautiful roses and many other flowers. From one back window we could look up to Fifteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, where a frame Lutheran church stood, the singing of whose hymns we could distinctly hear on Sunday afternoons. The frame church was replaced by a stone one, but that was long since swept away by the onrush of business. Where the armory now stands, there was a marble yard, and it was one of our pleasures to pick up bits of the marble and use them for sharpening the then necessary but now obsolete slate-pencil. Just above Fourteenth Street on the west side of Sixth Avenue was a plot of ground, surrounded by a high wooden fence—and in this was a building from which I first learned the French word "creche." It was, of course, a day nursery and we used to stop at the fence and watch the little tots whose blue-checked gingham aprons I can still see. Ours was a neighbourhood of young married people with constantly increasing families—the news of "a new baby at our house" being frequently heralded. We all knew each other and played together in the little court-yards, on the balconies or on the front stoops. Paper doll families

experienced all the vicissitudes of our own families, pin wheels at certain seasons were exposed on the balconies and sold for pins, small fairs were gotten up for charities, valentines were exchanged, and when the great revival of 1857-8 surged through the city, there were neighborhood children's prayer meetings held from house to house. When more active pursuits were craved, there was always opportunity to jump the rope or roll the hoople, and several of us achieved the coveted distinction of running entirely round the block through Sixth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, thence to Seventh Avenue and back to Thirteenth Street without letting the hoople drop. Farther afield was Union Square, to which our nurses accompanied us—a high fence surrounded it and dogs were excluded. I do not recall any pump there, but in "The Parade Ground" (Washington Square) I frequently turned at the pump and quenched my thirst from the public tin cup without fears of germs or any disastrous results. In my grandfather's backyard at Fourth and Mercer Streets there was also a pump—and to this day I do not understand physics well enough to know why was poured a dipper full of water into the pump before we could draw any, but we were always rewarded with a copious flow.

Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues I have seen with three sets of buildings—first, shanties near Sixth Avenue from the rear of which it was rumored a bogey would be likely to pursue and kidnap us. I remember the man from whom we fled; he was a chimmey sweep of somewhat fierce aspect, but I doubt extremely that he had any malicious propensities. These shanties were followed by fine brownstone residences, and at the corners of Fifth Avenue lived Mr. I. M. Halsted, who had a garden, Mr. Myndert Van Schank, chief engineer for years of the Croton Aqueduct, Mr. Moses N. Grinnell, and Mr. Hemming, and perhaps earlier, Mr. Suffern. Some of these, however, I think came when there had ceased to be a village. Later on came business into Fourteenth Street—but I am passing the village period and getting into the time of the Civil War. I must not begin on those memories for they would never end, and there was no longer any Greenwich Village.

The old days were good, but I believe in every step of progress, and in spite of din and roar in spite of crowds, in spite of the foreign population crowding into what long continued to be the American section of the city, I still lift my head with St. Paul and say, "I am the citizen of no mean city."

(To be continued)



From an old English Chap Book

Quantum Mutata

THERE was a time in Europe long ago,
 When no man died for freedom anywhere
 But England's lion leaping from its lair
 Laid hands on the oppressor! it was so
 While England could a great Republic show.
 Witness the men of Piedmont, chiefest care
 Of Cromwell, when with impotent despair
 The Pontiff in his painted portico
 Trembled before our stern ambassadors.
 How comes it then that from such high estate
 We have thus fallen, save that Luxury
 With barren merchandise piles up the gate
 Where nobler thoughts and deeds should enter by;
 Else might we still be Milton's heritors.

Oscar Wilde

Flasks and Flagons

By *Francis S. Saltus*

Kummel

THY acrid fumes my laggard sense excite.

There's war and wrangle hidden in thy heart
That make one's breast with expectation start,
Eager to seek armed enemies to smite.

Thy savor is a danger and delight,
For those of valorous souls, the favorite art,
Thy fire with all mine own becomes a part,
I yearn to battle madly for the right.

And so far Ukraines' snowy steppes I see
Pale, shackled Poles to far Siberia led,
Torn from the gentle pleasure of their homes,
And then I yearn to hasten and to free
Their hands, and trample upon Cossack dead,
Beneath the shade of Nijuis' golden domes!

Benediction

BORN in the clostral solitude and gloom
Of gray La Trappes and monasteries drear,
Distilled between the matin mass austere
And drearier Vespers, thou dost humbly bloom.

The damp, chill crypts a lighter guise assume,
And, with thy soothing perfume, disappear
Grim thoughts of death and of diurnal fear
While rosy glamour's hover, o'er the tomb!

And when I sip thy cloying sweets, they bring
A faith, not wholly lost, unto my heart;
I trust again the twitter of the birds;
Sweet voices as of angels to me sing,
And strengthened, holier, I can live apart,
Finding new beauty in the Savior's words.

Replied Platitudes

To be different from others is a rather hard burden to carry on the path of life, but it is also the one-only pleasure.

Crowns are not being made to order; the head has to fit.

Morals are mostly a product of the fear of one's own self.

We do not worship the Golden Calf any more. It has become in the meantime a nice prize ox.

Whosoever's duty it is to preach to be good should be in constant fear of losing his bread if his listeners should take his advice.

Cat's Paw



Impressions of Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolics—from the Balcony.
By Eastman

The Sorrow of a Little Violet

A CONNOISSEUR of the real and the beautiful strolled through the pleasures of his gardens on a sunny Spring-afternoon. The tender grass had been daring and the little blades were sticking out of the brown earth crumbs here and there and reminded one of the scarce yellow feathers of recently born geese. Bushes and trees were still naked and looked rather sordid towards the placid blue heaven. A handful of highly polished leaves stood close together at the knotty root of an old and white-branched tree. They looked like remnants of last year's summer glory. There stems were short; they had the shape of a heart and they almost lay on the dark withered moss.

The trained eyes of the connoisseur detected something beautiful right beneath, or among those old unpleasant looking leaves. He stopped, he bent over, and lo! he had broken a violet; the first one perhaps of the year. The beautiful little head bowed down modestly; it was deep blue, wonderful like the deep blue eyes of one true woman. He caressed it. He took it home. Busy were the servants of his household for the rest of the afternoon. In the sunniest

window, a wonderfully chiselled silver receptacle was placed. Vases scented with rare and costly odors from still rarer and mystic flowers of the Orient were prepared for its bath. Two slaves were in constant attendance to look after the comfort and the needs of the newcomer.

The little violet was tired. It closed its leaves for a long restful night. Early in the morning, almost with the first rays of the new sun, the connoisseur came to the little violet. It lay there in its receptacle filled with perfumed waters. It seemed sad, so sad.

"Dear little violet!" cried the connoisseur, and took it in his hands and fondled it and covered its little leaves with kisses, "Are you not happy in your new home?"

"Yes" but this answer sounded like the manifestation of utter despair and hopelessness.

"Did I not provide for you the most wonderful part of my house? Did I not give you the rarest perfumes for your bath? Did I not send the most skilled among my servants to look after your needs? What is it I overlooked, my dear little violet? There is no wish on earth that I will not make come true for you the instant you name it."

There was no answer from the violet. And the silence was heavy. The little golden rays danced merrily upon the silver vases and gold receptacles. The violet did not answer yet.

"Or is it because I broke you, and you are full of regret?"

"No not that;" whispered the violet and its little head drooped down deep on its stem.

"I am sad because I never can be broken again."

G. B.

Two Things by Cat's Paw

Noses

Noses may be divided into four classes—thus: Grecian: denoting amiability of disposition, equanimity of temper, imagination, patience in labour, and resignation in tribulation,—Roman: imperiousness, courage, presence of mind, choleric, nobleness of heart. Cat or Tiger: cunning deceit, revenge, obstinacy, and selfishness. Pug: imbecility of mind, and indecision of character. Of three of these, there are innumerable grades—the Grecian descends to the pug—the Roman to the aquiline—but the cat or tiger is *suit generis*. The Grecian nose is most conspicuous in quiet scenes of life—in the study. The Roman, in spirit-stirring scenes—in war. Men of science often, and of imagination always, have the Grecian nose. Daring soldiers and fearless adventurers generally have the Roman. Every one knows what a pug is. We need not enter into any particulars of it—nature forms her thousands of them, and we regard them not.—The Cat or Tiger nose: Whoever has the least imagination will readily conceive what we mean by this definition; it is a long, flat-

tish nose, not unlike that of the animals from whom we have borrowed the name. Avoid men with such noses—they are deceitful friends and dangerous enemies, whenever it suits their whim or interest!

Genius, Talent, Cleverness

Genius rushes like a whirlwind. Talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses. Cleverness skims like a swallow in a summer evening, with a sharp, shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever fellow dances here, there, and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories—the clever man assails the individual, and slanders private character; but the man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength—he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path, he may tread it under foot; should a cur snarl at him, he may chastise it; but he will not, cannot, attack privacy of another. Clever men write verses, men of talent write prose, but the man of genius writes poetry.

I Wonder?

THERE are many books written about the stars. And in these books are strange bewildering stories of illimitable space—of burning suns and double suns—of swirling nebulae and cold dead worlds. Of darkness and of prodigious speed. And as I stand gazing up into the star dust of the Milky Way, I wonder if they are true—all these stories about the Vatican.

Tom Sleeper

Tom Sleeper Likes This But Doesn't Know Its Authorship

*LIFE'S little ills annoyed me
When those little ills were few
And the one fly in the ointment
Put me in an awful stew
But experience has taught me
The little good to prize
And I joy to find "some" ointment
In my little pot of flies*



The Poet—from an old English Chap Book

A Modest Bard Swam Into Our Kennel

The following manifesto was delivered in person by its signer, at the Garret. He was armed with several blank verse dramas and one hundred and twenty stanzas of nine lines each of a lyric poem. The promise to print his manifesto quietened the ire of his self-glorification and he now expects someone to take up the glove of challenge. Whom will it be who will listen for one hour to the recitation of this man who says he is greater than Shakespeare? Bruno's Weekly was not prepared for the unexpected ultimatum and therefore we had to agree upon a modus vivendi. And so then, dear reader, here it is.

Dear Sir:—

Denied in narrow places, I appeal to a world more wide. I have written an Indian epic poem comprising over six thousand rhymed lines. Were this work placed before the im-

partial public, men no more would lament the decline of poetry, for here is the greatest song of love and war that ever was composed, but in seeking a publisher I offer pearls in vain.

Likewise have I written several blank verse dramas of an excellence never before approached in the new world, nor ever altogether equalled anywhere, as far at least, as poetic style is concerned, for as master of the classic style I surpass even Shakespeare himself.

As some slight evidence of the power I claim, I submit from a lyric poem containing one hundred and twenty stanzas, the following:—

*"When after many mediocre years,
By reigning scribes and pharisees made mean,
The poet that is prophet too appéars,
Through guise most humble is his glory seen:

Not proud is his approach, nor yet serene,
But like a martyr, bleeding doth he march,
With only heaven for triumphal arch,
Till high as Calvary he dares to climb,
Where sorrow makes his utterance sublime."*

I am prepared to appear before any gathering of literary authorities and prove in one hour's reading that a poet of the highest rank now is living, but never do I expect to be accorded such slight favor as that.

Bitterly it reflects upon prevailing conditions, when verse so transcendental must be advertised in manner so apparently blatant. For this, will the pharisees that long have rejected my work themselves be judged anon.

They that have denied me would have mocked the Son of Mary; would have crowned with thorns the King.

Nelson Gardner

An Episode in the Life of a Suffragette

SHE boarded a very crowded train. A gentleman got up and with a smile and a few kind words offered her his seat. She knocked his hat off and exclaimed:

"How dare you! Am I not your equal? I wish to be treated exactly like a man! Do you understand me, you fool?"

In the revolving door of the dining room in which she desired to take her dinner she collided with a young gentleman, who stepped back to let her pass.

"Please, ladies first," he said, trying to give the revolving door a push. Quicker than a flash she hit him in the middle of the face and knocked out five of his teeth.

"I am no lady!" she screamed. "I am a human being, just as you are yourself!"

The gentleman was very angry, called a policeman and had her arrested.

In the Tombs she smashed everything in the woman's cell

where she was placed, and assaulted violently three guards. "I don't want to be brought to a woman's cell," she hollered until she could be heard in the remotest corner of the prison. "I am the equal of any man here. I demand to be placed in a man's cell!"

After she had raved in such a manner and created a lot of disturbance she was condemned to solitary confinement. She had to be put into a straight jacket to prevent her from hurting herself. Her diet was reduced to bread and water. And then she started to cry and to scream:

"Such is the bestiality of men who are masters of the regulations. In such a detestable way they abuse the weak sex! I am a lady, and I request to be treated like a lady!"

Adultery

WASHINGTON SQUARE. A beach near the Garibaldi monument. Mamie and Tom are playing. Mamie has her wooden doll in an old cigar box. She plays with little Tom, "father and mother." The doll is their child. Tenderly Mamie hugs the doll in her arms. Tom, the father, has to leave them. He has to go out into the world. He has to earn a living. He has to bring food to mother and child. Tom passes through the Washington Arch. He crosses the street and walks towards Macdougal Alley. On the doorstep of one of the first houses stands Mary. Mary, the child of the lady with the big, black auto.

Mary walks towards Tom. She shows him her big, beautiful doll, with its blondecurls of real hair, and blue eyes that open and close automatically, a doll with a human face. A face that looks like his little baby sister. And then she shows him the carriage, a real baby carriage, with silk curtains and soft pillows.

And Tom plays "father and mother" with little Mary. Mamie is still sitting on the bench near the Garibaldi monument, rocking her baby and waiting patiently for Tom. The father does not come back. And she takes her cigar box and her wooden doll and moves to a bench in the most remote corner of Washington Square South.

Mamie starts to cry heart-breakingly.

Gyidi Bruno



Clara Tice.

March
 SLAYER of the winter, art thou here again?
 So welcome! thou that bringst the summer nigh!
 The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
 Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
 Welcome O March! whose kindly days and drifts
 Make April ready for the thrushes song,
 I have first redress of the winter's wrong.

Yea welcome March! and though I die ere June,
 Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,
 Striving to swell the burden of the time
 That soon now I hear thy brown birds raise,
 Unmindful of the past or coming days;
 Who sing: "Joy a new year is begun;"
 What happiness to look upon the sun!"

Ah what begetteth all this storm of bliss
 But Death himself, who crying solemnly,
 'Ere from the heart of sweet forgetfulness,
 Bids us, Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.
 Within a little time ye must go by.
 Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye
 Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give.

From the Earthly Paradise

William Morris
 January 7th 1895

From the collection of Patrick Madigan

Eight Thoughts of Suicide

By Martin Brown

A sad-looking gentleman with glowing black eyes, very pale complexion, attired in a black broadcloth suit which contrasted vividly with his unusually glaring white linen, walked into the Garret a few days ago. He did not say a word by way of greeting, and his monotonous voice sounded so inhuman that I paid the utmost attention to his monologue. He mentioned off hand his name and that he had been an actor for some past years. Suicide seemed all the interest he had in life. Monotonous as the ever-murmuring creek, without the slightest movement of face or body, he made me acquainted with the most intricate ways of committing suicide. Only the theoretical practise of suicide and its reflection upon ethics, eternal beauty, emotions created in the suicide candidate as well as in those he leaves behind, seemed to interest him. Elaborate were his studies and the cyclus of eight poems which he called "Thoughts of Suicide" because they are not accomplished facts yet, he laid down on my table neatly typewritten and tied with a black ribbon.

Two thoughts on Suicide in each issue are sufficient for each of my readers, I concluded.

Hanging

THE rope feels raw and rough on my neck

It may be too long—what a horrible thing
To find that my feet could reach down to the ground
And stay my wild choking, my strangling swing.

And then—ah—that moment between life and death
That terrible breathless drop into blank space,
That moment before the rope tightens and breaks
The thread of my life. With my eyes on your face
With your name on my lips, with your voice in my heart
Can I do it?—my trembling foot stumbles and slips—
Yes, the curtain is down—I have finished my part.

A Razor

A RAZOR is horribly commonplace, yet
I want to be something she cannot forget.

I want them to scream and to shudder away,
Their hearts stop—their faces with terror turn grey
When they find what I've done with this silvery knife,
When they see the red ooze that was lately my life.

It will not hurt much—see this cut in my hand
First a tiny red streak, then a dripping red band.

I know what I'm doing—I'll sharpen it, there,
To hell with the world it has not played me fair.

They will call me insane, among other nice things
But of course I'm insane what else? God, how it stings.



Honore d' Balzac. By Aubrey Beardsley

The Last Petit Souper

(Greenwich Village in the Air—Ahem!)

By Djuna Barnes

I HAVE often been amused, perhaps because I have not looked upon them with a benign as well as a conscientious glance,—to observe what are termed "Characters" going through the city and into some favorite cafe for tea.

The proletariat—drinks his brew as a matter of pure reason, how differently does our dilettante drink.

He is conscious of the tea growing; he perceives it quivering in the sun. He knows when it died,—its death pangs are beating like wings upon his palate. He feels it is its



Russian Ballet. By Djuna Barnes.

most unconscious moment, when succumbing to the courtship of scalding waters. He thrills ever so lightly to its last, and by far its most glorious pain,—when its life blood quickens the liquid with incomparable amber, and passes in high pomp down the passage of his throat.

I am not prepared to say that the one gets nothing out



Drawing. By Aubrey Beardsley

of his cup and the other all, I say only, what a dreary world this would be were it not for those charming dabblers. How barren and how dull becomes mere specialization. How much do we owe to those of us who can flutter and find

decorative joy in fluttering away this small allotted hour. Content with color, perfume and imported accents; and accompanied by a family skeleton made of nothing less amusing than jade.

The public—or in other words that part of ourselves that we are ashamed of—always turns up the lip when a dilettante is mentioned, all in a patriotic attempt to remain faithful to that little home in the fifties with its wax flowers, its narrow rockers and its localisms, and above all, to that mother whose advice was always as correct as it was harmful.

There are three characters that I can always picture to myself. Let us call them Vermouth, Absinthe and Yvette, the last a girlish name ordinarily associated with a drink transmitting purely masculine impulses.

Vermouth I used to see sitting over a cold and lonely cup of French coffee, between ten and eleven of the morning, marking him, at once, above a position and beneath despair.

With him he always carried a heavy blonde cane and a pair of yellow gloves.

He would stare, for long minutes together, at the colored squares of the window, entirely forgetful of the fact that he could not look out. Undoubtedly he was seeing everything a glass could reveal, and much more.

Sometimes damson jam would appear beside the solitary pot and the French rolls, proving, in all probability, that someone had admired and carried off some slight "trifle," composed, written or painted in that simple hour of inspiration.

He was never unhappy in a sad way, indeed he seemed singularly and supremely happy, though often beset with pains, and sustaining himself with his cane as he went out.

If he was sad, one thing alone betrayed it: that quick sharp movement of the head, given only to those special children of Nature,—the sparrow who cannot rest but must fly, and the mortal who cannot fly, and is therefore condemned to rest.

Then there was Yvette and Absinthe. Yvette had his God in his hip pocket. It was unrolled on every occasion, and when it was at last uncovered, it turned out to be merely a "Mon Dieu, my dear!" whereat it was quickly rolled up again, only to come popping out as quickly, like a refrain, to do battle with Vermouth's patient "Lieber Gott!"

Yvette's coat was neatly shaped, frayed but decidedly gentile. It possessed a sort of indefinite reluctance about admitting itself passe. It had what must be called—skirts, and Yvette's legs swung imperially beneath them, as the tongue of the Liberty Bell beneath its historical metal.

A soft felt hat was held in a hand sporting several uncut stones, standing in relation to jewelry, as free verse to poetry. As he passed, one caught the odor of something intricate, such as struggles from between the pattern of an Indian in-



Drawing. By Aubrey Beardsley

cense burner. And lastly, there came with Yvette, the now famous silver wattled cane.

This cane was tall, alert and partial. It was to him what the stem is to the flower. It enhanced as well as sustained his bloom, while he meant to life what the candle means to the nun.

Absinthe was like this cane, tall, energetic, but acutely pale. He seemed composed of plaster, his lips alone animate and startlingly scarlet. He spoke with that distinct English accent heard only in America.

He had a habit of laying his hands upon his face, presumably for the same reason ferns are laid beside roses.

The nails of these hands were long; longer than Japan had ever thrust beneath the cuticle of any native Yellow Jacket, —and they were silvered or gilded with gold.

There are moments in the lives of all of us, or shall I say some of us, that must be lived in French. As these gentlemen had all passed through that stage, dust could, as a consequence, be discovered upon their discourse, they passed each other the snuff boxes-of-their thoughts as though they had been antiques, each statement was as carefully preserved. In other words they valued that hour.

These men summed up all those little alien things that in their mother country are merely the dialect of the physique, nor were these men ever so pleased with themselves as when they were recollecting.

Yvette had the most unmistakeable traces of foreign sojourns of the three; that unconscious product of a conscious programme.

He was a leopard who had chosen his own particular spots and this is perhaps, that difference between what we call ourselves, and those other odd ones, who extend their travels beyond ours, on into the mental world, on a journey of so-called non-reason.

Yvette was feminine, he could not only look the part, he acted girlish in much that he did. Yet one should have admired him instead of ridiculing him, for it gave him the ease to say:

"But my dear fellow, you make a grave mistake. German women are not fat, they are merely plentiful," or his "Ah me. I miss the reputations of the boulevards far more than their realities."

Vermouth would smile and answer:—

"Yes, yes, I know, but just imagine living in a country where one can have miscarriages by telephone and bruises by telegraph."

Thus one saw how inscrutable Vermouth had grown along with Absinthe. Together they had spent too many hours contemplating a black tasseled curtain, perhaps because of what it contained or because of what it concealed.

He contended that his head was forever in the clouds. To prove it, he ordered chocolate ice cream and tea, and this at twelve at night. For it is a theory of our dilettante, that bad dinners make profound diners, and there he was.

And here also am I, at the identical point that I wanted to reach—the twelve o'clock souper and its significance.

In the most profound and religious moments of the philosopher Marcus Aurelius, he came to this conclusion, that each day should be treated as the last.

And there is the secret of the dilettante.

He is always about to pass through that incomparable hour, the hour before and the hour after the supper that may prove the last. And so it is that he, dreaming his dreams, making a liquer of his tears to be drunk upon this last and holiest occasion, has discovered that little something that makes the difference between him and the you, who have ordered supplies home for a week.

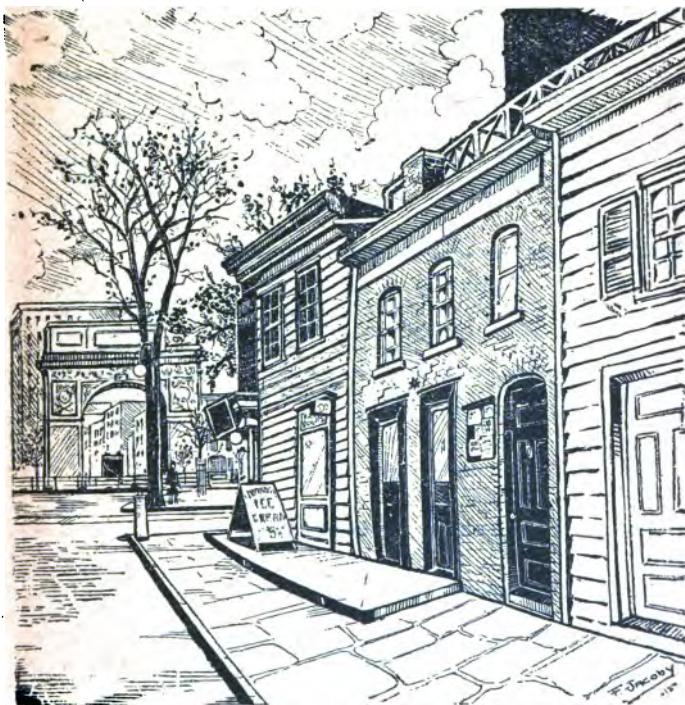
And I, who have been in the presence of this thing, have learned to understand.

Bruno's Weekly, published weekly by Charles Edison, and edited and written by Guido Bruno, both at 58 Washington Square, New York City. Subscription \$2 a year.

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GUIDO BRUNO

**I IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**



**Being a List of Publications Issued by him Since his Arrival in
Greenwich Village, Which is Situated in the Heart of New York
City.**

BRUNO CHAP BOOKS

EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

No. 1. *The Harlot's House*, by Oscar Wilde

The first American reprint of one of the most wonderful poems of the author. \$.25

No. 2. *Setting Hens, Frogs' Legs*, by D. Molby

D. Molby, my true amanuensis since my arrival in Greenwich Village and faithful keeper of the Garret, whenever the crude necessity of life urges me to leave that peaceful seclusion on the Square to make a pilgrimage to the palaces of the publishers of popular magazines and to Newspaper Row, in order to dispose of some of the children of my pen. He passes the white elephant unremarked, but writes an essay on the mosquito's neck and the rhythm of his little wings before he stings and annoys25

No. 3. *Mushrooms*, by Alfred Kreymborg

Mr. Kreymborg's Mushrooms are recognized poetry. The Mushroom stands for a simple expression of thought in simple musical rhythm. Mr. Kreymborg is one man who speaks to his fellow-men—just to the one who might find in four or six simple lines of rhythm the revelation of the rhythm and the harmony of his own simple life25

No. 4. *Tahiti*, by Robert Carlton Brown

.25

No. 5. *Four Letters*, by Oscar Wilde

.25

No. 6. *Anarchists*, by Guido Bruno

.25

No. 7. *To My Mother*, by Alfred Kreymborg

.25

No. 8. *Vignettes* by Hubert Crackanthorpe

Mr. Crackanthorpe had three chief gifts: skill in dramatic narration—a sense of situation, a lively feeling for the value and interpretation of gesture, posture, circumstance; secondly, analytic skill in the conception and presentation of character; thirdly, de-

scriptive and pictorial power, readiness of vision, with a faculty of sifting and selecting its reports.
Lionel Johnson, in Acad., March 20, 1897.50

No. 9. Tanka and Haika, by Sadakichi Hartmann

The son of a German father and a Japanese mother, of a burgomaster's son from Mecklenburg, the only European state without a Constitution, and the daughter of a ronin, a roving soldier of Old Japan. Sadakichi is much more Japanese than German. His style is extravagant but suave. Some of his short stories are as excessive and intense as Poe's, on strictly realistic lines. The utmost bounds of expression are reached, even his originality is aggressive25

No. 10. Richard Wagner, the Egoist, by Guido Bruno

.25

No. 11. Edna, the Girl of the Street, by Alfred Kreymborg

*Cause: our social conditions.
 Motive: just to live.
 Problem: eternal.
 Solution: none25*

No. 12. Songs of the Cosmos, by Charles Keeler

Like the weaver of wonderful brocades, he selected thread after thread and up loomed those wonderful pictures before my eyes, creations of simple words, dipped in red blood, tinted by the golden sun, formed and shaped by hands who know the labors and pains of millions scented with good-will towards everybody and emitted with pure love15

No. 13. Teaspoons and Violet Leaves, by Guido Bruno

.50

No. 14. The Tragedy in the Birdhouse, by Guido Bruno

.50

No. 15. Exotics, by John W. Draper

*It lay a luscious yellow hand
 Creaming upon umbrageous green
 The spray was satin to the hand;
 And to the eye a topaz bright,
 And dazzling as the noonday sand.*
From "The Yellow Orchid" .15

No. 16. Imagists, by Richard Aldington

One of the original group of the English Imagists tells all about Imagism and its aims. This paper

deals a severe blow to all imitators and producers of vers libre who think themselves poets of the "new group" because they don't write in rhyme25

No. 17. Lord Alfred Douglas—*Salome: A Critique, the Beauty of Unpunctuality: an Essay and Three Poems.*

There was a time when Lord Alfred Douglas would have laughed at the idea that he would write a book explaining away his friendship with Oscar Wilde. As editor of "The Spirit Lamp," a magazine published by James Thornton, High Street, Oxford, and edited by Lord Alfred Douglas, he seemed to be a diligent imitator of his friend Oscar. He imitated his style in prose and in poetry. Whenever he received a contribution from Oscar Wilde it was the main and leading feature of the issue25

No. 18. Sadakichi Hartmann—*Permanent Peace: Is It a Dream?*

.25

No. 19. Charles Kains-Jackson—*John Addington Symonds: A Portrait*

The life-long friend of the English poet gives a vivid picture of the personality and life and life-work of Symonds. This essay was written a few days after the death of Symonds, on the 19th of April, 1893, and was first published in the Quarto a since forgotten literary periodical of England, in 189725

No. 20. Djuna Barnes—*The Book of Repulsive Women—8 Rhythms and 5 Drawings*

.25

No. 21. Edna W. Underwood—*The Book of the White Peacocks*

.25

No. 22. H. Thompson Rich—*Lumps of Clay—16 Rhythms*

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No. 23. D. Molby—*Hippopotamus Tails—28 Every-day Musings*

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No. 24. H. Thompson Rich—*The Red Shame—17 War Poems*

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No. 25. Theodor Schroeder, *Erothogenesis of Religion, a bibliography*

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No. 26. Sadakichi Hartmann, *My Rubayat*

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No. 27. *Mushrooms, by Kreyborg*

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No. 28. Oscar Wilde: *Impressions of America*

.50

Bruno's Garret and Its Story

AGAIN I am sitting here, in these old time-worn rooms, whose floors seem even more rickety, whose ceilings appear even lower than before the fire, that mercifully wanted to assist Father Time, but did not succeed, in destroying prematurely this oldest of all the houses in Greenwich Village.

And now the landlord has put a roof over my head, made minor repairs here and there, and if the winds do not blow too wildly and the snow does not fall too heavily, I will be safe until the mild spring winds usher in friend summer.

It is a real garret and be it not the quaintest in New York, surely it is down here in Greenwich Village.

The little shack which at present shelters Bruno's Weekly, Bruno Chap Books and myself, is nearly one hundred years old. It was the tool-house of a city undertaker, the residence of Governor Lucius Robinson and a stage-house where the stage-coaches stopped and waited until the mail was delivered and new mail taken on, it was a road-house where people used to come to spend their Sunday afternoons, and then in quick succession, it was a saloon and an inn.

In the same rooms where a city undertaker prepared the bodies of the city's poor for their last resting-place on Washington Square, then Potter's Field, where a Governor lived and held splendid receptions, where weary travelers found a night's lodging before they continued their journey towards Albany, I am sitting and writing these lines by the light of an old kerosene oil lamp. It is Sunday. The lawns on the Square are covered with mud, mud that had intended to be snow, will soon be soft green and the trees budding with new life. The population of little Italy, back on Third street, is taking its weekly airing at the feet of their beloved Garibaldi on the Square, the buses bring joy riders from the far north points of the city; and I think—how wonderful is life.

From 1789 to 1823 Washington Square was a potter's field where the fountains, Washington's Memorial Arch, asphalt walks and the homes of many aristocrats stand, the poorest of the poor of our city, were once buried in nameless graves by the thousands.

Number 58 Washington Square, the corner of West Third Street, formerly Amity Street, an old time fashionable thoroughfare, is the most forlorn looking two-story frame building that can be found in Greater New York. It saw its best days when the horse-drawn street cars were in vogue.

Historians of Manhattan Island have known that Washington Square in its early years, was the burial field of the poorest of the city. But no chronicler has ever told the name of the grave-digger. Hidden away in the records of the Title Guarantee & Trust Company is his name, Daniel Magie. And more than the name is the interesting fact that in 1819 he purchased from John Ireland, one of the big merchants, the corner plot, now 58 Washington Square South, 21 x 80 feet, the same dimensions to-day. For this little plot \$500 was paid, and there very likely, Mr. Magie built a wooden shack, where he could keep his wooden tools and sleep.

The potter's field had formerly been on Union Square. A little before 1819 the latter was fitted up more appropriately as a park, and the potter's burying ground moved westward to Washington Square, then an out-of-the-way part of the city. For three years Daniel Megie held the official position of keeper of the potter's field, and as such his name appears in the directories of 1819, 1820 and 1821. Then the square was abandoned as a burial place and the potter's field moved northward again to Bryant Park. Mr. Megie by this change evidently lost his job, for in 1821 he sold his Washington Square corner to Joseph Dean, and two years later the latter sold it for \$850. It was about ten years later before prices showed any great advance. Then fashion captured the park, and, despite the enormous growth northward, the aroma of fashion still permeates the square, and the fine old fashioned houses on the north side continue to be occupied by some of the first families of the city.

It is a singular fact and one that the old real estate records do not explain, that this our corner was never fully improved. It is still covered for its depth of eighty feet with two-story wooden buildings, the corner being an ice cream store, and they present a decidedly incongruous appearance by the side of the fine old houses adjoining.

Tradition in the neighborhood states that these wooden buildings were once a tavern and one of the stage headquarters in the days of the early stage lines. In 1825, Alfred S. Pell, of the well known family, bought the plot for \$1,000. In 1850 his heirs sold it to Frederick E. Richards and he transferred it to Peter Gilsey in 1897 for \$9,100. In 1867 John de Ruyter bought it for \$14,650, and then Samuel McCreery acquired it in 1882 for \$13,500—showing a lower valuation.

Early in the past century, John Ireland, who sold the corner to the grave-digger, owned the entire plot of about 100 feet front on the square, extending through to Third Street, then known as Amity Street. The fifty foot plot adjoining the corner is now occupied by two fine old houses similar in architecture to those on the north side of the square. Each cover a twenty-five foot lot, being 59 and 60 Washington Square, respectively. The latter is known as the Angelsea and has for years been a home for artists. The plot at 59 was also sold in 1819 by John Ireland for \$500 to James Sedgeberg, a drayman, and it included the use of the 19 foot alleyway on Thompson Street, now covered by a three story brick house. James N. Cobb, a commission merchant, got the property with the house in 1842, and kept it until 1881, when his executors sold it to Samuel McCreery.

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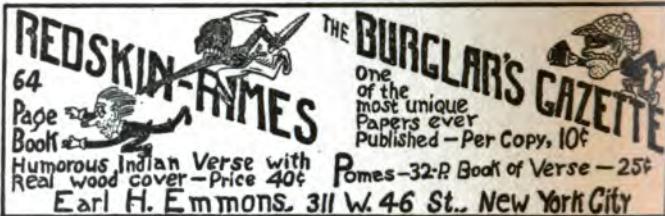
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

May 6th, 1916

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Guido Bruno

BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 19

MAY 6th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II

Sonnet to Liberty

*Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know,—
But that the roar of thy Democracies,
Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
Mirror my wildest passions like the sea,—
And give my rage a brother — ! Liberty!
For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
Rob nations of their rights inviolate
And I remain unmoved—and yet, and yet,
These Chrisys that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, in some things.*

Oscar Wilde

How the News of the Fall of Vicksburg Reached Greenwich Village*

By Euphemia M. Olcott

THE Civil War covered the most impressionable part of my life. Well do I remember being roused by the "Extras" in the night which proclaimed the original attack upon Sumter. I sprang from my bed, and from the third story hall saw my mother gazing up from the second, asking, "Do you hear? It has come." Then followed the four years of such living as we hope and believe our country will never see again. Of course, every day saw the enlistment of relatives and friends—of course I stood in the street and saw the Seventh and the Twenty-second Regiments of the New York militia go off—with many friends of my own age going with them. I may say parenthetically that, after fifty years, I saw, from the same spot in Lafayette Place, the Seventh Regiment start over the same route, the veterans either on foot or in carriages. And from the old Oriental Hotel, kept by the same ladies, floated the same flag—with the stars all there, saluted alike by veteran and the boys of to-day.

In those days there was great intimacy between our family and the Roosevelts, and we always witnessed parades from the house of Mr. C. V. S. Roosevelt, grandfather of "Teddy,"

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Henry Collins Brown, who gave me permission to extract it from his beautiful "Book of Old New York," printed by him privately for collectors.

at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway, with a garden stretching down toward Thirteenth Street, through whose green gate we entered when the stoop was crowded by the public. From those windows I saw the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, and from that roof I gazed upon the immense mass meeting which expressed the loyalty of the North, which was memorably addressed by Henry Ward Beecher, and the scarcely less eloquent George W. Bethune, D. D. I remember how on that day we gazed a little doubtfully at the mother of President Roosevelt—lovely and dear always—because, forsooth, she came from Georgia.

The call of the President for 75,000 troops met with instant response, and from all sections of the country we kept hearing of relations and friends who were expecting speedily to advance "On to Richmond." Alas! it took the disastrous Bull Run and many similar events to make us realize that it was not a three months' war. Many, many friends never came back, and when, years afterwards, I heard Joseph Cook say, "I belong to a decimated generation," I knew that he and I were contemporaries.

But there were victories. As I write these words, the fiftieth anniversary of Gettysburg is being celebrated. All through the first, second and third days of July, 1863, we kept getting word of success. On the night of the Fourth we were on our roof, watching the skyrockets, not then concealed by skyscrapers, and the sound of extras arose. "More news from Gettysburg," we cried, and hastened down, my father being the first to get to the street. From the front door he shouted, "It isn't Gettysburg—Vicksburg has surrendered," and of course our joy knew no bounds. Then followed an illumination—how often I think of it as I go along the "great white way"—for electricity was then only harnessed to telegraph wires and a little tallow dip in each pane satisfied our ideas of brilliancy.

On the nineteenth of that July I left New York with a merry party for a summer outing in New Hampshire. At Bellows Falls we had to wait for a train from Boston, and when it came, there were extras again. And lo! they told us of the draft riots in New York, which had been so peaceful that morning. My father was still in the city, and of course he did patrol work, as every one else did who was on the right side.

I have not spoken of the great fair of the Sanitary Commission, and I am not sure in which year it occurred, but all women and girls consecrated their time and their money, with what results the world knows. Nor have I mentioned how boys and girls alike scraped lint and rolled bandages and made "Havelocks" during classes in school—and doubtless sent them off laden with germs which would make the surgeons of to-day shudder and turn pale. So we lived—and at last the troops did get to Richmond and the day of great rejoicing came. And after the assassination of our President, ah me! I sometimes think the gay and happy young people of the next generation have not known what living means, even if they did have a bit of a taste of war during that hot summer when we liberated Cuba and took upon ourselves the responsibility of the Phillipines.

Edison: His Re-Creation of the Human Voice

By Frank Harris

I HAVE never believed much in the mechanical reproduction of artistic masterpieces, never praised them. It has always seemed to me difficult enough for a man to become an artist, to say nothing of a machine. Photographs of drawings, it is true, are often indistinguishable from the originals; statues, too, can be reproduced in bronze and other metals to perfection. Form can be recreated to the satisfaction even of the artist himself, but color defies reproduction, and still more musical tone with its myriad varying inflections.

Accordingly, when I was assured the other day that Edison was able to recreate and render perfectly the voice of a great singer or a master's work on the violin I took the assurances with more than the usual grain of salt.

"Come to Carnegie Hall," said my friend, "and judge for yourself," and as a doubting Thomas, I consented to go.

Carnegie Hall, as every one knows, is very large; it seats 3500 persons and its acoustic properties are not wonderful. The test, therefore was sure to be severe. But Mr. Fuller, Mr. Edison's representative, was very confident. He declared that Mr. Edison had accomplished the incredible, that it was impossible to distinguish between the singer's voice and its recreation, or between the real violin player and the mechanical reproduction.

Madame Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera Company was the prima donna chosen for the demonstration, and the first song was "Vissi D'Arte," from Puccini's "Tosca." The music began and one was immediately caught by the beauty of the sound, the "human" quality of the voice, throbbing through the air, now rising, now falling in waves of melody. One could shut one's eyes and almost swear it was a woman singing. Suddenly the music increased in volume; we looked, Madame Rappold had joined in; just as suddenly, she ceased but the voice continued. Again and again the test was made; it was impossible to distinguish between the singer's voice and the voice given forth by the Cabinet; impossible. Every lightest tone, every shade of emotion, the tremolo of fear, the triumphant pulsing of joy, even the indescribable sense of tears in the voice were perfectly reproduced. Criticism was silenced.

With wonder and curiosity mingled we waited for the demonstration with the violin. In this test, too a violinist appeared and played, now alone, now with the instrument; at one moment you heard the Cabinet alone, then the violinist joined in, the volume of sound increased, but the sound was the same, absolutely the same, indistinguishable, identical. The miracle was accomplished.

No wonder Mr. Edison wrote of this invention: "It is the greatest thing I've ever done—almost a new art." Henceforth it will be possible for anyone to listen to the greatest music in the world by his own fireside.

It is only right to say that the demonstration with the piano was not anything like so wonderful, whether this was due in part to the size of the hall or not, I could not say; but the recreation was not perfect. Mr. Fuller warned us beforehand that Mr. Edison regards this part of his work as still experimental, and there it must be left until the wizard takes it in hand again and does for the piano what he has done for the voice and the violin. But as both voice and violin are incomparably more complex than the piano, it is certain that sooner or later the reproduction of the piano, too, will be brought to perfection.

Meantime one can rest and be thankful for what has already been done. One can now sit in one's own room in the evening and hear Anna Case or Marie Rappold in "Vissi D'Arte," or in "Mimi" in all comfort. One can have Spaulding at command or Marie Kaiser whenever one pleases.

The world's debt to Edison has been enormously increased.

The Movies and the Press

A FACT in explanation of the popularity of the movies is the co-operation between the film magnates and the newspapers. It is not generally known that the publication in the newspapers of some, if not all, of the continued stories which are synchronously displayed in films in the moving pictures theaters, are paid for by the movie magnates. Not alone are those stories printed much as are paid advertisements, but the newspapers printing them are paid a certain royalty on the film presentations of the stories in the theaters of the district covered by the circulation of those newspapers. The advantage of this arrangement to the newspapers and to the moving picture houses is so evident as to be in no need of demonstration. In the face of such a powerful combination there seems to be slight prospect of any resuscitation of the spoken drama. The interest of the newspapers is with the moving picture institution. There is no such heavy interest of the press in the encouragement of the revival of the drama proper. The old style theatrical advertising hardly amounted to enough to make newspapers participants in theatrical prosperity. There is more newspaper participation in the movie profits. Practical journalism's success in getting in on the movie profits shows that the newspaper business will never again make the mistake it made with regard to baseball. The newspapers exploited baseball to such an extent that they created a public craving for baseball news and now they must cater to that craving. They print more baseball news than any other kind. They pay sporting writers better than any other kind. They permit those writers to exploit themselves. They turn loose their artists on the

sport pages. And now the newspapers can't stop. They find themselves boasting the baseball business and getting practically nothing in the way of revenue from that business, for baseball clubs do very little advertising. They pay for small cards during the days there are games played, and that is all. The papers are working for the baseball magnates and the papers cannot quit because, if they do, they will lose their readers of sport news, and if they lose readers, they will lose the support of the big advertisers. The baseball business has the newspaper business on the hip. When the movies came, the newspapers, remembering baseball, were in no haste to boost the game. They held off until the movies began to advertise. At first the individual movie houses began printing small cards announcing attractions. Then the big film-making corporations indulged in advertising splurges to help the business of the little theaters, and now these big corporations pay advertising rates to have stories like "Mary Paige" or "The Mysteries of Myra" or "The Iron Claw" printed as serials in the dailies and then pay the dailies a percentage on the receipts of every film performance of the scenarios of the serials. Of these serial-story-films as works of literature, nothing need be said. They get what they go after—the public's money. They are morally clean, even if they are, of movie necessity, super-sensational. But how is the spoken drama to make any headway against the combination of journalistic business and film-corporation business? Can the men who are interested in the old theater as a business afford to "come across" to the newspapers in a way to win back the public? Can they arrange to get more than the Sunday page announcements of coming shows? And can they put a stop to the appearance of condemnatory criticism of their offerings? There is no journalistic criticism of the movies. These are practical questions concerning—the terrific vogue of the new mechanical form of dramatic representation. Professor Muensterberg and others say that the movie is an art-form, but that is disputable. But if the movies are art, must not the social philosopher find in this realm of human expression and its current crescent vogue another demonstration of the potency of economic determinism? The newspaper-movie combination is economic. It is a factor determining movie development as either a business or an art, as surely as the cheapness of movie entertainment is such a factor. There is nothing reprehensible in this. It is simply a fact we must accept. How it will work out finally no one can say. It has apparently killed the spoken drama, commercially. But it has made for the publication and the wide reading of literary plays. It has brought into being such an organization as the Drama League and innumerable societies for the study and acting of plays for the plays' sake. It has built "little theaters" and brought about the vogue of the country theater. It has encouraged amateur acting and it may bring about a revival of the professional stock

company. Even it may be said that the film play is developing a better and truer representation of actual life, as indicated in Mr. Floyd Dell's article on a new film play in this issue of the "Mirror." The possibilities of the movie are incalculable. They are powerful in propaganda. The liquor interests aver that certain influences have used the movies in the interest of Prohibition by persistent representation of the evils of drink. The films have been preaching "Preparedness." They have been made special pleaders for the Germans and for the Allies. They are used to educate the farmers in agronomic efficiency. And now the Chicago "Public" offers a prize for the best moving picture scenario of a film drama to preach the social efficacy of the Single Tax. But the combination of the movies and the press is the most significant development of the situation. Will the movies finally dominate the press or vice versa? Is man, as Samuel Butler prophesied, to be dominated by the machine that will not only do his work but direct his thinking?

William Marion Reedy

Mother

MY mother is dead. Nothing is left of her. She has disappeared from this world.

Whenever she was being dressed or coiffeured for the theatre, for dinner or for a reception I was in despair as a child and like in death agony. Her leaving our home in the evening hurt me indescribably. The governess said: "Look what a beautiful mother you have! . . ." Nobody understood my grief. She went out into that world which was not ours, and even with pleasure she went. I was deeply unhappy. The rooms with the lighted candelabras seemed to me like the result of a destructive war, as after an accident. The mirror over the dressing table, the receptacles with fragrant waters which had served to manicure her hands, her dressing gown and her little slippers, everything was in disorder. No one had thought of my pain; not the old faithful cook, nor the ever-giggling chambermaid, nor the governess. They were sitting together, gossiping, and happier than ever. But I had lost my dearest, whilst the others had ~~had~~ on an "evening off."

A few days ago at the nightly hour of 2 o'clock in the morning, I stood in front of the house. I was looking up at the dark windows in the second story. Here then at about the same quiet hour, had lain my beautiful mother in irreducible pain, and had brought me into the world. I seemed to hear my first whining. I saw mother exhausted to death, fulfilling her duty towards life. I was there, too. The faith of my being was irrevocable. I hollowed, but the midwife most likely said: "Oh! What healthy lungs!" Now I am standing here in front of these windows at the same hour of the night and seem to hear again mother's moaning. I am bald-headed and pretty well demoralized and forty-eight years of age, and didn't succeed in anything, notwithstanding

ny wonderful talents.

Mother is dead. Nothing is left of her. She has vanished from the world and will never come back again. She gave to me a healthy body, intelligence and a soul. And so she fulfilled, ideally, her duties as a mother.

May she sleep peacefully.

After the German of Altenberg, by Guido Bruno

To Fourteenth Street

*Thou art the boundary line
Between those that are and think they are,
Those that are not and think they are,
Those that are and think they art not,
And those that are not and do not think at all.*

—Tarleton Winchester

The Perfect Book

THERE could be no greater distinction for an author than to produce a book which everybody disliked. Such a book would be either a work of genius or a mass of putrefaction; probably the latter; but in any case it would be a distinction.

Literature is far too democratized; everybody reads and nearly everybody writes. A book, however good, is bound to please somebody; there are snobs who will like a book merely because they do not understand it. To please is nowadays too facile a conquest. I dream of the perfect book which would disgust not only the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Morals and the worm-eaten jackals of the Press, but one's nearest friends and the masters whom one reveres.

One would even be disgusted with it oneself—supreme triumph!

Richard Aldington

Via the Egoist, London

Passing Paris

April 15th, 1916.

ALTHOUGH it may sometimes be the outcome of lack of confidence, indifference to popularity is always estimable albeit the qualities it evinces may be of a negative order. It may sometimes be due to unintelligibility, which in its turn may proceed from (1) of course, a superior intellect whose workings are beyond immediate reach; (2) from a natural idiosyncracy; (3) from the use of drugs (as in Raimbaud); (4) from affectation, it being almost impossible to distinguish the last-named category with certainty. M. Sébastien Voirol, by whom we give one of the most lucid of the poems he sent in his *La Feuille de Laurier Tricolore mais Verte* (sic) to soldiers at the front, does not, I believe,

intend deliberately to puzzle. In his estimation, literature, his literature, at least, occupies an ornamental plane. A literature condescending to be easily decipherable is to him, I fancy, a literature of utility, domestic, and of a low order, a literature of the streets, not literature, therefore, but merely writing. He has, apparently, come to use words in some parallel, rather than in their direct, sense. Mallarme's most hermetic pages must be M. Voirol's pet delectation. All his work, whether in poetry or in prose (*L'Eden, Augurales et Talismans, Les Sandales aux Larmes*), is written with the loftiest disregard for conventional coherence, but always with a species of literary gentility which commands admiration and sympathy. It is possible that words have some mystic significance for M. Voirol, to which he has the key; it is possible that to him they are images in themselves; it is possible that to him they have a life outside and beyond their meanings; it is possible he condenses and triturates and dilutes them till he reaches their soul and spirit, and it is these he distils for us. It is possible that, like many an alchemist of old, his labour is futile of results, and that he expects more of language, as they did often of their chemicals, than it can give. . . . It is possible, on the other hand, that it does open on to a new world, or at least on to one of which he has the intuition and vision—it is possible it opens on to nothing. At all events it opens on to nothing that is vulgar or commonplace and certainly on to something that is distinguished in its singularity. M. Voirol's respect of language must be respected, his tenacity to his convictions admired, his desire of the decorative eminently approved of.

M. Sebastien Voirol is the Secretary-founder of the Anglo-French Literary Bureau, to which reference has been made in these columns as aiming at establishing a link between French and British literary circles.

Muriel Cielkovska.

Extract from a letter to the London Egoist

Appropriate Names

In looking over an old New York Almanac, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions or trades of the persons by whom they were borne. Dunn, a tailor; Giblett and Bull, butchers; Truefit, a wigmaker; Cutmore, an eating-house keeper; Boilet, a fishmonger; Rhackem, an attorney; Whippy, a saddler; Breadcut, a baker; Coldman, an undertaker, Wicks, a tallow-chandler; and Bringlow, an apothecary.

Epitaphs in a Connecticut Churchyard

(*The wife dies.*)

Weep not for me, my husband dear—
I am not dead, but sleeping here.

(*The husband dies.*)

Your husband dear has ceased to weep,
And here with you will lie and sleep.

Sons of Great Fathers:



Siegfried Wagner

Perhaps

ONCE in olden times, so it is writ, there was a King of the East who possessed a copy of each of the known books of the world. Being a busy monarch, what with his wars and his many affairs of state, the King felt the need of a condensed compendium of the learning contained in his library for his own private use, and ordered his wise men to prepare it. In twenty years' time they brought him an encyclopedia which twenty camels might carry. But the King had not time to read so much as that. The wise men labored afresh reducing the matter to what one camel might carry. But still the monarch demurred. "Take it, and put it into the least possible compass," said he; "I am now old and must possess this knowledge in a form that I may take it in a glance." Then, at last, his worthy servants came to him bearing a simple leaf of the papyrus upon which was written: *This is the history of mankind: They were born; they suffered; and they died.* And the quintessence of all science, of all knowledge, is this: Perhaps.

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus

Tokai

A GLASS of thy reviving gold to me,
Whether or no my dreamy soul be sad,
Brings souvenirs of lovely Vienna, glad
In her eternal summer-time to be!

I hear in joyous trills, resounding free,
The waltzes that the German fairies bade
The souls of Strauss and Lanier, music mad,
Compose, to set the brains of worlds aglee.

And in the Sperl, dreaming away the sweet
Of pleasant life, and finding it all praise,
Dead to the past and scorning Death's surprise,
I see in calm felicity complete
Some fair Hungarian Jewess on me gaze
With the black glory of Hebraic eyes!

Rum Punch

THE world to give thee lasting fame combines
Jamaica sends thee sugar cane, o'er seas;
And pungent spices from the Antilles,
Lend thee the perfumes of the southern vines.

France gives the crimson sorcery of her wines,
Mongolia lavishes her yellow teas,
And to endower thee with rare mysteries,
Sicily yields her lemons and sweet pines.

Thou dost recall to me days debonair,
And visions of the Quarter Latin, where,
Chatting around thy bluish spectral light
Insouciant students and alert grisettes
Drank thee while puffing regie cigarettes,
Mocking with merry song the startled night!

Wilde's Masterpiece

THERE is one book Oscar Wilde gave to the world, and that alone is worth more than all that a hundred others did. This is "The Picture of Dorian Grey." Just abstract from the plot and read for the sake of the beauty of each sentence and of the beauty expressed in each sentence. I know it is a revelation to almost everybody who really reads it. I have given this book to ever so many men and women who didn't know it, and I know I gave them a new value for their lives. The English is masterful. The situation pictures and the scenery, unsurpassed, and what a wealth of new worlds—of unknown worlds of beauty to the average being. There he mentions rare and wonderful books, of

whose existence very few know; you receive a lecture about brocades, about old paintings, about flowers, about gems. The inside decorator and the landscape architect find here wonderful ideas and suggestions. The student of sociology receives good tips for practical studies. The vainness of real life is painted with the same vivid colors as the shallowness of society life and the idle passing of days of the rich. The woman-hater will find very few points to change his mind, and he who believes and trusts in the female sex implicitly will see sights of womankind he has never observed before. This is a real book. It is a masterpiece—in every word unsurpassed by any fiction in the English language. If he had never written another line this book would have made him immortal. It is so sane and so perverted, so healthy and so morbid, so cruel and so tender, so full of light and full of darkness; it is throbbing, unconstrained, real, real life.

G. B.

Books and Magazines of the Week

Magazines Galore

THE year nineteen-sixteen will be known to the historian of American literature as the one blessed with many new magazines. In New York in Chicago, in St. Louis, in Kansas City and in little places of whose existence we never even dreamt, they have been born. Eighty-four are lying before me, all in the early teens. Names? What do they matter? All of them have one aim—to redeem suppressed voices. Some acknowledge frankly being "one-man" magazines. They want to run a hole into the universe. Poor lads! They will find a hole in their pockets and a roof over their enthusiasm.

Instead of looking through the roofless house of a beauty thirsty soul to the skies and to the stars—and might it be only one star, framed by a hall-room window—they will droop their heads and try to adjust the price they must pay for their venture. If they only see the humorous side of it, they will get a bushel of fun in return for every dollar and every wasted printed page.

They there are others who desire to run competition with established periodicals of good standing. They pride themselves in having won "big names" for their initial issue.

And then there are others who simply had to do it, they couldn't help to gather a basketful of love and beauty and desire and idealism and distribute it among those that wish to have it.

The whole number of Bruno's Weekly for Saturday, May 13th, 1916, will be devoted to Frank Harris: What he means to the literature of the world and his particular influence upon the young writers and artists of America.

They know it won't last long but it means life to them as long as it lasts. And they are the men who will eventually fail in their venture, but they will come back and will come back again.

And if considerable time elapses and you fail to hear from them, you fail to see a new venture of theirs, you can take for granted that they are not among the living, that they have passed to happier hunting-grounds—where there are no printer bills to pay, where one does not need to settle accounts with paper mills.

Significant for the endeavors of publishers in America half a century ago is the publisher's note that appears at the conclusion of the first volume of Putnam's Magazine, published 1853 by the since befamed Putnam & Company, of New York:

"Although before publishing our prospectus, we made sure of abundant literary help, and gave the names of many of the distinguished writers who had assured us of their hearty sympathy, and promised us contributions, yet our conviction was that our best aid would come from Young America whose name had not yet been announced on Magazine covers. And so we determined not to give the names of the contributors to our Monthly, that each article might stand on its own merits, and the young unknown be presented to the public on a perfect equality with the illustrious contributor whose name, alone, would give him an audience *for, in literature, the new-comer is always treated as an intruder.* By this course we missed the clipping of hands and bravos which we might have commanded by announcing the names of some of our contributors, but we are so well satisfied with the result of the experiment that we shall adhere to the rule hereafter."

Perhaps it is worth while to exhibit some of the mysteries of Magazine-making, and let our countrymen know how much intellectual activity contributors, four hundred and eighty-nine articles, the greater part from writers wholly unknown before. Every article that we have published has been paid for at a rate which their writers have thought "liberal," all have been original, the product of American pens and with one exception, we believe that all were written for our columns."

(Publishers of our age! Go! and do likewise!)

Liars

A WARM July evening in the little park near the railroad station. Half an hour before the arrival of the Twentieth Century Limited. Under a wide-spreading tree Pearl and Bill nestled in the shadow of darkness.

Pearl embraces Bill gently, tenderly, clings to him, kisses his lips and eyes repeatedly. From a nearby amusement park the sound of music borne by the wind. And now, clearly distinguishing the strain:

"Glow, little glow-worn, glimmer, glimmer——"

"Bill," sobs Pearl, "if you ever hear this strain again, remember me and our parting of to-day."

—(Sobbing softly).—

"I cannot live without you . . . Let me go with you . . . Take me with you."

"Be sensible, Pearl," Bill persuades.

"You can't leave your mother just now and I have to go back to that miserable little city. How unhappy you would be out there if I couldn't always be with you!"

"And you know I could not."

"Come, sweetheart, walk over with me to the train so I may have you until the last second and at Christmas time I'll come again."

"That is not far off. Just five months."

"And we'll write to each other and forget each other."

"Won't you. Pearl, my darling, my only one?"

And he kisses her in the shadows of the trees. The far off music plays:

"Glow, little glow-worm, glimmer, glimmer—"

She goes with him, step by step, to the ticket office, to the baggage agent, to the station platform, to the door of the coach.

A last embrace.

The train begins to move.

Pearl waves with the tear-wet handkerchief and the music plays:

II.

TWO days later in the city.

Bill lounges on the couch of his hotel room. Nestled up to him—Mae. Her black hair is disheveled. The brown, hazel eyes are laughing. The little white teeth, the fresh red lips, the dimples in the cheek—everybody cheer and happiness.

And she kisses him again and again: "Finally you came! I didn't know what to do with myself in that lonely, lonesome town and so I came up here to meet you. And tomorrow we shall travel home together and if the sun shines as today it will be glorious!"

"Billy, my Billy—" She kisses him madly. And from the dining room through the open window of the hotel room there sounds:

IN the parlor of Pearl's mother.

It is evening. The light is not turned on.

Pearl leans against the window sill.

At her side—Arthur—cheek against cheek.

"Your mother stays away long today and in the meantime I can caress . . . can kiss you."

And he kisses her: "Do you really care for me?"

"If you could only feel how I love you, Pearl, my darling!"

"And you really love me?"

And she throws her arms about his neck and she looks into his eyes and whispers in his ear and kisses him. And in the adjoining room her sister plays on the piano:

"Glow, little glow-worm, glimmer, glimmer—"

The One Missive

TWO days later, Pearl receives a postal from Bill.

"Dearie—I am sitting alone in the desolate house waiting for the train that will take me farther away from you again. Downstairs in the dining room the music plays:

"Glow, little glow-worm, glimmer, glimmer—"

"I think of you and write it to you. Your Bill."

The Other Missive

AND among the mail awaiting him, Bill found a little letter:

"Billy Dear:—You have been away two days and seems an eternity to me. In the adjoining room my sister is playing on the piano. She plays:

"Glow, little glow-worm, glimmer, glimmer—"

She doesn't know how that air tortures me and quickly I have to write to you. I think of you and love you.

Pearl."

Thoughts on Suicide—II

By Martin Brown

Jumping From a Height

WHAT loathsome spirit put this in my mind?

What devil of delirium drives me so

That up, and up, on any path I find

Stumbling along, my weary footsteps go?

Now—now—at last I see my horrid goal

A sickening, dizzy drop to where below,

A zigzag path winds down a stony knoll.

Did I leave there a century ago?

I cannot help it, have no strength to fight

The tentacles that draw me on and on,

They say that after all one dies of fright

That in the whistling jar all sense is gone.

And yet I fear that I shall live to know

That hideous impact where the rocks are gray.

A ghastly suction draws me from below—

It is of fate, and this the fatal way.

Drowning

I GIVE myself abandoned to your arms

Ecstatic, free, to do with as you will.

In blissful trust I feel your cool embrace

Nor fear your cryptic eyes so dark and still.

And when they find me sleeping on your breast

Smothered with kisses, that you loved me so,

With tears they'll murmur—"drowned"—nor understand

What only God and you and I can know.



Clara Tice

Roma Lucida

By Henri Fumet

Translated from the French for Bruno's Weekly by Renee Lacoste.

Dear God, promise me death, that I may taste life. Dear God, give me remorse, that I may taste pleasure. Dear God, make me the equal of the daughters of Eve.

(Prayer of Leila, daughter of Lilith.)

—Anatole France.

SHE was a strange, little girl. He followed her for a while through the dark streets where she seemed lost. Then he spoke to her:

"Pardon me, little lady; don't I know you?"

"Upon my word, sir, I know nothing about it, but I hardly believe it."

"Now I know you."

She laughed.

"What is your name?"

"Roma Lucida."

He was startled.

"It is true? That's really your name? Can there be a woman who is called that . . . Permit me to salute you. You give me a great deal of pleasure, you don't realize how much."

"I am well aware that I have an original name, but no one has ever complimented me about it in such a fashion."

"Just fancy . . . To find on the pavement of a city, in the dust of the setting sun, a little girl like you, with eyes like yours, with hair like this, it is so rare! . . . And if you bear the name of the eternal city, who can render homage to your true worth! . . . Why do you have such a name?"

"My father was of Italian descent. He always wanted a daughter so he could call her Roma, wishing her name to be a beautiful phrase."

"Your father must have been very intelligent?"

"He wrote books which never were printed. He spoke French and Italian, and thoroughly understood both languages. But he preferred French because of its monotone cadence and because he abhorred the accent of tones. That it was that he pronounced my name slowly, holding all the syllables as if singing it; when people pronounced it after the Italian fashion, only sounding the o and the t, it was a real pain to him; he said they disfigured me."

While she was speaking, he was looking at her eyes, trying to discover their real shade; he admired her hands and her ankles. Her whole body was as harmonious as a poem. She bore the impediment of modern dress with the grace of a poplar tree.

"Oh, Roma Lucida! How much you please me. Do you know I was wandering about the streets like a lost soul and that you have resurrected me? You have performed a good deed. I hope you aren't going to send me away now?"

"You will have to leave, though."

"Why? . . . You are about to reply with a platitude and I will be obliged to answer you in the same fashion. You don't know me; neither do I know you. I would hardly be able to recognize you in a crowd a month from now. Come, give me your arm. We are going to walk by the setting sun telling each other stories."

Willingly the little girl put her hand on the arm of her new friend. It was thus they became acquainted.

They strolled around all evening in the dusk. Then they said farewell. He kissed her wrist above the glove. She began to laugh, as she had never been kissed in this way before.

"Promise to come to see me!"

"I promise."

(To be Continued.)

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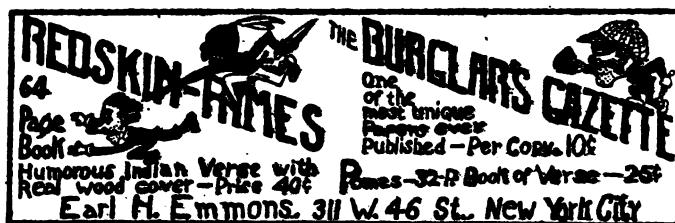
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Snow

FRANK HARRIS

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

May 13th, 1916

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aido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

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MAY 13, MCMXVI.

Vol. I^d

libertatis Sacra Fames

*Albeit nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is Kinglike and no man
Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
Better the rule of One, whom all obey,
Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honor, all things fade,
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,
And Murder with his silent bloody feet.*

Oscar Wilde.

Frank Harris: Curriculum Vitae

FRANK HARRIS was born in Galway, Ireland, over fifty years ago, of Welsh parents. He is proud of the fact that he is pure Celt and without intermixture for as far back as he knows. Till he was twelve years of age, he was educated in Ireland, the last year or so at the Royal School, Armagh. In spite of his ultra-protestant or Black Orange relations, Frank Harris still recounts with glee how he was a Fenian even before he could think. "As a small boy," he says, "I remember reading a proclamation offering five thousand pounds for any information that would lead to the arrest of James Stephens, the Fenian Head-Centre. While my playmates were gloating over the idea of getting this large sum of money I was only thinking how I could help him away from the 'polis.' The 'Head-Centre' fascinated my fancy!"

At twelve, his father sent him as a boarder to a well-known public school on the Welsh border. There, for the first time, he met English boys and English sentiment. The school horsefested him; it was all punishments, he says, nothing human or humane about it except the library. He read madly; morning, noon and night till he knew Scott almost by heart, Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Gaskell, Thackeray and Reade—and

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en Dickens. Dickens he never liked. After reading every her novel in the library he read Dickens and the poets. The flogging system in the school was abhorrent to this orn rebel; he fought it tooth and nail; but in spite of trouble with boys as well as with the masters, he won prize after prize.

At fourteen his father disappointed him by failing to give him the nomination to become midshipman in the British Navy and the boy resolved to run away. For weeks he weighed the charms of South Africa (where they had just discovered diamonds) with those of Western America and at length he decided in favor of the Wild West. He came to America and soon made his way to Kansas and drove on the trail as a cowboy to New Mexico. He always declares that whatever capacity of thought he possesses comes from the fact that while his mind was growing he had to solve all the modern problems for himself and without books. "I think first and read afterwards" is his motto.

After a couple of years of wild western life, skirmishes with Indians, mad gamblings, ups and downs of fortune, he met the man Byron Smith, Professor of Greek, in the University of Kansas. Professor Smith persuaded him to become a student and he spent the next three years with his mentor and friend at Lawrence, Kansas. When Professor Smith left the University for his health, Harris quarreled at once with the authorities, refusing to come in to morning chapel, and left the University in turn and went on with his law studies. In due time he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law.

A year later Smith grew worse in Philadelphia and Harris threw up everything and went East to be with him. In another year his friend died and Harris returned to Europe to study; first in Paris, later in Heidelberg, Gottingen and Berlin. Then he went from Berlin to Athens where he studied a year. On his way back to America he met Froude in London and gave him a letter of introduction from Carlyle. Almost immediately he was offered the editorship of the "London Evening News" which he brought to success. Then he was offered the editorship of "The Fortnightly Review" which John (now Lord) Morley had just resigned. Seven years later he bought "The Saturday Review" and made it ever famous among English papers by bringing Bernard Shaw on it to write about the theatre; Wells to review the novels; D. S. McColl (now the head of the Tait Gallery) to write on art; Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, now the head of the Zoological Society, to write on Science; Max Beerbohm too, and Arthur Symonds, Ernest Dowson, Herbert Crackanthorpe and Cunningham Graham to do what they could. It is hardly too much to say that Harris picked then, in 1894, nearly all the men who to-day form public opinion in Great Britain. Shaw has acknowledged his debt to him again and again, and Wells calls him his literary godfather, asserting that Harris, when editing "The Fortnightly" accepted the first article he (Wells) ever had in print.

career is a record of the books he has written first book of American stories. Elder Conklin by Macmillan in 1890; Montes, which Arnold says is "the best short story in English" (1894); 1907; The Man Shakespeare, which according to published his reputation in 1909; The Women of re, 1910; Shakespeare and His Love (a drama), at Days, 1911; The Veils of Isis; Contemporary both last year, 1915 and Oscar Wilde, His Life lessons which is now in the press and we have had ure of reading. We think it is his best work, so far the best biography in the language.

dom of Man Upon Earth

W. B. Harris

The wonderful age in which we live—this twentieth century with its X-rays that enable us to see through the skin and flesh of men, and to study the working of their organs and muscles and nerves—has brought a new spirit into the world, a spirit of fidelity to fact, and with it a new and higher ideal of life and of art, which must of necessity change and transform all the conditions of existence, and in time modify the almost immutable nature of man. For this new spirit, this love of the fact and of truth, this passion for reality will do away with the foolish fears and futile hopes which have fretted the childhood of our race, and will slowly but surely establish on broad foundations the Kingdom of Man upon Earth. For that is the meaning and purpose of the change which is now coming over the world. The faiths and convictions of twenty centuries are passing away and the forms and institutions of a hundred generations are dissolving before us like the baseless fabric of a dream. A new morality is already shaping itself in the spirit; a morality based not on guess-work and on fancies, but on ascertained laws of moral health; a scientific morality belonging not to statics, like the morality of the Jews, but to dynamics, and so fitting the nature of each individual person. Even now conscience with its prohibitions is fading out of life, evolving into a more profound consciousness of ourselves and others, with multiplied incitements to wise living. The old religious asceticism with its hatred of the body is dead; the servile acceptance of conditions of life and even of natural laws is seen to be vicious; it is of the nobility of man to be insatiate in desire and to rebel against limiting conditions; it is the property of his intelligence to constrain even the laws of nature to the attainment of his ideal.

Already we are proud of being students, investigators, exponents of truth, and we leave the great names of demi-gods and heroes a little contemptuously to the men of bygone times. As student-artists we are no longer content with the outward presentment and form of men; we want to discover the protean vanities, greeds and aspirations of men, and to lay bare, as with a scalpel, the hidden motives and springs of action. We dream of an art that shall take into account the natural daily decay and up-building of cell-life, the wars that go on in the blood; the fevers of the brain; the creeping paralysis of nerve-exhaustion; above all, we must be able even now from a few bare facts, to re-create a man and make him live and love again for the reader, just as the biologist from a few scattered bones can reconstruct some prehistoric bird or fish or mammal.

(From the *Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story*, published by Mitchell Kennerley.)

Guy de Maupassant

By Frank Harris

YESTERDAY I went out to "Les Ravenelles," his mother's villa in Nice. It is set on a little height behind the Rue de France, and here de Maupassant spent that 1st of January, 1892, his last day on earth as a man among men. The "Vampire" in grey silk had just paid him another visit and had left him drained of strength and hope, exhausted, enervated, panting. In spite of his indescribable wretchedness and misery, that "malaise indicible," he would not alarm his mother by his absence on such a day; but dragged himself over from Cannes, and gave her whom he loved so tenderly the illusion at least that he was getting better. The effort cost him more than life. He returned to Cannes by train, and at two the next morning Francois heard him ringing and hurried to his bedside, only to find him streaming in blood and out of his mind, crying—"Au rancart! Au rancart!"

To-day I went through the little, low, two-storied villa, and sat where he had sat, and walked where he had walked. Here, on this raised, half-moon terrace, on that bright, clear day, with the sunshine sparkling over there on the red roofs and the blue sea he had always taken such pleasure in; here he stood, another Anthony, and fought a more terrible fight than the Roman ever imagined. I had seen him a month before, and had had a long, intimate talk with him which cannot be set down in these pages; but it enables me to picture him as he was on that fatal morning. He had taken Francois with him to cook his food; he meant to give himself every chance of winning in the fight, and now, the meal over, the strain of talking and pretending grew intolerable, and he came out here by himself, with only the blue, unheeding sky above and the purple, dancing sea in front to mock his agony.



Auguste Rodin. Original drawing by A. Delannoy.

How desperately he struggled for control; now answering some casual remark of his friends, now breaking out into cold sweat of dread as he felt the rudder slipping from his hand; called back to sanity again by some laughing remark, or some blessed sound of ordinary life, and then, again, swept off his feet by the fancy flood of sliding memory and dreadful thronging imaginings, with the awful knowledge behind knocking at his consciousness that he was already mad, mad—never to be sane again, mad—that the awful despairing effort to hold on to the slippery rock and not to slide down into the depths was all in vain, that he was slipping, slipping in spite of himself, in spite of bleeding fingers, falling—falling.

Hell has no such horror! There in that torture chamber did his agony last but a minute—he paid all debts, poor,

hounded, hunted creature with wild beseeching eyes, choking in the grip of the foulest spectre that besets humanity. And all for what? For another mad hour with the "bou-geoise de plus grand chic . . . d'une beaute remarquable," all for another kiss from the stylish lady of really remarkable beauty, "to whom he was always glad to say 'good-bye'."

The worship of the great goddess Aselgeia is sweet indeed, honey to the lips; but the price she exacts from her devotees is appalling. How many of them I have known, and how brilliant they were; her victims are taken from the most gifted of the sons of men. Heine fell to her and Maupassant and scores of others whom for pity's sake one does not name—young and gifted and lovable. As the clown says in "Twelfth Night."

Pleasure will be paid some time or other.

From Contemporary Portraits, published by Mitchell Kennerley

Rodin

By Frank Harris

RODIN is to me the creature of his works; the bodily presentment even is a true symbol of his soul; a French peasant in figure—a short, broad man with heavy shoulders, thick thighs, and great, powerful hands. There is realistic likeness in Tweed's bust. The neck is short and thick, the nose large and fleshy; the forehead high but retreating; the eyes grey, by turns reflective and observant. There is an air of transparent sincerity about the sturdy little man, with his careless grey beard and worn clothes. Always I see the large, strong hands, the short neck and lumpy shoulders—a master craftsman with a tremendous sensual endowment.

From Contemporary Portraits

Art and Our Village

THE chaotic conditions prevailing in the American art world of today are but a true replica of what is going on among the artists of our village. The times of Babel seem to be here again. The great individual efforts towards the one big achievement seem to be perturbed. Everybody is working as hard as he can and trying and failing and starting out again with new energy and doing his best . . . but he seems to do it in his own language, a different language from that of the universe. And everybody else fails to understand him. I am not talking now about artists who are busy getting out orders for magazines and commercial purposes, and I am not thinking of imitators who are trying to create sensations with the empty language of others who really meant sincerely what they presented to the world.

There are men and women among us trying to do one thing or the other, who are using their paints and brushes for no other purpose but self-expression. They are the people who will have found themselves in the course of the coming ten or



*Aubrey Beardsley.
By himself*

fifteen years, and who will really have something to give, to a generation which will have grown with them in the meantime.

Almost as many studios as we have down here—just as many different ways and means of expression of impressions “to the world” do we have. And these creations drift eventually uptown and are exhibited in “leading” galleries on the Avenue. Shall and can experiments be taken seriously? Shouldn’t those in authority, especially the keepers of galleries refrain from using their walls for experimental purposes, especially when the artist today might laugh at his creation of yesterday? Must the public be the goat here, too, as well as in the other branches of the free arts for mere commercial reasons?

The individualistic expression of a man is of course, the most ideal way to attempt the big. But if he uses, in order to express himself, a language not understood by anybody else, and if he is not able to compile at the present time a dictionary to be used by those interested and eager to understand, because in most of the cases he doesn’t know himself what he wants, why not refrain from exhibiting? Why not take the consequences of the prerogative of the self-expressionist: “I don’t care what you think about it—if you can understand it or not; it is just exactly as I see it and that is sufficient unto me,” and keep his creations unto himself until such time arrives where either he shall have found a medium which is not strange to our eyes and which we really can see or feel, or our posterity shall have adjusted their focus, in the course of the progress of the world, which will enable them to see and to feel.

The grotesque seems to be favored at present by magazines who are willing to pay large prices for something that outdoes this week the unbelievable of last week.

Money is the great lure in the career of our artists.

Do away with the money which can be gained by the sort of production everybody seems to aim at at present, and most of the members of our hopeful colony of geniuses will return to the diligent study of drawing.

And now be honest to yourself—What is the most wonderful idea worth and the most glorious and impossible color scheme, if you don't know how to draw and if you think that composition is something that one can do away with?

G. B.

La La

Chatter, chatter, chatter

THE busy tongues spin webs of scandal—odd bits of laughter, knowing winks—earnest “too bads”—fragments of a resurrected past, all woven artfully to give a moment's pleasure to the weavers.

And the girl, the motive of their pattern—what of her?

She faces them defiant for a time. Then frightened and unstrung, draws gradually within herself. Friends drop away—her house grows dark. At last, in bitterness she quits the town, and tries to lose herself in the turmoil and rush of cities.

“Ah! what did we tell you,” the weavers cry. “Her mother went that way before her—wait, just wait.”

Bit by bit they carry their tapestry of lies into the city. She begins to meet questioning looks—a little coolness here—a practised insult there. Men treat her boldly. She sees the snarls with reddening eyes. Long days and weary nights are hers. Prayer and religion fail her. Books bring only fleeting solace. Exasperated—nervous—at bay—she plunges into the social whirl. An act of impulse—a false step—then—down—down—down—

Chatter, chatter, chatter

Tom Sleeper

Suicide

Corpse A

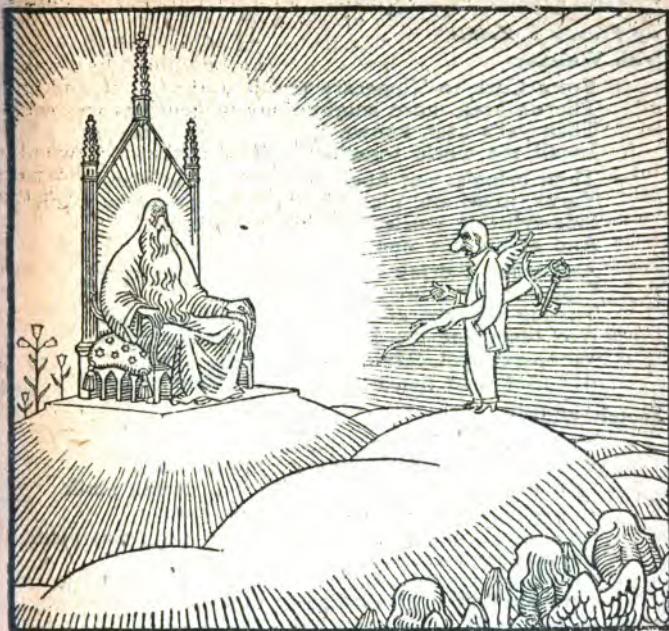
THEY brought her in, a shattered small Cocoon,
With a little bruised body like a startled moon;
And all the subtle symphonies of her a twilight raze.

Corpse B

THEY gave her hurried shoves this way and that.
Her body shock-abbreviated as a city cat,
She lays out listlessly like some small mug of beer gone flat.

Djuna Barnes.

L. P. Morgan in Heaven



"Nice chair, Sir, you have there. How much will you take for it?"

Replied Platitudes

WHEN God had planted love in the human heart, the devil spat upon it, and lo! it became lust.

"The dictates of fashion" are mostly in fashion with those who haven't gotten into the fashion of being on good terms with common-sense.

Your character is the measure of what you are, while your reputation is merely the report of what you seem to be.

The sage is he who obtains his experiences vicariously, permitting the fool to pay the price.

Usury is the interest that necessity pays to merciless greed.

J. Daerner

Flasks and Flagons

By *Francis S. Saltus*

Irish Whiskey

From Cork to Tipperary and Tralee,
There's been more laughter, jollity and fun
Than yet's been known beneath the risen sun
In all the world together, born of thee!
Thou bring'st out finely the old Celtic glee,
Yarns, jokes and glorious bulls surpassed by none,
Side-splitting stories, funny when begun,
And at the end one royal mental spree.
And when I drink thee quite alone ('tis rare),
I picture up a host of merry men,
Tasting thy charm and joking without stint,
And recognize the Hoods and Jerrolds there
Who, gay and careless, never take a pen,
But cast their gems beyond the grasp of print!

Scotch Whiskey

How rare is thy rich, passion-giving worth,
When weary of full many a Scottish mile,
One rests, and stirs thee with a knowing smile
In some dim inn of Edinburgh or Perth,
Gods must have drunk thee at their wondrous birth,
For in thee there is laughter and no guile,
And they, enraptured, from some heavenly aisle,
Perchance have given thee to this sorrowing earth,
For when thou art near, the devil has the pain,
No bitter frown is known, no caustic sneer,
The world on golden axles moves and turns.
And then ring out again, and yet again,
In manly accents, resolute and clear
The immortal songs and glees of Bobby Burns!

The Crook

MR. PHIL RICH, day laborer, was betrayed shamefully by his betrothed. With the explanation that his income was too uncertain to risk upon it a marriage, she handed him, after seven years courtship, his walking papers. Mr. Rich was hurt to the roots and he vowed revenge. A very peculiar one. He decided to become a criminal. Not a very desperate criminal, but still one whom they would lock up. And if his betrothed would have only the slightest inkling of a conscience and recognize that it was she who had caused his downfall, her tortures would be terrible. At the same time he wished to combine the pleasant with the useful and to have as good a time as he could. Therefore he chose the profession of a crook and started upon his new activities by entering an automobile factory. He said: "My name is Rich, formerly day laborer, I wish to get an automobile with as many horsepower as you can put in it."

"Just as you please," replied the very polite salesman, "Do you wish to pay in cash for it?"

"Not right now," replied Mr. Rich frankly. "At first I would wish to get it on credit. I just happen to be out of work, you know."

The polite salesman was very sorry not to be able to oblige Mr. Rich and advised him to go to the competitor across the street. He followed the advice but here, too, they did not seem to be very eager to count him among their customers. Everybody simply refused to trust. This astounded Mr. Rich. He always had heard and read how easy it was to get credit, and still two people had refused already to sell him an automobile. But this could not discourage him. He went to a bank. He introduced himself as Mr. Rich, day laborer, and asked for a loan of ten thousand dollars. But here, too, the result of his expedition was very sad. The manager of the bank gave him even a lackey who should show him out of the building. But that was all he was willing to give him.

In the meantime, his monthly room rent became due. Mr. Rich was not able to pay and informed Mrs. McIntyre, the keeper of his boarding house to that effect. He assured her at the same time, that he was willing to take from now on in addition to the breakfasts included in his rental, dinner and supper with her. Mrs. McIntyre didn't seem to approve of this new business arrangement.

"The devil git ye!" did she scream at the top of her voice, "Do ye think Oim crazy?" and she gave him a push and down the stairs he went. All four flights at once. His possessions she forwarded to the sidewalk where he had landed, through the window.

"It's just my luck," he philosophized. And now it had become most urgent to turn some trick or another because his thirst for revenge was diminishing from day to day.

His last recourse was the cook. These beings are supposed to have savings. He wanted to get a hold of them, promise marriage, he wanted to have a good time and then he wanted to welcome his fate no matter what might come. But nothing came. Mr. Rich, day laborer, remained an honest man. Even the cooks wouldn't give him anything. And so he was at the end of his wits. He knew nothing more! To take away the pennies from little children which they kept in their hands, if sent to buy something in the nearby grocery store, seemed even to him in his desperate mood, too dastardly.

And again he became a day laborer. But if ever anybody mentions to him how dead easy it is to get the best of credulous people, he will declare it emphatically as pure invention and just newspaper talk.

After the German, author not named, by Guido Bruno.

Chinese Letter

By Alan W. S. Lee, Wuhu, China

A WEEK ago I went to the garden of one of the Professors to sketch. It was a beautiful place, a huge garden full of lovely trees and shrubs, with a fine view of the Gon

Len. The only flowers out then were violets, but there were masses of them—sweet and fragrant. It was an immense relief to work here without a hundred pairs of eyes staring grimly at me, as is my usual fate when I try to sketch. As I worked I notice a small black bird hopping about among the violets—and every once in a while he would leave his hunt and fly up onto a branch and sing—I never heard a bird sing so gloriously, not even a nightingale at home, for this was no lament, but a song of joy and triumph.

Professor Meigs came out after a while to watch me draw and he told me about the little black bird. He is a robin, a jet black robin, and he glistens like fine lacquer. He is smaller than an American robin, but larger than an English one, and he sings to beat both. He has just the same jaunty hop, and impudent thrust of the head, just the same quick jab after a worm, and the bracing of his black legs when he gets it. He is a very rare bird, even here, but this one comes every year to the Meigs' garden, and they think a great deal of him. I have been reading Algernon Blackwood's "Centaur" and I think no book ever got me so completely. It is so full of sheer beauty, and exquisite phrasing, I found in it that bit of verse I liked so well that I found in an old number of the Academy.

"What dim Arcadian pastures
Have I known,
That out of nothing a wind is blown
Lifting a veil and a darkness
Showing a purple sea—
And under your hair, the faun's eyes
Look out at me."

The story is a powerful protest against the civilization of to-day, a denunciation of materialism and pure intellectualism, and makes a plea for a fairer and larger life, for nobler interests, for a life of harmony with nature instead of feverish and unsatisfying struggling for little imaginary pleasures. Blackwood regards men and animals, flowers and trees as possible projections of the Earth's consciousness, even as she herself is perhaps a projection of the great Consciousness of the Universe. But what am I trying to do—tell you all about it in my feeble words? I will get another copy in Shanghai and send it to you.

There is a Chinaman singing outside the garden, I wish you could hear him, many of the Chinese songs are really nice, but this reminds me of the guinea pig Ruth St. Denis used to let loose upon the stage just before she did her cobra dance.

All our bamboos are full of turtle doves now, and they coo and coo. The groves are full of birds, and they sing amidst the small green leaves that rustle and blow in the west wind that comes whispering across the fields, calling the flowers to wake from their long winter's sleep. There are no trees quite so frivolous as young bamboos; they are frivolous even when they grow up, and all the other trees ignore them.

Thoughts on Suicide—III

By *Martin Brown*

A Pistol

This cold steel thing of which I am afraid
 Can in a flash free me from every wolf that's barking
 at my heels
 And set my soul before the throne of God.
 I'll take my chance, for if the world he made
 He knows what tortuous paths my feet have trod.

The ring of steel like ice behind my ear—
 Each heart-beat like a blow, each breath a prayer to
 still my trembling hand
 And make my death as sure as my despair.
 Dry-throated, gasping, icy-cold with fear—
 After that crash, where will I be—God—where?

Gas

Good-night for I must sleep.
 Yes sleep, and know no waking to this pain of living.
 I must rest.
 I give you back my life, and giving
 For the first time peace lies within my breast.

A coward badly beaten.
 Yes, and a weakling too—I can bear no more living.
 It is too long.
 I give you back my life, and giving
 For the first time I knowingly do wrong.
 I am too tired to pray, but dreams will keep
 Me company—what scent is that?—when I'm asleep.

Grub Street

MENTION is often made of Grub street writers and Grub street publications, but the terms are little understood; the following historical fact will explain them; during the usurpation of Cromwell a prodigious number of seditious and libellous pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people, and increase the confusion in which the nation was involved, were from time to time published. The authors of these were, for the most part, men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in the most obscure part of the town. Grub street then abounded with mean and old houses, which were let out in lodgings, at low rents, to persons of this description, whose occupation was the publishing anonymous treason and slander. One of the original inhabitants of this street was Fox the martyrologist, who, during his abode there, wrote his *Acts and Monuments*. It was also rendered famous by having been the dwelling-place of Mr. Henry Welby, a gentleman of whom it is related, in Wilson's "Wonderful Characters," that he lived here forty years without having been seen by any one.



Roma Lucida

By Henri Fumet

*Translated from the French for Bruno's Weekly by Renee Lacoste.
(Concluded from last issue)*

THE next day she called on him. He had spent the whole day arranging his room so it would appear pleasant and precise. Little Roma entered shyly, tiptoeing around and casting glances about her. As she saw that he was respectful and embarrassed, she gradually became reassured enough to sit by him on the divan. Then, in a very earnest manner, she made this little speech to him:

"Do not think I am here through childishness. I am well aware of what might happen to me, but I don't fear anything. I don't think I am imprudent or crafty. I like you very much. I imagine that you will perhaps understand me. Consequently, I wanted to know you."

And so they spent a very pleasant afternoon. He showed her the books which he had patiently collected and carefully bound. She was intelligent in her admiration, recognizing some volumes like those she had seen at her father's. She looked through his papers, too, and read a few scattered notes here and there, and wondered at two or three phrases.

"Have you written this?"

"Certainly. Do you think me incapable of it?"

"No, no, but it causes me so much pleasure . . . Tell me, do you draw?"

"So badly!"

"So much the better! Because—I must tell you, seeing that you are asking me no questions—I draw, too, sometimes. It is the only serious work I can do. Therefore, it is advisable for one to turn to something else. Otherwise it would become a bore!"

I Am Satisfied

If to-night
 I should die,
 I am satisfied
 To have touched
 Swiftly, the Heart of Things
 Love in a flash,
 Holding my heart and senses:
 A swift cut with Sorrow's Knife
 And tears of Flame,
 Joys which briefly
 Held me utterly,
 And entirely.
 To have sinned
 Suddenly
 Not becoming Evil
 And without regret.

If to-night
 I should die,
 I am satisfied
 To have touched
 Swiftly
 The Heart of Things.

Diamond Crisp.

She walked up and down the apartment a few times; then resumed her seat:

"It looks all right."

"Now that you have inspected my premises, it is your turn to tell me something."

"What?"

"I don't know. You wanted to know me. As for me, your name would almost suffice. However, if you would be obliging enough to add an inscription to it . . ."

"Ask me questions. . . . Become inquisitive."

"Well, young lady, tell me what you know about life."

"Sir, you speak of banalities. I thought you had no patience with them. . . . Life doesn't exist. It is only an illusion. There are words, noises, sunsets and melodies. We have put a frame around all this to make it into a whole. But it is our work. I will add that it isn't worth the rest of it. There! Have I answered well?"

"Not badly. Kiss me!"

Roma Lucida let him kiss her. She did not without embarrassment but without great pleasure. Then she began to play some of Cesare Frank's music to prove that she was a musician too.

When she was leaving, he detained her near the door for a minute, and, taking both her hands in his, said:

"Roma, Roma Lucida! My little girl! Is it possible that there is a Roma Lucida on earth. . . . Do not go so soon."

She smiled sweetly at him and responded to the pressure of his hands.

He continued in a lower voice:

"Listen: I want to be happy, at least for an hour. I ought never to have seen you. Now it is too late; you must give back to me all you have taken from me. You will be in my thoughts until your return. Now go! But think of me. When you come back here, it will be because you wished it."

She was going to answer a little hotly; but he put his hand over her lips:

"Don't say anything. I know all you could say to me. Go! When you come back here, it will be because you wished it."

She left. He spent the rest of the evening going over the few phrases of the sonata in A which she had played. When night came it was a pleasure for him to repeat her name many times in succession, as in prayer.

She didn't come back the next day, nor the day after that. As he didn't know her address, he could only wait for her sadly. At last, on the third day, she knocked at his door. He saw by her eyes that she had spent several nights dreaming about him. He took her in his arms and undid her blonde hair, which fell over him like a shroud. They didn't say a word to each other the whole night long.

The next day she was crying. He knelt in front of her and pressed her in his arms:

"Pardon me, my Roma. It isn't my fault."

"I don't bear you with ill-will. I came of my own free will and I regret nothing. I don't know why I am unhappy."

"Are you happy now? You wanted to have me. I am yours, but you aren't happy! I wanted to love and to suffer—and I weep. Why should we struggle against it? We must part as we met"—and she added, smiling—"in the dust."

He made no answer. Roma dressed quickly. She fixed her hair and put on a red hat. In the glorious morning sunlight she seemed to be the same he had seen roaming the streets of Paris. It was the same face, the same quiet eyes; the same little black spot over her lips. But she was not the same; the real Roma Lucida seemed to have gone very far away and her voice reached him indistinctly:

He didn't try to stop her. When he looked up, she was no longer there. The sunlight swept over the furniture as if clearing the room of the least remembrances. All that was left of her was a faint perfume. That same evening it was gone. In the course of the following days he forgot her voice, then the shape of her face and in a few months he only recalled her name.

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Some Dogs of Greenwich Village

EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

May 20th, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 21

MAY 20th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II

Victory and Defeat

Every victory shows a more difficult height to scale, a steeper pinnacle of god-like hardship—that's the reward of victory: it provides the hero with ever-new battle-fields: no rest for him this side the grave.

But what of defeat? What sweet is there in its bitter? This may be said for it; it is our great school: punishment teaches pity, just as suffering teaches sympathy. In defeat the brave soul learns kinship with other men, takes the rub to heart, thinks out the reason for the fall in his own weakness, and ever afterwards finds it impossible to judge, much less condemn his fellow. But after all no one can hurt us but ourselves; prison, hard labour, and the hate of men; what are these if they make you truer, wiser, kinder?

Have you come to grief through self-indulgence and good-living? Here are months in which men will take care that you shall eat badly and lie hard. Did you lack respect for others? Here are men who will show you no consideration. Were you careless of others' sufferings? Here now you shall agonize unheeded: gaolers and governors as well as black cells just to teach you. Thank your stars then for every day's experience, for, when you have learned the lesson of it and turned its discipline into service, the prison shall transform itself into a hermitage, the dungeon into a home; the burnt skilly shall be sweet in your mouth; and your rest on the plank bed the dreamless slumber of a little child.

Frank Harris in "Oscar Wilde and his Confessions"

Greenwich Village in History*

ADMIRAL SIR PETER WARREN was in New York in 1744. He had then returned from Martinique, where he captured many French and Spanish prizes with his squadron of sixteen sailing craft. These were sold for him by Stephen De Lancey & Co., and netted him a considerable fortune, and it is said that he bought his Greenwich farm of three hundred acres with a part of the money. At any rate, the rise of Greenwich is attributed to Sir Peter, who married the daughter of his sales agent, Susannah De Lancey. Abingdon Square, with its little park, is a memento of the Warren farm, the oldest of Sir Peter's three daughters having married the Earl of Abingdon for whom the Square is named. Abijah Hammond became the owner of the farm after the death

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Henry Collins Brown, who gave me permission to extract it from his beautiful "Book of Old New York," printed by him privately for collectors.

of the vice-admiral, and in 1819 Mr. Van Nest purchased from him the mansion, with the square bounded by Fourth, Bleecker, Perry and Charles Streets. In 1865 the house was torn down, and most of the present houses were erected on its site.

No more bewildering confusion of street formation exists anywhere than in this section of the city, where was once old Greenwich. An example is Fourth Street, which crosses Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Streets at very nearly right angles. Other streets start all right, run for a block or two with regularity, and then take unreasonable turns, or else bring up one before a brick wall. This condition may be attributed to the fantastic ideas of the owners of land in that section in the early period of the city's growth. When a short cut from one place to another was desired they cut a lane, and perhaps another to some part of the farm land, leaving, with what improved conditions the city has made in street-making there, a tangled network of the old and the new that will not assimilate.

Greenwich Road followed the line of the present Greenwich street, along the shore front, and led to Greenwich Village. While in dry weather most of the route was good ground, in wet weather, especially in the region of the Lispenard salt meadows, which then lay north and south of the present Canal street, and of the marshy valley of Minetta Creek (about Charlton street), it was difficult of access. An inland road was therefore approved in 1768 from the Post Road (the present Bowery) to what is now Astor Place, then to Waverly Place, then to Greenwich avenue. Two sections of this road exist to-day: Astor Place and Greenwich avenue between Eighth and Fourteenth streets. The rest is obliterated.

The open space at Astor Place is a part of the road to Greenwich known as Monument Lane, or "road to the Obelisk," because at its northern extremity, or which is now Eighth avenue and Fifteenth street, General Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, had a memorial erected to him. The lane extended from the Bowery to Washington Square, turned northwest and skirted Greenwich Village. At Jefferson Market, where Greenwich avenue joins Sixth avenue, the reader will find the last section of the inland road.

No more healthful location exists in New York than what was once the site of the village. The epidemics of virulent diseases that attacked the old city found no lodgment in Greenwich. This healthfulness is due to the fact that the underlying soil of the district to a depth of at least fifty feet is a pure sand, and provides excellent natural drainage.

Bank street is reminiscent of the yellow fever epidemic in 1798, in that the Bank of New York and a branch of the Bank of the United States purchased two plots of eight city lots each in Greenwich Village, far away from the city proper, to which they could remove in case of being placed in danger of

quarantine. In 1799 two houses were erected on them, and in September of the same year the banks were removed to the village, and gave the name to the present street, which was then a lane. The year 1822 saw another influx of population to Greenwich Village because of its healthfulness. "The town fairly exploded and went flying beyond its borders, as though the pestilence had been a burning mine. The city presented the appearance of a town besieged. From daybreak till night one line of carts, containing merchandise and effects, were seen moving toward Greenwich Village and the upper parts of the city. Carriages and hacks, wagons and horsemen, were scouring the streets and filling the roads. Temporary stores and offices were erecting. Even on Sunday carts were in motion, and the saw and hammer busily at work. Within a few days thereafter (September) the Custom House, the Post Office, the bank, the insurance offices and the printers of newspapers located themselves in the village, or in the upper part of Broadway, where they were free from the impending danger, and these places almost instantaneously became the seat of the immense business usually carried on in the great metropolis." This epidemic "caused the building up of many streets with numerous wooden buildings, for the uses of the merchants, banks, offices, etc." An old authority says that he "saw corn growing on the present corner of Hammond (West Eleventh) and Fourth streets on a Saturday morning, and on the following Monday Sykes and Nible had a house erected capable of accommodating three hundred boarders. Even the Brooklyn ferryboats ran up here daily."

Three remnants of Greenwich Village are the two old frame dwellings at the southwest corner of Eleventh street and Sixth avenue, and the triangular graveyard near the corner, the second place of burial owned by the Jews on the island. When Eleventh street was opened almost the whole of the Jewish burial ground was swept away. The street went directly across it, leaving only the corner on its south side and a still smaller corner on its north side.

(To be continued)

A Forgotten American Journalist

AMONG old manuscripts in a second-hand bookshop in Philadelphia, I found on a recent trip, letters and articles written by an American journalist and editor of the Fifties, by Willis Gaylord Clark. So original and so progressed were his ideas on men and things in these old yellow sheets, offered for sale at a pittance, that I tried to find out a little more about this satyrist, whose name seems to be given to oblivion. His brother, Lewis Gaylord Clark, published in 1844, a little volume of the literary remains, and that was about all I could find. In the preface to this collection a letter of Washington Irving is reproduced in which Irving expresses his sympathy with the family of the deceased newspaperman, and closes with this passage:

"And he has left behind him writings which will make men love his memory and lament his loss."

Willis Gaylord Clark was born in Otisco, in the county of Onondaga, in the state of New York. He was the son of a soldier in the days of the Revolution, and writing for newspapers and periodicals since the age of fourteen. He was editor of the Columbian Star, in South Carolina, and later took over the editorship of the Philadelphia Gazette. He wrote for the New York Knickerbocker Magazine a series of amusing papers under the quaint title of *Ollapodiana*. The permanent value of Mr. Clark's newspaper feuilletons in the daily American Press is pointed out in an extended notice in the American Quarterly Review; in the Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker Magazine for July, 1841, an account of his life is given on three pages. He was a poet and a few of his poems can be found in the "Poets and Poetry of America."

He seems to me the only American representative of that branch of Journalism which is unknown in the newspapers of the United States: the feuilleton, a happy combination of narrative, instructive, satirical, about something that happened today or yesterday, with a touch of intimacy in a milieu, familiar to every reader.

Among the many articles he wrote, a few are especially interesting because they seem so far ahead of their own times. There is, for instance, "Leaves from an Aeronaut," the humorous, but most likely imaginary ascension in a dirigible balloon and the travel through the air.

Then there is a series of short sketches which appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette, 1830 and 1831, as fictitious correspondence from New York, "Mephistopheles in New York."

His critical paper, "American Poets and their Critics," is a most remarkable rebuke to the poets of the Forties, men and women who had created social centres in New York and were at their best proclaiming the fame of English poetry and of English men of letters, denying that there was any literature of importance in America. This article, "American Poets and Their Critics," had been refused by most of the reputable American literary journals, but appeared subsequently in London. I would like to quote a passage which will illustrate how decidedly American Clark wished to see American letters and art. "The fact is as undeniable as it is generally acknowledged, that since the death of Lord Byron, the best fugitive poetry of the United States has been greatly superior to that of England. We have bards among us whose productions would shine by the side of seven-tenths even of the authors collected in those ponderous tomes entitled the 'British Classics,' or 'Selected British Poets.' Let any reader of taste look over those collections, and see how much matter there is in them, of no superior merit, floating down the stream of time, like flies in amber, only because it is bound up with productions of acknowledged and enduring excellence."

G. B.



From an old English Chap Book.

Two Tales by N. Shebooev

Translated from the Russian by M. W.

The Creative Power

I MADLY loved a musical-comedy actress. It seemed that she loved me, too. She was constantly repeating: "Why don't you write a play in which I should have the main part."

I sat down and wrote a drama.

Now I am in love with a dramatic actress. I think, she loves me, too. She constantly repeats: "Why don't you write a drama in which I should play the main part?" I sat down, and I am writing—a farce.

Perpetuum

In a week's time we met in a restaurant.
Of course, we talked about women.
He said: "In my life women cut no figure!"
You are very unfortunate! declared I with regret.

In a week's time we met in a restaurant.
Our conversation, of course, was about women.
"In my life women cut no figure!"
Such a lucky fellow! exclaimed I, with envy.

In a week's time we talked about women again.
"In my life women cut no figure!" said I, throwing myself
back of the chair.
"You are very unfortunate!" exclaimed he, with sorrow.

Again we met in a week's time.
I said: In my life women cut no figure!
"Some lucky fellow!" filtered he, with envious irritation.

To-day we talked about women.
"What is the use of raising this question!" said he in-
dolently, "it is a perpetuum mobile!"
"A perpetuum immobile,"—I corrected him.

Dawn

By Richard Aldington

IT is night; and silent.

The mist is still beside the frozen dykes; it lies on the
stiff grass, about the poplar trunks. The last star goes out.

The gulls are coming up from the sea, crying and drifting
across like pieces of mist, like fragments of white cloth.
They turn their heads and peer as they pass. The sky low
down glows deep purple.

The plovers swirl and dart over the ploughed field beyond;
their screams are sorrowful and sharp. The purple drifts
up the pale sky and grows redder. The mist stirs.

The brass on the harness of the plough-horses jingles as
they come into the field. The birds rise in scattered knots.
The mist trembles, grows thinner, rises. The red and gold
sky shines dully on the ice.

The men shout across the thawing clods; the ploughs creak;
the horses steam in the cold; the plovers and gulls have gone;
the sparrows twitter.

The sky is gold and blue, very faint and damp.

It is day.

From Images—Old and New. The Four Seas Co., Boston, 1916.

Tom Sleeper's Spring Song

An Ode to Spring

THE bloomin' buds are bustin' on all the bally trees
And the robins come a wheezin' and a snortin'
down the breeze

The donkeys are a brayin' and the jays begin to sing
'Cause they know without our tellin' 'em
It's Spring—Sweet Spring.

The fishes in the ocean are a jumpin' and a splashin'
And the water bugs are actin' in a most peculiar fashion
The cats are yowlin' choruses a sittin' in a ring
'Cause they know without our tellin' 'em
It's Spring—Sweet Spring.

The mushrooms in the cellar'll be blooming pretty soon
And the neighbor's puppies whinin' and a yapping at
the moon

The April skies are leakin' and a wettin' everything
So come on and join the chorus—Here's to
Spring—Sweet Spring.

Tom Sleeper

In Memoriam: Dick Davis

Richard Harding Davis had his foible of vanity, but he was a man of quality, too. His courage was never questioned and his integrity as a reporter of events as he saw them was flawless. Moreover, he could write real romance. And only O. Henry has things to his credit that surpass in short-story craftsmanship "Gallegher" and "The Bar Sinister," while the "Van Bibber" sketches are as true to life as they are happy in spirit. "Dickie" Davis was a pretty high type of American and not the less high because he did good work although possessed from the beginning of means that would have prevented many another young man from doing anything. They are a little breed who attempt to belittle the achievements of Richard Harding Davis.

William Marion Reedy



Dead Peacocks

OSCAR WILDE

HIS LIFE AND CONFessions

By FRANK HARRIS

The next issue of Bruno's Weekly will contain a review and a few of the most remarkable passages from the latest work of Frank Harris.

This work is the most important human document of the twentieth century. It is not merely the life of a man. It is the evolution of an epoch in English life and letters. It is a romance as it could be written only by Life itself, with the heart-blood of men and women.

It is a supreme tragedy because none of its actors ever thought it could be one. It shows men at their worst while they were forgetting pity and compassion, revelling in inhumanity and cruelty for the defense of that image of a wrong Christian humanity they had made for themselves. It shows man at his nearest to God: humble, resigned, in the confessional; drinking to the dregs the bitterest cup; voluntarily—at the gate of a new, of a real life.

The gate opens. Pity above all, and love even as punishment, is the driving power of this new life.

Friendship is written in this book upon each page; unselfish love even towards the one who was the Judas Iscariot; who had ruined a life unknowingly; who had caused pains and condemnation and had driven a man to soul suicide. Love and pity for the very man who would not allow the dead to sleep peacefully.

And then the end. An end with love. An end with pity. An end with terror.

The man died as he had lived!

That last chapter of the book!

Eternal Justice has been dispensed and the dead are being put to rest with loving reverence. There is left only a sweet memory; a fragrance of the beautiful in a man's life; and pity and love.

Frank Harris has written a true life of Oscar Wilde.

But incidentally, a wonderful book for humanity.

A big man has written about a fellow man in a big way.

Love was his guardian angel.

Love led love to victory.



Oscar Wilde—about 1900.

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus

Chocolate

LIQUID delectable, I love thy brown
 Deep-glimmering color like a wood-nymph's tress;
 Potent and swift to urge on Love's excess,
 Thou wert most loved in the fair Aztec town.

Where Cortes, battling for Iberia's crown,
 First found thee, and with rough and soldier guess,
 Pronounced thy virtues of rare worthiness
 And fit by Madrid's dames to gain renown.

When tasting of thy sweets, fond memories
 Of bygone days in Versailles will arise;
 Before the King, reclining at his ease
 I see Dubarry in rich toilet stand,
 A gleam of passion in her lustrous eyes,
 A Sevres cup in her jeweled hand!

Coffee

VOLUPTUOUS berry! where may mortals find
 Nectars divine that can with thee compare,
 When, having dined, we sip thy essence rare
 And feel towards wit and repartee inclined?

Thou wert of sneering, cynical Voltaire
 The only friend; thy power urged Balzac's mind
 To glorious effort; surely Heaven designed
 Thy devotees superior joys to share.

Whene'er I breathe thy fumes, 'mid Summer stars,
 The Orient's splendid pomps my vision greet.
 Damascus with its myriad minarets gleams!
 I see thee, smoking, in immense bazars,
 Or yet in dim seraglios, at the feet
 Of blonde Sultanas, pale with amorous dreams!

Just One Scene

LIBRARY of the husband.

Shrivelled up in a deep chair, her closed hands twitching nervously between her knees, the young wife.

The husband is seated at the writing table.

He smokes cigarettes, walks up and down, resumes his seat, walks up and down, again resumes his seat.

They never look one at the other.

A long suspended scene.

The husband opens the drawer of his writing table.

He takes out a small, long box, and opens it.

He holds a gun in his hands.

The young wife watches him intensely.

She shrinks back and watches him again; motionless.

THE HUSBAND: "To the telephone, Nelly!"
 She rises, walks over to the telephone upon the table.
 The husband hands her the receiver; he turns the mouth-piece towards her face.

"What's your lover's number?"

Silence.

"What—is—your lover's—number?"

"5712"

Following the peremptory look of her husband, she calls the number into the instrument; "5712."

Silence.

THE HUSBAND whispering, but it sounds more like hissing, into her ear: "This is Nelly — — —"

A little silence; evidently somebody speaks at the other end of the line.

THE HUSBAND: "I'm so lonesome for you, I am so wretched without you — — —"

She repeats these words.

THE HUSBAND: "If you only were here — — —"

She repeats.

THE HUSBAND: "My husband went away this morning quite unexpectedly. He will stay away for three days. Won't you come, dear — — —?"

She is silent.

He looks at her.

She is silent — — —.

He points the gun at her.

She speaks the words into the telephone.

An inaudible answer at the other end of the wire.

She screams into the instrument:

"Don't come! He is here! He knows everything!"

The husband places his finger on the trigger.

She stares boldly into his face, erect, ready to die, but so sad.

He has let go the gun.

It crashes to the floor.

He walks over to the writing desk.

He is seated.

A long silence — — —.

Then he speaks very slowly: "So it is then; if a woman really loves a man? Nelly go! — — — and go in peace!"

After the German of Peter Altenberg by Guido Bruno



Thoughts on Suicide—IV

By Martin Bress

Poison

SCATTER the rose-leaves, let the petals fall
 They'll serve as actors in my little play.
 Each one a tear, a hope, or best of all
 The sunshine sweetness of a golden day.
 The hour grows late, yet still the purple wine
 Invites a parting toast—let us agree
 To drink to those dead days when you were mine
 When I was yours, first, last and utterly.
 You frown—alas my heart is sorrow-sore,
 Your husband too has set his glass aside.
 Let's pass it then for I have many more
 How's this? A health unto the virgin bride.
 You will not drink? My glass is all prepared.
 You will not stay? How sad that word good-bye.
 If they had known it how they would have stared,
 A toast to death—'tis done, and I can die.

The Roman Way

A bath of clouded glass or gleaming tile,
 A perfumed powder brought from Araby,
 Clear crystal water warm enough to still
 Pulsating nerves that tremble foolishly.
 An ethered drink to make it more a dream,
 A jewelled knife that severs instantly
 The big blue veins that cross upon each wrist.
 Sharp stinging pain that slowly dies away.
 Indifferent drooping eyes that vaguely watch
 The crimson spirals merging cloudily,
 A growing faintness and a cynic's smile,
 A bath of blood—a soul gone utterly.

Masks

The Philosopher

As neighbours you will only see in us the one-thousandth part of our real self.

Could you see the whole of us you surely would not recognize us.

The Curious

"Please do tell me what is grotesque?"

It is that part of our real nature which the necessity of life makes us give up.

The Coquette

To be able to play with life is artistic—

Plentiful are your hours of rest for your comic seriousness.

The Complicated

Without masks we are masks only distorted to simplicity and too easy to be understood by commonsense.

The Danseuse

I am just grace and dignity.
Never should I feel or think.

It degrades my class, but I have to live, too,—, and therefore I have to be—of course very privately—a sensible woman.

The Tragedienne

Of course poets break the hearts of their heroines. To vulgar pains do I have to concentrate myself, hypocritically. But my tragedies occur every hour of the day and they cannot be acted. And my poets are not born yet.

The Poetess

When I am silently in thought, I am really a poetess!
It is at the shortcomings of human art that the divine soul begins to speak audibly.

The Painter

In me lives the Divine Painter, my eye, reflecting the things of the world.
But long is the way from eye to hand—.
Blossoming pastures dry to deserts.

The Woman of the World

"Look at me!" sobs eternally an abused little child—
But the rustling of my silks sounds louder in my ears.
Do you see in us only a daring play of colors? We cannot change it.

If we do it with taste, we live even without an idea.

After the German of Peter Altenberg by Guido Bruo

The Song

IT is a bit of a river that flows between—between the strip of land on this and the strip of land on that side. Thousands of honeyless hives bury the strip on this; thousands the strip on that side—honeyless hives choked by honeyless two-legged lives—but what of these? It is night.

It is night, but a song, borne by a friendly wind, steals across the river across from yonder side to this, across to me. It is not a song of night's; it is not a song of Nature's; it is not a song of the gods.' It is—but stay It is not for you. Your name is Profanation; you are of the honeyless two-legs that choke the honeyless hives that bury the earth; you are—

It is a bit of a river that flows between. It is night. A song steals across to me. And only the river 'twixt singer and me.

Alfred Kreyborg.

Prejudice

Little mouse:
Are you
some rat's little child?
I wont love you if you are.

Alfred Kreyborg.

Impressions of America

By Oscar Wilde

This interesting account of Oscar Wilde's tour through America was printed privately in a little booklet for circulation among his friends, by Stuart Mason, and on account of the scarcity of this private print, was not accessible to the public. It is not contained in his collected works.

I fear I cannot picture America as altogether an Elysium—perhaps, from the ordinary standpoint I know but little about the country. I cannot give its latitude or longitude; I cannot compute the value of its dry goods, and I have no very close acquaintance with its politics. These are matters which may not interest you, and they certainly are not interesting to me.

The first thing that struck me on landing in America was that if the Americans are not the most well-dressed people in the world, they are the most comfortably dressed. Men are seen there with the dreadful chimney-pot hat, but there are very few hatless men; men wear the shocking swallow-tail coat, but few are to be seen with no coat at all. There is an air of comfort in the appearance of the people which is a marked contrast to that seen in this country, where, too often, people are seen in close contact with rags.

The next thing particularly noticeable is that everybody seems in a hurry to catch a train. This is a state of things which is not favourable to poetry or romance. Had Romeo or Juliet been in a constant state of anxiety about trains, or had their minds been agitated by the question of return-tickets, Shakespeare could not have given us those lovely balcony scenes which are so full of poetry and pathos.

America is the noisiest country that ever existed. One is waked up in the morning, not by the singing of the nightingale, but by the steam whistle. It is surprising that the sound practical sense of the Americans does not reduce this intolerable noise. All Art depends upon exquisite and delicate sensibility, and such continual turmoil must ultimately be destructive of the musical faculty.

There is not so much beauty to be found in American cities as in Oxford, Cambridge, Salisbury, or Winchester, where are lovely relics of a beautiful age; but still there is a good deal of beauty to be seen in them now and then, but only where the American has not attempted to create it. Where the Americans have attempted to produce beauty they have signally failed. A remarkable characteristic of the Americans is the manner in which they have applied science to modern life.

This is apparent in the most cursory stroll through New York. In England an inventor is regarded almost as a crazy man, and in too many instances invention ends in disappointment and poverty. In America an inventor is honoured, help is forthcoming, and the exercise of ingenuity, the application

of science to the work of man, is there the shortest road to wealth. There is no country in the world where machinery is so lovely as in America.

I have always wished to believe that the line of strength and the line of beauty are one. That wish was realised when I contemplated American machinery. It was not until I had seen the water-works at Chicago that I realised the wonders of machinery; the rise and fall of the steel rods, the symmetrical motion of the great wheels is the most beautifully rhythmic thing I have ever seen.* One is impressed in America, but not favourably impressed, by the inordinate size of everything. The country seems to try to bully one into a belief in its power by its impressive bigness.

I was disappointed with Niagara—most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life. One sees it under bad conditions, very far away, the point of view not showing the splendour of the water. To appreciate it really one has to see it from underneath the fall, and to do that it is necessary to be dressed in a yellow oil-skin, which is as ugly as a mackintosh—and I hope none of you ever wears one. It is a consolation to know, however, that such an artist as Madame Bernhardt has not only worn that yellow, ugly dress, but has been photographed in it.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of America is the West, to reach which, however, involves a journey by rail of six days, racing along tied to an ugly tin-kettle of a steam engine. I found but poor consolation for this journey in the fact that the boys who infest the cars and sell everything that one can eat—or should not eat—were selling editions of my poems vilely printed on a kind of grey blotting paper, for the low price of ten cents.** Calling these boys on one side I told them that though poets like to be popular they desire to be paid, and selling editions of my poems without giving me a profit is dealing a blow at literature which must have a disastrous effect on poetical aspirants. The invariable reply that they made was that they themselves made a profit out the transaction and that was all they cared about.

It is a popular superstition that in America a visitor is invariably addressed as "Stranger." I was never once addressed as "Stranger." When I went to Texas I was called "Captain"; when I got to the centre of the country I was addressed as "Colonel," and, on arriving at the borders of Mexico, as "General." On the whole, however, "Sir," the

*In a poem published in an American magazine on February 15th, 1882, Wilde wrote:

"And in the throbbing engine room
Leap the long rods of polished steel."

**"Poems by Oscar Wilde. Also his Lecture on the English Renaissance." The Seaside Library, Vol. Ixviii. No. 1183, January 19th, 1882. 4to. Pp. 32. New York: George Munro, Publisher.

A copy of this edition was sold by auction in New York last year for eight dollars.

old English method of addressing people is the most common.

It is, perhaps, worth while to note that what many people call Americanisms are really old English expressions which have lingered in our colonies while they have been lost in our own country.

(To be continued).

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of Bruno's Weekly published Weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1916.

State of New Jersey
County of Essex--ss.

Before me a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles Edison, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the Bruno's Weekly and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 442, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Charles Edison; Llewellyn Park, W. Orange, N. J.; Editor, Guido Bruno, 58 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Guido Bruno, 58 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Guido Bruno, 58 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Charles Edison, Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J.; Guido Bruno, 10 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Signed, CHARLES EDISON,

Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1916.

Signed, FREDERICK BACHMANN, Notary Public.

(My commission expires July 2, 1917.)

(Seal.)

Bruno's Weekly, published weekly by Charles Edison, and edited and written by Guido Bruno, both at 58 Washington Square, New York City. Subscription \$2 a year.

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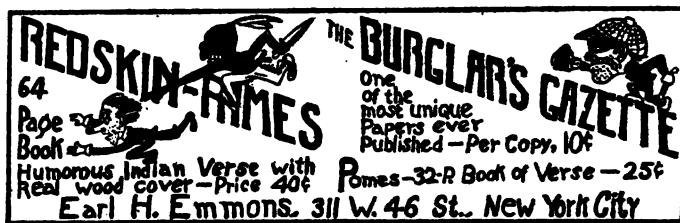
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

May 27th, 1916

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 22

MAY 27th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II

*YET each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard:
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word;
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh;
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.*

Oscar Wilde

From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"

Parisian Women During the War

Translated Extracts from a letter to the Editor

DO you remember that lot of night cafes and night restaurants on the Place Pigalle where they used invariably to take tourists and strangers before the war to show them how "real Parisians" danced tango? A shower of little rubber balls, happy laughter and gay music greeted you. And now, even in the Restaurant l'Abbaye, there is less noise and less light than before, and if you enter the half-darkened room, you notice on the red canopies along the walls, a number of women bent diligently over their sewing. Since the outbreak of the war the place was rented by "Le droit des femmes" and there are about half a hundred women who are out of work in steady employ. They give them a very frugal breakfast, and supper before they start for home in the evening, and they also pay them every fourteen days, a few francs. All kinds of women are asking here constantly for work, white-haired widows, wives of working men, but chiefly midinettes.

"Everybody who wishes to work is made welcome," said one of the patronesses whom I interviewed, "and it is of no consequence to us whether the women are decent or not. We are occupying the women with all kinds of sewing work and with the manufacture of dolls, especially of dolls in the uni-

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forms of the Allies, like the picturesque Scots and Cossacks."

L'Abbaye is only one of the many working shops opened and successfully operated during the past year for women out of employment. And it can easily be understood where the tens of thousands of midinettes of Paris are keeping themselves since the outbreak of the war, who previously populated, during the breakfast hours, the boulevards and the Rue de la Paix. Many of them left for the country, but most of them found work in the sewing rooms, while only a small number accepted the offers of the Magdalene Sisters, who offered them shelter and board, if they were willing to live according to the rules of the institution and to make bandages for the wounded.

A few days ago I paid a visit to this house of midinettes. It seemed to be a cage filled with singing birds and it would make a novel with many chapters, to write about those little midinettes working under the supervisions of nuns "pour la patrie."

While a good many of the society women of Paris are enwrapped in their charitable activities in l'Abbaye, in the bazars, at the "boulevards des capucines," the ladies of the exclusive circle of Parisian society almost all joined the Red Cross. At the start of the war there was quite a bit of hesitation about the groups and patriotic societies they should join, but now the women of France are united in one league and in one union. For the society women, the Croix Rouge is the latest Parisian saloon where everyone meets everybody. But not everybody has access to this saloon. It is necessary—as they say in slang—to show "la patte blanche," and it has happened on different occasions, that divorced women were snubbed and not permitted to participate in the sewing work. As most of the ladies of the Red Cross are royalists and devout Catholics, one must not be surprised that the republican laws concerning divorce seem to be forgotten. But laws and morals are two entirely different things. Not very welcome guests among the ladies of the Red Cross are even women of republican circles, and therefore they have founded a so-called Green Cross which also takes care of the wounded and sick—to be differentiated from the Blue Cross which is caring for horses exclusively. Even now during the war, are the social contrasts in Paris so sharply marked that organizations of Crosses in all colors of the rainbow sprang up in no time.

Then there is "la petite bourgeoisie"—wives of radical physicians or lawyers or teachers, who never approved of militarism and who are trying their best to get accustomed to the prevailing conditions of the country.

The war has been a good teacher of geography. Only a little while ago it was not a singular occurrence in Paris to meet a lady of the best circles, educated in a cloister, who had only very vague ideas—not only about the geography of Europe, but of France.

The step from the society women to the woman of the half-world is not very big.

And surely this letter would not be complete if it did not mention the lady of the night cafe. The actress is the connecting link between her and good society. The little actresses all went to the country. They pretended to be going home to take care of a wounded brother or cousin, and they have not been seen again in Paris. All of them, nearly, came from the country. Their people own somewhere, a piece of land, are farmers and are glad to welcome back to their family circle the black sheep. All you can see in Paris now are the little trotinns, living on twenty-five sous per days, paid to the unemployed by the maire of each Arrondissement.

—How a Paris woman dresses during the war? I wonder if there is still a Parisian fashion existing? If there is, it is surely the so-called Scotch bonnet, used now by almost all Parisian ladies, and its old name, "bonnet de Police" is again in vogue. Not much is to be said otherwise about fashions. That the Russian blouse with Serbian embroidery will be worn by elegant Paris during the winter, seems to be assured. Scotch is favored very much, too. And the color schemes will combine the national colors of the belligerent allies. But not much is left of the light-heartedness of yore—not in fashions and not in the mode of living. Even the greeting on the streets and in public places has a grave, solemn character. Where the jolly heart of the French woman is? It is far away at the front! There are at present, more than four million women who are without husbands or whose brothers, sons or sweethearts are in the trenches somewhere out there in constant danger of life, that they call "at the front."

A few are fortunate enough to have their male relatives still at home—those whose husbands and sons are employed in the offices of the military administrations. She, "la femme de l'embusque" is a pathetic little figure. All day long she is visiting her friends while her husband is in the office telling them that he doesn't wish anything better than to be transferred to the front. And while her poor heart is paralyzed by the idea that he may be commanded to the front, she feigns eagerly her desire to see her husband, too, among the fighters for France's freedom.

But all of them—no matter what their social or political or religious convictions may be—the ladies of the Red and of the Blue Cross, the republican women of the Green Cross, and the wife of the workingman who is trying to keep her family going during her husband's absence in the field—every one of them consecrates her heart to the army. No matter if the distinguished aristocratic woman snobs a "newly rich" during a meeting of the Red Cross, her heart goes out in sympathy to the wounded and to the suffering. And the countess leaves in the most terrific heat or in streaming rain, her comfortable quarters, to walk among the people on the boulevards collecting sous for soldiers. It is the same desire to help that causes

the society woman in her limousine as well as the poor woman in the buss, to knit useful things for the soldiers for their winter campaign. Knitting needles and yarn can be seen in Paris everywhere, even on the narrow benches in the moving picture show.

American Generals

I—Major-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A.

WHEN I see his name—my recollection goes back apace twenty years. Fred Funston, a little sawed-off chap, came to New York from the wild and woolly west, looking for a job. He was broke and so was I. My meanderings took me down to Harper's Weekly, then a publication of weight and merit, and to its amiable managing editor I sold some of my literary vapörings. Then I landed a job. It was to go to Cuba and write war stuff.

Following closely upon my heels, Fred Funston landed two jobs. New York was then rife with Cuban patriotism, and stories of Spanish cruelty and oppression, sufficient to make any red-blooded man's blood boil, and there was hardly one of us who did not want to go down to Cuba and help lick those Spaniards. We all were willing to fight for a cause, and the Cuban cause seemed a good one.

Fred being of the right stuff, and his blood fired by tales of Cuba's struggle for freedom, offered his services, not having any sword to offer, to the Cuban Junta at their offices down in New Street. One of the bunch of Cuban generals, sizing him up, and not wanting to hurt his feelings, told him that they were not sending any more Americans to Cuba, but the office boy, being a good American and not a very large man himself, tipped Funston off that an expedition was being fitted out for Cuba with a couple of Hotchkiss field pieces, and that there was not a damned Cuban in the whole cigar making outfit, that was being sent down to the island to fight for his liberty, who knew a gun from a water main.

That was enough for Freddie. All he had to do was to ascertain who sold those guns, and the office boy informing him, away he hiked up to Hartley and Graham's on Broadway, and boldly announced that he was going to Cuba; for men with red blood, when they make up their minds to do a thing, usually do it. He may have stretched a point or two, but that does not matter. He was shown the twelve pounder that was being purchased for the Cuban expedition. An expert explained its mechanism, and he was allowed to fondly handle the formidable looking piece, take it apart and put it together again, and half an hour's instruction was given him in finding the range, priming, firing, etc. When Funston returned to the Junta, he was theoretically a full fledged artilleryman, and so anxious was the Cuban general to whom he applied for service in the Cuban army this time, to secure a gunner for the field pieces that were being sent to Cuba, that it did not occur to him to size up the applicant's soldierly looking qualities, and the little sawed-off future general was engaged at once. But the Cuban Junta wasn't

paying out any money for either soldiers or artillerymen. It took all the money they could raise to buy their arms and ammunitions, so Funston hunted another job which he thought would bring him the much needed funds.

Like myself, he meandered into the office of Harper's Weekly, and there he impressed the editor with his ability to send him real life stuff from the field in Cuba, so that he landed his other job. And thus, with two jobs, the war-like hobo from the West, embarked for Cuba and began his military career which has landed him in the United States Army with the rank of Major-General.

He made good in Cuba as far as the Cuban artillery was concerned. For with the very field piece which he was allowed to so fondly handle in New York, he knocked the spots out of the Spanish block-house at Cascorra, helped take the town of Guaimaro, peppered the town and fortifications of Jiguani, and finally blew up the Infantry barracks of Las Tunas and helped beat that town into surrender. But by this time, the Cuban army had exhausted itself. The country was without food, and the followers of Carlixto Garcia were literally starving. Funston starved with them until there was nothing else to do, and he did it—one of the nerviest things in his life.

He rode up to a Spanish blockhouse and surrendered. The Spaniards, instead of cutting his throat, as he expected they would do, and as he deserved, took him in, fed him and sent him to Havana, where he was turned over to Consul General Fitzhugh Lee, and sent back to New York, broke again. Here he had his Harper's Weekly job in reserve. He wrote "The Battle of La Machuca," and that provided him with funds to travel homeward, where upon the strength of his military career in Cuba, he was appointed Colonel of the Twentieth (Kansas) Volunteers.

Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.



*Drawing by
Aubrey Beardsley*

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus.

Amontillado

WHEN thy inspiring warmth pervades my frame,
I see the smiling Guadalquivir stray
Through Andalusia's fields of endless May,
Crowned by the ripe wheat like a golden flame.

The majos sport in many a wanton game
At the soft setting of the ardent day,
And in the Alameda's shadows gray,
Fond lovers murmur their delicious shame.

And then again, the vision will arise
Before me, of the worn Campeador
Draining thy fire beneath the Alhambra's stars,
While with fierce Moslem valor in their eyes,
I see bejeweled Caliphs, red with gore,
Battle to death in moated Alcazars!

Maraschino

THERE is a charm thy essences secrete
Peopling the mind with many an airy dream,
Until in conscious pleasure it doth seem
Thy perfume hath a soul and can entreat.

So suave unto the sense, so subtly sweet,
That memories of pre-natal beauty teem,
And haunt the ravished brain in ways supreme,
Making our life less dark and incomplete.

I dram of the dim past, but not with pain;
The suns of dead but resurrected years,
Glitter once more on Venice the divine!
I see the town in bridal robes again,
Crowned by the Doge amid his gondoliers,
And eyes like Juliet's, softly seeking mine!

The Eternal Riddle

ONE evening the adorable Gladys said: "Because you are so very unhappy on account of your affection not being returned, I shall let you kiss at least my bed, my pillow and my slipper, poor, poor Peter — — —."

She let me up into the little room which served her and her friend Olive as bedchamber. She said: "This one to the right is my bed — — —."

I knelt down and I kissed the beloved sheet and the coverlet. I embraced with inexpressible tenderness the beloved cushion still fragrant from her hair. I kissed passionately her slipper — — —."

She was looking at me and started to giggle. She giggled, she laughed, she screamed she was quite out of sorts with merriment. "Why, this is Olive's bed, my dear, you are rewarding all this affection — — —."

I was deeply hurt to have been mislead so mischievously and I replied as quietly as I could: "And if so, isn't your friend Olive a beautiful and attractive girl too?" Sweet Gladys paled at these words. She said: "Come on, let us go, you are an actor and anyhow I was 'too' wise to you, you little fool — — —."

Later on, I said to Olive: "Olive dear, which one is really your bed in your little bedchamber; the one on the left side or the one on the right side?"

"The one on the right — — —." "But Gladys asked me to tell you in case you enquired, that it is the one to the left from the door. What is the matter with you two people?"

Later on I said to Gladys: "Darling, I think you really care more for me than you want to make me believe you do — — —." Infuriated she replied: "So you really believe, you idiot, that it was my bed?"

"Yes that's exactly what I believe." I answered emphatically.

She smiled. She seemed completely satisfied, and in quite a kind way, she said: "Poor, poor Peter, I'm so sorry that I love another one, and that you don't like Olive — — —." "But are you sure that you really and honestly don't care for her?"

After the German of Peter Altenberg, by Guido Bruno.

Scattered Thoughts

Tramcars and Broken Hearts

THE noise a tram car makes when it stops isn't the noise of the brakes so much as it is like the noise made by a broken heart. A friend whom I don't care for any more told me that. Who can blame me? She is a fool! You can't hear a broken heart grind.

Religion.

ONCE there was a man who had read the Rubaiyat so many times that he knew it by heart. Then he recited it to himself so many times that he began to understand it. Now this man was a great chemist as well as a great thinker, and after the fifty-eighth recitation, the idea of dying became such a horror and injustice to him, that he decided not to die.

He was a man of singularly sincere purpose, and so he went honestly and sincerely to his laboratory, and mixed four powders in a chopping bowl. He then lit a bunsen burner, for all the world the way they do in physics classes, and heated a green liquid. When the liquid began to bubble, he threw in the powders and recited Lamb's essay on poor relations backward. He then removed the vessel from the fire, and after locking the seven doors that led into his laboratory and filling seven small bottles with the liquid it contained, he raised it to his lips, and swallowed the remainder—and nothing happened.—Except that when he died at the ripe old age of eight-one, his heirs discovered that the liquid made splendid furniture polish. Besides, some of the best people attended the old man's funeral.

Florence Lowe.



The Girl from Nevada—Broadway Star

The Girl From Nevada

Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

The Skeleton Plot of Most Broadway Successes.

ACT I.

SCENE. *A garden with practicable gate.*

SPARKLE MCINTYRE (*entering through gate.*) Well this is a pretty state of affairs. Rosanna Harefoot lived only for me until that theatrical troupe came to town; but now she's stuck on singing and dancing and letting those actor men make love to her that I can't get a moment with her. Hello! here comes the whole company. I guess they're going to rehearse here. I'll hide behind this tree and watch them do their acts.

Enter company of PLAYERS.

FIRST PLAYER. Well, this is a hot day; but while we're trying to keep cool Miss Kitty Socks will sing "Under the Daisies."

(Specialties by the entire company.)

FIRST PLAYER. Well, we'd better hurry away down the street, or else we'll be late.

(Exeunt OMNES.

SPARKLE MCINTYRE (*emerging from behind tree.*) That looks easy enough. I guess I'll see what I can do myself.

(Specialties.)

FIRST PLAYER (*entering with company*). Now that rehearsal is over, we'll have a little fun for a few moments.

SPARKLE (*aside*). Rosanna will be mine yet.

(*Grand Finale.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. *Parlor of SPARKLE McINTYRE's house; SPARKLE discovered seated at table with brilliant dressing-gown on.*

SPARKLE. I invited all that theatrical company to spend the evening with me; but I'm afraid they won't come. I just wanted to surprise them with that new song and dance of mine. Ah! here they come now.

Enter THEATRICAL COMPANY.

FIRST PLAYER. We are a little late, Mr. McIntyre, but the fact is I had to go to the steamer to meet some friends of mine who were coming over to try their luck in glorious America; and as they're all perfect ladies and gentlemen, I took the liberty of bringing them along. Allow me to introduce them to you: Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sirocco and the Miss Siroccos from the Royal Alhambra in Rooshy.

SPARKLE. Ladies and gentlemen, I'm pleased to meet you; and now, if you'll favor us with an act, we'll be greatly obliged.

(*Specialties by everybody, and Finale.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE. *Same as Act I.*

Enter ROSANNA.

ROSANNA. This is the very garden where I used to meet my own true Sparkle. In fact, it's right here that he used to *spark* me. Well, while I'm feeling so downhearted, I'll do a little dance just to cheer myself up.

(*Specialties by ROSANNA.*)

SPARKLE (*entering*). What! you here, Rosanna. Then you must love me.

ROSANNA. Yes, Sparkle, I do.

SPARKLE (*embracing her*). Then, darling, we will be married this very day. Call the neighbors all in, and we will sing, dance, and be merry.

Enter COMPANY.

(*Specialties.*)

CURTAIN.

Replated Platitudes

Coming necessities cast their clamors before.

Unfortunately, the woman who lives to become beautiful to look at, generally becomes merely beastly to live with.

Poetry is the product of that art which understands how to wed the visions of the soul to the music of fit words, so that syllabic sequences shall spell, not only sense, but a symphony as well.

Fashion seems to be the fitful froth borne upon a sickly brew of feeble wits and doubtful morals.

A grafter is a rogue who'd be a thief if he had the moral courage.

Julius Doerner.

Greenwich Village in History*

(Concluded from last issue)

A walk through the heart of this interesting locality—the American quarter, from Fourteenth street down to Canal, west of Sixth avenue—will reveal a moral and physical cleanliness not found in any other semi-congested part of New York; an individuality of the positive sort transmitted from generation to generation; a picturesqueness in its old houses, "standing squarely on their right to be individual" alongside those of modern times, and above all else, a truly American atmosphere reminiscent of the town when it was a village.

Elsewhere in this book we have given an extended account of Richmond Hill, Aaron Burr's home in old Greenwich Village. Perhaps the next most notable name which would occur to us would be Thomas Paine, who lived at 58 Grove Street, where he wrote his famous pamphlets "The Age of Reason" and "Commonsense." The latter contribution to the then current literature touching on questions pertaining to the Revolution did more than all other efforts to unite and solidify public opinion on the question of final separation, which up to that time had only been considered by a few of the most virulent radicals.

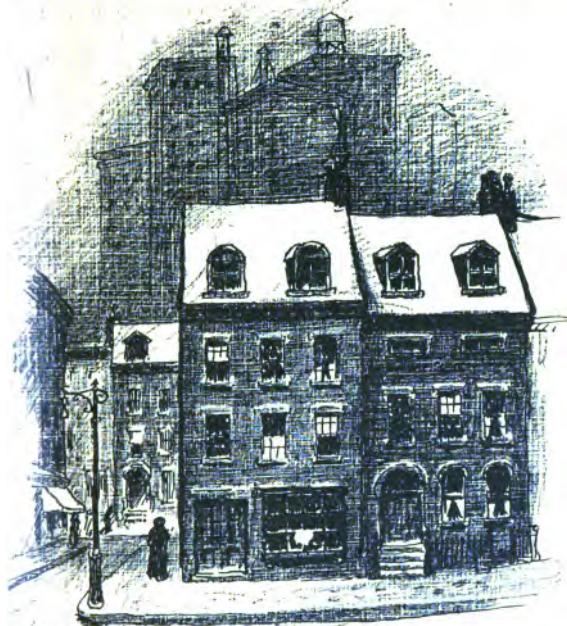
Another old landmark was the New York University Building, where Theodore Winthrop wrote his "Cecil Greene."

The Richmond Hill Theatre, Aaron Burr's old home, was not the only contribution to the New York Stage made by Greenwich Village. At Greenwich Avenue and Twelfth Street there was the once popular Columbia Opera House. Polly Smith, who was known to everyone as the village tomboy, won the Adam Forepaugh prize of ten thousand dollars for the most beautiful girl in America. She then changed her name to Louise Montague and made a big hit at Tony Pastor's and as the captain's daughter in "Pinafore." Leonard Dare, a trapeze performer, lived in Abingdon Square before she went to London and married into the nobility. Johnny Hart, a famous old minstrel, was also a resident. His brother Bob was the prize drinker of the neighbourhood, but when he was sober (and broke) he gave temperance lectures and passed the hat for collections.

There were many other old characters in the village that can be easily recalled—Crazy Paddy, who never missed a fire and who was a familiar figure sprinting down the street in front of the "Department;" Johnny Lookup, who had an uncontrollable penchant for attending funerals and considered it his bounden duty to accompany the remains of any villager to its last resting place. Then there was Susy Walsh, the school teacher, who was so pretty that all the boys hung around her desk waiting for the chance to carry her books home.

Old-timers recollect the Jefferson Market Bell Tower and

*I am indebted for this story to Mr. Henry Collins Brown, who gave me permission to extract it from his beautiful "Book of Old New York," printed by him privately for collectors.

*Coleman*

the bell they used to ring for fires; all had a book that gave the location of the fire as indicated by the strokes of the bell, and all would run with the machine. Then there was the old slaughter-house on the southwest corner of Bank and Hudson Streets, where the boys used to look over the old-fashioned half door and see them hoist up the beeves with block and fall, and hit them in the head with an axe. Directly opposite on the northwest corner was the old Village House where the "boys" used to play billiards, drink "Tom and Jerrys" and swap stories.

West Tenth Street was called Amos Street, and where the brewery now is, between Greenwich and Washington Streets, stood the old state prison where many were hanged. In the ice house of Beadleston & Woerz's they still point out the old beam used for this function of the law. West Eleventh Street was called Hammond Street, and what is now Fourth Street Park, at the end of Fifth Avenue, was the old Washington Parade Ground, where all the troops drilled and paraded to their hearts' contents. The grounds were surrounded by a high iron railing and there were large

iron gates which were opened for the entrance of the troops and closed to keep the crowds out while the regiments were parading.

Delameter's iron works and foundry were at the foot of West Thirteenth Street, where the boys used to dive off the big derrick into the clean water of the Hudson—not dirty as it is now. The old Hudson Street burying grounds (St John's) were at Leroy, Clarkson, Hudson and Carmine Streets, and at one end was the caretaker's old-fashioned house, who cultivated quite a large farm on the unused portion of the cemetery. It is now called Skerry's Grove on account of the tough characters that infest the vicinity. The old marble yard where they cut hugh blocks of marble with swing saws, was on Bank Street between Hudson and Bleecker Streets.

The different social clubs held their receptions and dances, and the politicians in turn held forth in the old Bleecker building, situated in Bleecker Street. In this hall Frederick House, now Judge House, was nominated for the Assembly and John W. Jacobus—"Wes" Jacobus—formerly Alderman of the Ward and leader of the district, later U. S. Marshal held forth as boss of the political meetings. Other unique features of interest were the Tough Club, the oyster boats at the foot of Tenth Street, Jackson Square and Tin Can Alley. In his father's bakery at the corner of Jane Street and Eighth Avenue, John Huyler, of Huyler's candy fame, started his fortune. In connection with the bread business they started making old-fashioned molasses candy, and from that modest beginning sprang the immense present candy enterprise. The bakery is still standing. A curious feature of the village is the Northern Dispensary, which occupies a whole block. The block is triangular in shape and is about eighteen or twenty feet on each side. It is bounded by a small park by Christopher Street and by Waverly Place on the other two sides. It may seem strange that this building is bounded on two sides by Waverly Place, yet such is the case, Waverly Place being a street with three ends. Gay Street is also located in the Ninth Ward.

Sadakichi Hartmann— A Life-long Struggle

THE sight—or rather the apparition—for such he is as he rises to begin—of Sadakichi Hartmann on the platform, the assembly rooms of the Ferrer Centre in New York reading his "Buddha" the other evening, operated on myself in several ways. First it stirred up wonder at the weird look of the man, rising pale, like an Afrite, in his black dress-clothes—a feeling that thrilled every one of his auditors to the core. I have seen a young woman, as he rose to give his "Peculiarities" years ago, throw up her hands, shriek and faint at the sight of him. Here is a man who looks like the ghost of dreams he is about to interpret. His message, his mission, are all in his manner. You cannot look upon this tall, gaunt

ashy-pale spectre of a man without feeling that you are going to get something sincere—exotic—you are never disappointed. My second thought, for I had not seen Sadakichi in some time, carried me back at once to a little room in a poverty-stricken flat in New York and an evening seventeen years before when I heard the words of Buddha as they came fresh from the brain of the young poet. The auditors were myself and his wife "the Madonna," the children—who bore East Indian names, had been packed away to bed for the occasion. I never knew a man in those days that lived so completely in his dreams as Sadakichi Hartmann. He was the typical dreamer of our great metropolis; known as such everywhere from the sanctums of Stedman and Howells to the poorest purlieus of the East Side. His soul at that time was wrapped up in his great *cyclos*. He had already written "Christ" in Boston (and suffered for it) and here was "Buddha" to which I listened

"with a rapt surmise"

feeling that a new planet had indeed "swum into my ken." "Mohammed" was to come and "Confucius." Where the bread was to come from for himself and family meanwhile, Sadakichi knew not and cared not. It came, altho there were times when the poetic fire was dimmed by starvation. I never knew one, and I have known poets and dreamers by the score, who was so possessed by the spirit of self-abnegation as this man. He cared not for the world when he was writing these four wonderful dreams—he asked nothing of it. He did not even presume that a publisher would look at his work. He was satisfied as only the real artist is, with the inner vision and he listened only to her voice. Two of the dramas—they can hardly be called plays—as their effects transcend all stage-art—were published at his own expense. The others, Mohammed and Confucius, the public knew only through his own recitals.

From great free-thinkers like Walt Whitman, John Burroughs, James Huneker, Stephane Mallarme, Theophile Beutzon, came a chorus of praise that must have warmed the heart of the poet. This was what he expected. This was what he cared for. I remember with what suppressed ecstasy he showed me the letter of Stephane Mallarme with whose fame all Paris was just then ringing and who is one of the immortals. Other tasks claimed him; he could not live on the thunder and honey and spicey of these works. And so the world heard little of them except when now and then some enthusiasts dragged him forth to read one to a select audience. He has in this way presented them to the elite of intellectual America. Something of the worth of what they were going to get must have stirred the air for Francisco Ferrer followers, for they turned out in force for four consecutive evenings. I do not think any one of them will ever forget the scene. Here was poet, philosopher, prophet, artist, combined in one, pouring forth words that held their souls ravished as though they strayed in an enchanted garden. If this world were not after all this world, and the limitations of

kettle. It is decorated by the only native artist, and he has treated religious subjects in the naive spirit of the early Florentine painters, representing people of our own day in the dress of the period side by side with people of Biblical history who are clothed in some romantic costume.

The building next in importance is called the Amelia Palace, in honour of one of Brigham Young's wives. When he died the present president of the Mormons stood up in the Tabernacle and said that it had been revealed to him that he was to have the Amelia Palace, and that on this subject there were to be no more revelations of any kind!

From Salt Lake City one travels over the great plains of Colorado and up the Rocky Mountains, on the top of which is Leadville, the richest city in the world. It has also got the reputation of being the roughest, and every man carries a revolver. I was told that if I went there they would be sure to shoot me or my travelling manager. I wrote and told them that nothing that they could do to my travelling manager would intimidate me. They are miners—men working in metals, so I lectured to them on the Ethics of Art. I read them passages from the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini and they seemed much delighted. I was reproved by my hearers for not having brought him with me. I explained that he had been dead for some little time which elicited the enquiry "Who shot him"? They afterwards took me to a dancing saloon where I saw the only rational method of art criticism I have ever come across. Over the piano was printed a notice:—

PLEASE DO NOT SHOOT THE
PIANIST.
HE IS DOING HIS BEST.

The mortality among pianists in that place is marvellous. Then they asked me to supper, and having accepted, I had to descend a mine in a rickety bucket in which it was impossible to be graceful. Having got into the heart of the mountain I had supper, the first course being whiskey, the second whiskey and the third whiskey.

I went to the Theatre to lecture and I was informed that just before I went there two men had been seized for committing a murder, and in that theatre they had been brought on to the stage at eight o'clock in the evening, and then and there tried and executed before a crowded audience. But I found these miners very charming and not at all rough.

(To be continued)

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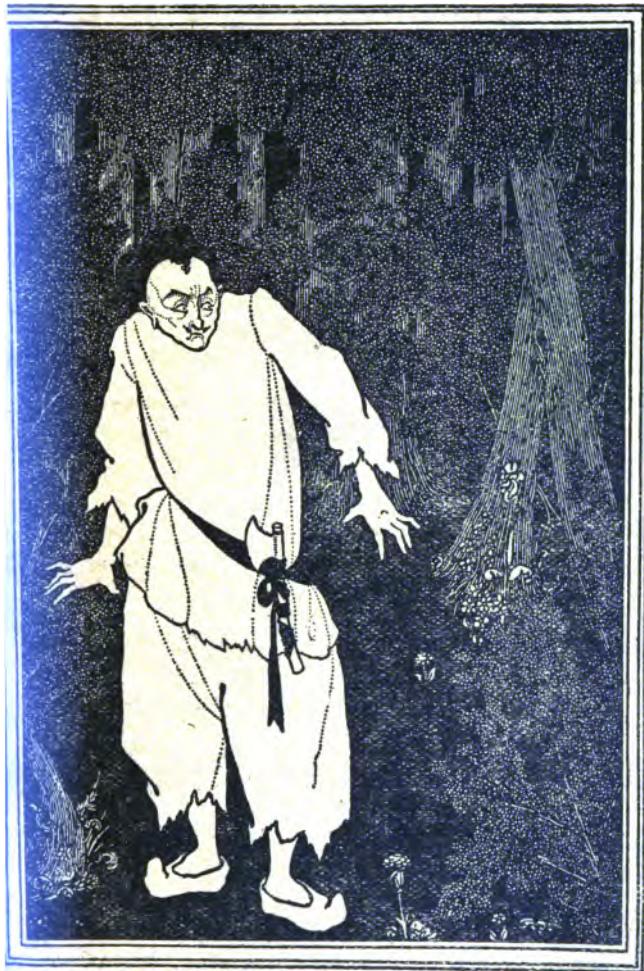
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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Aubrey Beardsley

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

June 3rd, 1916

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Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 23

JUNE 3rd, MCMXVI.

Vol. II

Ave Atque Vale

Catullus, Carmen CI

*By ways remote and distant waters sped,
Brother, to thy sad grave-side am I come,
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb:
Since she who now bestows and now denies
Hath ta'en thee, hapless brother, from mine eyes.
But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin shell,
Take them, all drenched with a brother's tears,
And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!*

Aubrey Beardsley

Anarchists in Greenwich Village

HAVE you ever seen a real live anarchist? Just to be honest, you never wanted to see one. Is it because the B follows the A in the alphabet or because of a close association of ideas for which you are not responsible, you think immediately of bombs? Bombs and anarchists are inseparable in the minds of most of us. Mysterious destroyers of life and of property, merciless men who have pledged their lives or their knives or their guns to some nefarious cause or another, who assemble in cellars lighted with candles or in road-houses which seem uninhabited and in reality are dynamite storehouses and bomb factories—aren't these the anarchists of your imagination? Aren't these the men of whom you think if you read that a king or a prince has been killed by an anarchist or that anarchists plan to blow up the Cathedral on Fifth avenue?

An anarchist, to you, means a criminal and being an anarchist is his crime. Is it possible today to explain Christianity to one who knows the term alone but not its meaning? And just as many denominations, constitute the Christendom of the world, just as many kinds of anarchists are existing. It is not absolutely necessary to go out and kill Jews to earn the title, Christian. Millions of us would not even think it possible that Jews were and are being killed in the name of Christianity. And millions of anarchists today will deny

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stoutly and firmly that the real anarchist would manufacture a bomb, destroy other people's property or murder a fellow-being.

Millions of anarchists? Of course. There are millions among us. Some say they are anarchists and usually are not, and others would be shocked to be called such, yet they really are. It is just like with Christianity, and the same country that shocked Christian civilization with outrages in the name of Christianity put a bloody meaning in the spelling of anarchism. To judge a creed by extreme actions of fanatics cannot lead to an understanding. The religious maniac who is seized by temporary insanity and murders his wife and his children is a mere incident of everyday life and does not cast reflections upon the religious belief which is more or less responsible for his delusion. To take the essence of a religion or a political creed or of anarchism and to compare it with the lives men actually live, with their actions and the results of their actions is a scientific and human way in which to pass judgment.

Some of the biggest men in our public life are anarchists by their actions and they would protest vigorously against being called anarchists. Others confess they are anarchists and nobody would believe them. The men and women whom we are accustomed to call anarchists who are proclaimed as the apostles of anarchism and are supposed to be dangerous individuals recommended to the special care of the police surveillance, are in reality harmless creatures living a conventional life—professional preachers of anarchy, evangelists like Billy Sunday who are passing the plate. They might be sincere, but they surely get their share out of it.

Romance is more essential to everyday life than most of us imagine. Anarchism has all the qualities of romance a twentieth century man or woman could possibly look for. The moving picture screen is their source of information. Here they see the Russian anarchist who sacrifices his life for the sake of the cause. Meetings in cellars, exquisitely dressed society women, girls in rags, aristocrats, drunkards, statesmen, rich and poor, well-educated and know-nothings, all are sitting around the same table, all take the same oath, all social differences seem erased, the motto is all for one and one for all. This romance is so colossal as to be beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. Not the overthrow of the government not the planning of a murder, interest the hundreds of onlookers; but this comradeship among people who under ordinary circumstances hardly ever would meet spurns the craving for comradeship and equalization of all.

Jack London, who declares himself as a revolutionist says: "It is comradeship that all these masses want. They call themselves comrades. Nor is the word empty and meaningless—coined of mere lip service. It knits men together who stand shoulder to shoulder under the red banner of revolt. This red banner, by the way, symbolizes the brotherhood of man, and does not symbolize the incendiaryism that instantly connects itself with the red banner."

It is this craving for companionship, for relations free of

the masks and limitations necessitated by our society that brings men and women together under the banner of anarchism, at least what they call anarchism in New York. And that longing for adventure and romance plays a big part in these circles is evident in the fact that since the start of the European struggles certain elements, regular habituées of anarchistic circles found a new field in their activities abroad in different capacities, or here, working for the benefit and the propaganda of universal peace and immediate help for the sufferers in the war zone.

Emma Goldman has a national reputation. She is a professional anarchist. She is doing it year in and year out, like an actress playing the big circuit. Did you ever meet Emma Goldman, did you ever see her? You could never believe all the things you have read of her. Her home life is very similar to that of any other woman who is lecturing and writing. I saw her sometime ago as hostess to many thousands of her followers and admirers. It was at the anarchist's ball, Red Revel, they called it. It was red all right, but not the red that stands for dynamite and shooting and murder. It was the red Jack London speaks of, the red of comradeship. They danced and laughed and were happy and if anyone would want to call a gathering of young men and women like that dangerous, it wouldn't be safe to attend an opera performance or to enter a subway train. But London claims there are ten million anarchists in the United States. That would make one to each ten persons we meet.

The anarchists in New York drink mostly tea. They are men and women like you and me. They work for their living. Of course they would rather prefer not to work but so would every one of us. Anarchism is in eighty out of a hundred cases, the only luxury of their lives. There are certain places in our metropolis which are known to the elect as anarchist meeting places. But mighty little anarchism do they talk about. They usually plan something. Something that any other club or any other society could plan also—an outing, a picnic, or a dance. They attend lectures and musicals and spend their time as a whole, just as uselessly as most of us do after working hours.

Old Greenwich Village is the home par excellence of anarchism. On Bleeker street still stands the building where the Chat Noir used to open its doors every evening about seven o'clock and shelter revolutionists of all nations. Here is was that the man who subsequently killed King Humbert of Italy, predicted in the presence of many his deed. But nobody took his utterances seriously, because he was known as a fanatic whose fanaticism bordered on mania. The Chat Noir closed her doors long ago. "Mazzini's" is to-day in the same building. "Anarchists" assemble there every night and have dinner, anarchists from lower Fifth avenue who arrive in their limousines, have a footman to open the door of their car. They talk anarchism. Here are bits of the table con-

versation: An elderly lady in black silk evening dress, deep decoltee, diamonds in her ears, around her neck and on six fingers, to a gentleman in evening dress. He is immaculate like his shirt front: "I went to Emma's lecture last night. Isn't she a dear? She spoke about those darling children of the Colorado miners and she really made me cry. I'm so sentimental. I remember the time the pastor spoke about the poor Chinese and how they haven't even rice for their little children. It affected me so I could not attend Mrs. R.'s reception and she hasn't forgiven me yet." At another table. Two men, the one looks rather prosperous; the other fellow looks like an artist. "I say," he says, "this fellow Berkman makes me sick. Imagine a man being fourteen years in prison and living the balance of his life in telling his fellowmen of his experiences in prison." A fat Italian plays on the harpsicord. Everybody eats roast chicken and drinks red ink and enjoys being in an anarchistic place.

In a basement nearby is an Italian place. Rough-looking individuals sit around small wooden tables. It would amuse you to understand the conversation of these "anarchists" about the last letter they received from home and when the long expected Anita is coming over to become Antonio's wife.

In the houses of Mystery on Washington Square are bushels of anarchists living. They write anarchism and they draw and they paint anarchism and eventually it appears in print. You can see it on the newsstands or on the book shelves in the book stores.

Let us cross Fourteenth street and enter that mysterious house on Fifteenth, between Fifth avenue and Broadway. It looks like a monastery and was one, about sixty years ago. It was later a gambling house, a house of ill fame, and its rooms are utilized at present as studies. It is property of the Van Buren estate, and the renting agent doesn't bother to send collectors if his tenants do not pay promptly. He knows that if they do not appear themselves, little good will it do to send collectors. Let us walk past the beautifully carved wooden doors of the ancient monk cells and enter Hippolyte Havel's abode, right under the roof. Hippolyte Havel is the anarchist of New York. He looks the part. He was one of the lieutenants of Emma Goldman in the beginning of her career, he was delegate to numerous international anarchistic congresses in Europe and in America. He knows everybody in the "movement" and everybody knows him. What does he think about anarchists and anarchism in New York?

"To be an anarchist means to be an individualist. To be an individualist means to walk your own way, do the thing you want to do in this life—do it as well as you can. You must never impose on your fellowmen; you must never be in their way; you must help everybody as well as you can; the good you derive through your life belongs, in the first place, to you but you have to share it with the world if the world can benefit by it.

"About throwing bombs and killing other people? No true anarchist could destroy something that is existing. It would mean to deny his own existence, if he should not grant the right of existence to everybody and everything created."

How does that sound for the leader of the anarchists in our city?

To know anarchy, to really know it as it is, takes away its chief attraction; the romance of a melodrama.

Guido Bruno.

Suicide

By Leo Tolstoy

The question whether a human being has the right to kill himself is put incorrectly. To question his right to do it is out of the question. If he can do it he also has the right to do it. I think that the feasibility to kill himself is merely a safety-device. And regarding this feasibility, no human has the right to say that life is unbearable to him. If life is unbearable, one kills oneself, and therefore no one really has reason to complain about insufferable life.

To every human the chance is given to kill himself and therefore he can choose to avail himself of it. And in fact, he is making use of this prerogative of his continually, killing himself in wars, with liquors, with tobacco, with opium and with vices.

No, it is unreasonable. Just as unreasonable as to cut off the sprigs of a plant in order to destroy it. The plant will not die but just grows irregularly. Life is indestructible—it is outside of time and space and therefore death can only change the form of life; can only destroy its practical proof in this world.

But if I destroy the practical proof of life in this world, I do not know if it will be more pleasant for me in another one, and thus I deprive myself of the possibility to experience all that life had still in store for me in this world and to annex it for my own, ego.

But especially unreasonable is suicide because I demonstrate in taking my life that I really did not know my true mission on earth: I evidently am laboring under the delusion that life must mean pleasure to me, but in reality I am placed in this valley of tears and of joys to achieve my self-perfection, and supremely to serve that Cause in whose employ the life of the whole world is.

And hence suicide is immoral. Man receives life and opportunity to live until his natural death, only on the condition that he serves the life of the world. But after using it as he pleases, he refuses to put it at the disposal of the service of the world, at the same second his own personal existence displeases him. And it is quite probable that he was called upon to render this service when he started to dislike life. In the beginning every work seems unpleasant.

In the hermitage Optina for thirty years lay suffering upon his bed a paralyzed monk and was able to use only his left hand. The physician said that he was suffering intensely, but he never complained about his condition. He smiled and crossed himself and looked with pleasure at the holy pictures on the walls and expressed with all means his pleasure to live and his gratitude to God for that spark of life that still was glowing in his poor suffering body. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims visited him and it would be hard to describe all the good this poor cripple did; all the good this man created for the world of whose pleasure he had been deprived.

Surely this man was a greater benefactor to mankind than thousands of healthy people who believed themselves benefactors to humanity.

As long as there is life in man he can work towards his perfection and he can serve the world; but he can serve the world only if he is earnestly working towards his perfection, and towards the perfection of the world.

Translated by Guido Bruno

To My Dear Friend Thomas

IT is night. The wind howls and rattles at my door. The lock creaks and the wood squeaks. The wind wants to wheeze into my ears: "You have betrayed your friend and you have cheated his betrothed."

And the moon is searching for me with its ghost-like light and I draw the shade. I know what it wants: "I just saw your old mother crying on her pillows, crying away her sorrows and her griefs."

And I closed the shutters; soon the sun will come with its clear impudent rays: "You have stolen from your father hope and honor and he died, and I saw him cursing you on his deathbed."

There is the whiskey bottle at a little table next to my bed laughing at me, temptingly, invitingly, "Come, drink, drink oblivion," and I give it a kick and smash it into a thousand pieces. I don't want to forget.

And the looking-glass seems to look at me pityingly: "I always showed you the truth, but you didn't want to see." I turn it to the wall. I don't want pity.

Hard over there, on the bureau, the gun gleams at me: "Come, I do understand you, I do love you, I do pity you and I will redeem you."

Tears streamed down my cheeks and I did not shoot myself.

Guido Bruno

January 28, 1908, 3 a. m.

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus.

Anisette

HOW swiftly thou canst dissipate all care
 Sweet Circe of liquors, when thou dost steal
 Our fancies from us, and with all subtle zeal
 Make life more rosy-tinct and debonair.

There's merry madness hidden in the air,
 Gay as the refrain of a Vaudeville,
 When the sweet sorcery, thou canst ne'er conceal,
 Lures us to gentle laughter everyw're.

Thy very name makes resurrect to me
 The shadowy past of bygone student days;
 The guignols aye, the gay cafes, and lo,
 The blooming fires of youth that used to be,
 And kisses stolen in delicious ways,
 Beneath the ancestral oaks of Fontainbleau!

Kirsch

THE mysteries of the Schwarzwald in thee dwell!
 Thou must be made in hidden fairies' homes,
 Deep in dim glades, where, in the midnight roams
 The sable huntsman on his ride to hell!

Thy drops must aid red witches to foretell
 Their awful secrets in unholy tomes,
 And in the haunted dusk, the limping gnomes,
 Meeting near somber firs, must know thee well.

To me, thou art associate ever more
 With beldames' legends of the weird, blue Rhine
 Where white and wanton nixes bathe themselves.
 I see thee luring travelers to the shore,
 While in the gloomy forest near them shine
 The lurid eyes of hell-obeying elves!

Replated Platitudes

It is marvellous how much a man may know and not know enough to know what to do with even a little of all he knows.

He who finds pleasures in giving pleasures to those who know no pleasures need never know need of pleasures that know no sting.

Some think it is sowing wild oats that raises tame men; but it is very sure that raising tame oats sows wealth among even the wildest men who try it.

A frivolous fool and her daring dances are not Solomonic incentive to morality.

Julius Doerner

Passing Paris

May 15th, 1916.

THE most noteworthy occurrence independent of war-events since these began has been the donation to the country by M. Rodin of his life-work. Without anticipated publicity of any kind the news was announced when the contract between the Government and the donor had been duly signed. The arrangement was made in the business-like, straightforward way characteristic of a great man. Mr. Rodin leaves the clay casts of all his sculpture to the State on condition it be displayed in the circumstances and order he has chosen. He undertakes the expense of its presentation at his own cost, the State providing the housing in the eighteenth-century mansion in the Rue de Varenne M. Rodin has been occupying these last few years. M. Rodin stipulates, moreover, that he be allowed to continue living there until his death, and that the museum he leaves, comprising also his drawings and collections, bears his name.

M. Rodin, who had of late years added prose to his plastic and graphic expressions, has only raised his voice, or pen rather, on one occasion in comment on the war. He seems to have realized, unlike others, that the time is not for preaching. The few words he has said were to the point, as is everything he says or does. In Rodin are united the qualities of the French peasant and of the master-man. He has the sagacity and shrewdness of the one, the critical gifts of the other. He is sparing of speech like a peasant, lucid like a poet; tenacious and wary like the former, intuitive, tactful, feminine, like the latter. He has a sense, too, of timeliness as his last deed shows, for it is, in its way, a patriotic deed. He was himself timely in his appearance in the artistic cycle; some come too soon, others too late; some fall completely outside of their natural environment. They are out of tune with their contemporaries. Rodin suffered from none of these errors of selection. Some are great artists, but not great, or even good, influences. Rodin's influence has been as vast as his genius. It was necessary, it was welcome, it has borne fruit. And there is no waste in his life. Effort has been proportioned to result, result to effort. He has, as far as can be judged, always given, or been able to give, form to his intentions; he has not aimed beyond or on one side of his possibilities of realization. His qualities have not been strained to the point of becoming faults. His idealism, for instance, has never developed into ideology.

Rodin is still the greatest of living artists, not only because he is the greatest artist, but because, simply, he is a world-wide influence. He is in himself a monument of the best in his time and race.

Muriel Cielcovska

Excerpt from a letter to The Egoist, May 1, 1916..



The Arch

From the Garret Window

Love and Romance

NEVER before, perhaps has there been an age of romanticism and of self-sacrifice such as ours. And if you doubt it, compare our daily newspapers with the histories and chronicles of yore. Here and there a thrilling incident, a great personage, an extraordinary character, and so singular and so rare that the writer of those histories could not resist penning it down for eternity. The love of a Romeo, the perseverance of a Penelope, the self-sacrifice of a Nathan Hale, the heroism and bravery of a Joan of Arc, are framed in history, being put down as almost abnormal exceptions, proving to the reader and philosopher that this world of old must have been an extinguished crater, and these incidents the sparks that kindle a new feeling among contemporaries.

And then look at our own days, unjustly called realistic and prosaic; called so by pessimists or men who live upon the border line of every-day life; who are incredulous and too prepossessed to read the police reports in our daily papers; who are shams clothed with the dignity that prevents them "from stepping down" into the real life of millions of our fellow men; who take for granted and for truth the printed word of theoreticians.

Can you doubt that this our age is one of romance, of supreme self-sacrifice unheard of, and of love that comes nearer to the love of Christ than the one preached for nineteen centuries in cathedrals and churches?

Read of the Irish heroes who gave their lives because they wanted freedom for their fellow-men. While you were riding in elevators and subways and pushing electric buttons they were being shot or sent to a still worse fate—into the doom of prison cells—for the same “crimes” we celebrate our Washingtons and Lafayettes.

Think of the woman who entered the death cell of her doomed sweetheart two hours preceding his execution, and married him as proof of her sincere and never-changing love. Think of the one man who plotted and called to his aid a hostile nation; who gathered together an arsenal of arms and ammunition; who organized an army ready to strike for his country’s freedom. The work of a Hercules—and he is facing a trial for his life.

Imagine to-day, this thirty-first day of May, nineteen hundred and sixteen, hundreds of women, part of a crowd of spectators of the Harlem regatta, dressed in all the frolicky and frivolous finery of our time, chanting old-fashioned hymns; crying out from the bottom of their hearts: “Help, O Lord, you are our last refuge,” all this on the street while a boy is drowning after an unsuccessful struggle to master the swirl of the waves, and while men are throwing off their clothes and jumping into the flood to save him (as reported in the New York Times of May 31st.)

Think of the millionaire merchant in Detroit. From a worker he rose to be this country’s foremost manufacturer. He who had drawn pay for years in his weekly pay envelope is now handing pay envelopes to thousands of his employees and looking after their welfare like no other man in this country. He could justly and rightfully enjoy the fruits of his labor, and he could dream peacefully through the evening of his life. But the sorrow of his fellow man is his sorrow. His love for the world is so great that he must “do something,” be it only an effort to prevent further bloodshed and tears and murder. We see him equipping the Peace Ship. It is like a gigantic phantom of the Prince of Peace; like the unhonored messenger of a great and quickly approaching era; like the herald of a long expected “Kingdom of Man” upon earth.

We see him ridiculed and jeered at by his contemporaries. We see him laughed at . . . but he walks his own way; this modern man of romance and of love who wants peace and happiness for all before he enjoys his own; which could be his for the taking.

The dreams of the Arabian Nights have come true. charmed to existence by an Edison. Invention to-day is the incarnate romance and the imagination come to life of a bygone age.

Daily do men realize more and more that to live means “to give and to forgive.” That everything belongs to everybody and that the only way to bring about this idealistic state

is to give to your neighbour what you have and what he needs.

Our age is the age of miracles, but we have not time to see them.

We read books or listen to preachers or dig ourselves into a miserable hole beneath the surface of a universe and we call it our own world; we become sceptics and pessimists and haters of men.

But life weaves its romances continuously.

May one of its myriads of threads entangle you too, one of these days and make you one of the romanticists of our age. One of those who have nothing better to give than love and who do not wish for anything better in return than love.

Nothing but love.

Life.

Guido Bruno

Washington Honored (?)

IN a very peculiar way during the last few days, Washington is being honored in the Square named in his honor. Alongside of the pillar of the Washington Arch, facing Fifth Avenue, his full-sized figure is being set up—gradually, day by day. It seems to take more time than one would expect and it is a spectacle unworthy of a dignified patriotic action, exhibited there every day. Is canvas really so expensive that a tent could not have been procured for this occasion to be spread over the marble parts of the statue in order to protect it and the working men from the curious looks of passers-by.

For two long nights the big trunk and the limbs and the head were lying about the Arch much visited by the youth of our neighbourhood and by dogs, cats and birds. The head had been covered with wet towels and gave rise to many ungodly comments of people who cannot restrain from an attempt to be witty even at the cost of patriotism and of being blasphemous.

This is the Life

“MONEY-changers corner” in the lobby of the Judson, where the many torch-bearers of literature and of art dwell, was in constant excitement and heated conversation during the past few days. Many pros and cons were raised but the question is still at large.

Corinne Lowe was the bone of contention; not she herself, but a few of her stories. And this is the rumor that had started it all.

Miss Lowe returned recently from a trip to Washington and soon the glad but strange tidings circulated that she had sold to the Saturday Evening Post, five stories, receiving an honorarium of twenty cents for each word or a thousand dollars for each of her five stories.

Considering that these stories are “an inside history” of the late private secretary of Mrs. Hamilton Fish, it seems quite feasible that our distinguished contemporary of Saturday Evening would be willing to buy them at any price.

It is reported they are to appear under the title "This is the Life!"

Be it as it may be, the defender of high ideals in the Ladies' Home Journal, Mr. Bock, will lament the loss of such valuable material for the pages of his journal, which really would have been the right urn for the social remains of Mrs. Fish's secretary.

But this, it is said, is the trump card Miss Lowe played, and being a question of "give me my price (twenty cents a word) or the Ladies' Home Journal will give it to me" won her victory.

COLUMBINE, with eyes of blue,

*Do you remember when we were new?
Your painted cheeks were brightly pink,
And your beautiful brows were lined in ink.
Why, children cried for the love of you,
Columbine, with eyes of blue.*

*Columbine, with golden hair,
I loved you then, but you did not care,
For fate looked on with an angry frown,
And the showman made you wed the clown.
You laughed at me then, in my despair,
Columbine, with golden hair.*

*Columbine, with staring eyes,
Here in the refuse heap we lie,
Your tinsel dress is a battered wreck,
And your head is broken off at the neck.
But I love you still . . . I don't know why,
Columbine, with staring eye.*

Florence Lowe

The Last Hour

By Gustave Flaubert

(Found among his posthumous papers was this unfinished story written January 20, 1837. Flaubert was then fifteen years old.)

I HAVE looked at my watch and calculated how much time there still was left for me to live. I realize I had hardly one more hour. There is plenty of paper on my desk; plenty to write down hastily all the reminiscences of my life, and to summarize the circumstances which have influenced this foolish and illogical intercogging of days and of nights; of tears and of laughter; commonly called the existence of man.

My room is small and its ceiling is low. My windows are shut tightly. I have carefully filled the keyhole with bread. The coals are starting to kindle; death is approaching. I can expect it quietly and calmly while I am keeping my eyes all the time upon the life which vanishes and upon the eternity which approaches.

I

They call that man happy who has at his disposal an in-

come of 25,000 francs; who is well built, tall and handsome, who lives amidst his family, who visits the theatre every evening, and laughs, drinks, sleeps, eats and digests well. This opinion is old, but therefore not less wrong.

As far as I was concerned I had more than 25,000 francs income. My family was kind to me; I have been in almost all the theatres of Europe; I have drunk; I have slept. Since my birth I never knew the slightest indisposition. I have not a glass eye. I am not lame and I am not hunch-backed - - - and I am so happy that I am taking my life to-day at the age of nineteen.

II

One day—I was as I remember, ten years old—my mother embraced me weeping and told me to go out and play under the chestnut trees that bordered the lawn of the castle - - - (Oh! how they must have grown since those days!) I went, but as my Lelia did not join me there, I feared she was sick and I went back to the house. Everything was deserted. Big black drapery was stretched over the portal of the house. I went up to the room of my sister, and then I remembered she had not been down to play for eight days.

I went up to her room. There I met two women who frequently had begged at the door of the castle. They had something lifeless in their arms covered with a white sheet - - - that was her!

They have often asked me since why I was sad.

III

That was her. My sister! Oh how long and bitter it was! The two black-coated women laid the body in my sister's bed. They strewed flowers over it; sprinkled it with holy water, and later, while the sun was throwing his last reddish rays, which were lustreless like the eyes of a corpse, into the room, and after the day had expired, they lighted two small candles at window panes on a little table next to the bed. They knelt down and asked me to pray as they did.

I prayed, oh! so sincerely and as ardently as I could. But nothing happened - - - Lelia did not move! I knelt there for a long time, my head resting upon the moist cold sheet of the bed. I cried, but quietly and without fear. I believed that if I could meditate, if I could cry, if I could rend my soul with prayer and with vows, there would be granted to me a look or a motion of this body of misty form, where was indicated a head, and farther down, the feet. I, poor believing child, had faith enough to think that my prayers would bring to life a corpse, so great was my belief and so great was my harmlessness.

Oh! one cannot express in words the bitterness and the gloom of a night passed at the side of a corpse; praying, crying at the corpse which will not be recalled to life. No one knows what a night full of tears and sobs contains of dread and terror; a night in the light of two dead candles, passed in the society of two women with a monotonous sing-song, with cheap tears and with grotesquely-resounding hymns! No one knows what such a night of desperation and mourning inflicts upon the heart; what misery and grief. Upon the youth, scepticism; upon the old man, despair.

The day approached! But after the dawn had broken, the two candles were dying out, both women left the room and I remained alone. I hurried after them, I clutched their aprons and I grasped convulsively their clothes!

"My sister," I asked. "Yes, my sister Lelia! Where is she?" They looked at me in amazement.

"My sister! You asked me to pray and I have prayed for her that she may return. You have fooled me!"

"But that was for her soul!"

Her soul? What did that mean? They often had spoken to me about God, but never of the soul.

God! That at last I could understand. If they had told me what it meant, I would have taken Lelia's canary, I would have crushed its head with my hands and I would have said "I, too, am God!" But the soul? The soul? What is the soul? I was bold enough to ask them, but they left me without an answer. Her soul!

Well they have fooled me, these women. What I wanted was Lelia, who played with me on the lawn and in the woods, who used to lay on the grass, picking flowers and throwing them to the winds. Lelia, my darling little sister, with big blue eyes, Lelia who embraced me every evening after she had played with her doll, with her little Lamb and with her canary.

Poor sister! For you did I cry; you I wanted badly. These barbaric people answered me: "No, you will never see her again; you did not pray for her but for her soul! For something unknown, which is indetermined as is a word of a foreign language; for a breath; for a word, for nothing; for a short, for her soul have you prayed."

Her soul, her soul, I despise it; her soul. I pity her; I don't want to think of her any more. What shall I wish for her soul? Do you know what it is, her soul? Her body it is that I want; her look, her life, shortly, her! And you, you have given me back nothing of all this.

These women have fooled me; well, and I have cursed them.

This curse has fallen back upon me, upon the foolish philosopher who cannot comprehend a word without spelling it, who cannot believe in a soul without feeling it, and who cannot not fear a God whose blows he faces, as Aschylos caused his Prometheus to do, and whom he loathes so much that he would not even defame him.

IV

Often I said to myself, looking up at the sun: "Why do you shine upon every day with all this sorrow? Why do you put into the light of the broad day so much of grief and such unspeakably foolish misery?"

Often I said to myself, observing myself: "Why are you here? Why don't you dry your tears while you are crying with one well-aimed shot whose inevitable consequences not even a God could prevent."

Often I said to myself, looking at all the people who are hastening, hunting after a name; after a throne; after the ideal of virtue—all things that are more or less shallow and senseless—looking at this whirl, this glowing lava, this un-

clean chaos of joy, vice, of deeds, of emotions, of matter and of passion: "Where to, does all this pass? Upon whom will descend all this badly-odored dust, as it is carried away by the wind? In the grave of what nobody will it be incarcerated?"

And still oftener I said to myself at the sight of the forests of this much-admired nature; of this wonderful sun-setting every evening and rising every morning, which shines equally beautiful on a day rich in tears as on the day of happiness; at the sight of trees, of the sea and of the skies resplendent with myriads of stars; how often have I said to myself in bitter despair: "What is all this here for?"

V

On thought came to me and that is the only remorse which ever tortured me; never have I felt remorse as I thought that men are not good and not bad; not guilty and not innocent; I know that I do not act out of my free-will, but am prompted by a moving force, by a universal power, by a faith which is stronger than I am! I shall never mourn about the fooleries committed by my enemy. I also find I should have lived as I am dying; happily and quietly, instead of crying and cursing God, I should have laughed and should have faced Him; I should have killed my tears in laughter. I should have forgotten reality; instead of mourning lost love, I should have been one with life.

I should have lived.

Translated by Guido Bruno.



Impressions of America

By Oscar Wilde

Concluded from last issue

Among the more elderly inhabitants of the South I found a melancholy tendency to date every event of importance by the late war. "How beautiful the moon is to-night," I once remarked to a gentleman who was standing next to me. "Yes," was his reply, "but you should have seen it before the war."

So infinitesimal did I find the knowledge of Art, west of the Rocky Mountains, that an art patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually sued the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported from Paris, had been delivered minus the arms. And, what is more surprising still, he gained his case and the damages.

As for slang I did not hear much of it, though a young lady who had changed her clothes after an afternoon dance did say that "after the heel kick she shifted her day goods."

American youths are pale and precocious, or sallow and supercilious, but American girls are pretty and charming—little oases of pretty unreasonableness in a vast desert of practical common-sense.

Every American girl is entitled to have twelve young men devoted to her. They remain her slaves and she rules them with charming non-chalance.

The men are entirely given to business; they have, as they say, their brains in front of their heads. They are also exceedingly acceptive of new ideas. Their education is practical. We base the education of children entirely on books, but we must give a child a mind before we can instruct the mind. Children have a natural antipathy to books—handicraft should be the basis of education. Boys and girls should be taught to use their hands to make something, and they would be less apt to destroy and be mischievous.

In going to America one learns that poverty is not a necessary accompaniment to civilisation. There at any rate is a country that has no trappings, no pageants and no gorgeous ceremonies. I saw only two processions—one was the Fire Brigade preceded by the Police, the other was the Police preceded by the Fire Brigade.

Every man when he gets to the age of twenty-one is allowed a vote, and thereby immediately acquires his political education. The Americans are the best politically educated people in the world. It is well worth one's while to go to a country which can teach us the beauty of the word **FREE-DOM** and the value of the thing **LIBERTY**.

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY



Clara Tice.

EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE

Five Cents

June 10th, 1916

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By FRANK HARRIS

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BRUNO'S WEEKLY

Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

No. 24

JUNE 10th, MCMXVI.

Vol. II.

Ideals

THERE lie my Ideals, bruised and broken on the battlefield of experience. All of them—there is not one left—choked and withered by the poisonous gases of Reality.

See them—they are funny, truly.

Faith in mankind; faith in God—friendship—woman—and the rest. The silly show!

Yet somehow, I feel there must be one that has escaped—one that I do not comprehend. How else could my heart sing with the poppies nodding in the sunlight as I go about my daily tasks?

Tom Sleeper.

Last Season's Broadway Successes.

THE season closed and Broadway is preparing for its next year's musical successes. Is it clever advertisement or is there nothing else to be said about these musical comedies? But vainly did I scan the newspaper reports and reviews of "music critics" in our daily papers, to find out what these shows all are about. Thousands of dollars of costumes, wonderful lighting effects, marvelous scenery, beautiful girls, a chorus "imported" from some foreign country noted for the beauty of its women—all this under the heading of musical comedy. Where is the comedy and where is the music?

Reading these newspaper reports of the opening nights, I am very much reminded of my only trip to Coney Island, in those good old days of about ten years ago; of the professor in front of a gorgeous monumental building proclaiming "Here is the world, look at the world, the whole world just as it is! The world with its beauty and its ugliness. With its romances and its tragedies, with its happiness and its misery! Here is the world, come and look at it, don't miss it—it's only twenty-five cents!" And I paid my twenty-five cents and seated myself comfortably in a plush-covered opera chair among hundreds of others who paid their quarters. The curtain rose upon a scene which was a masterpiece of stage painting. A huge table was in the middle of the stage, covered with black diamond-embroidered velvet. A gentleman in immaculate dress elaborated in half an hour's speech the assertions of the professor outside of the show-house. Garlands of good-looking girls whose dresses had not climbed quite high enough, and not descended quite low enough, were an interesting background back of the table. Suddenly the house was darkened. The diamonds on the black velvet cover sparkled in the brilliant spotlight. The music stopped playing. Slowly and carefully the table was uncovered. There lay the world before us—unquestionably

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the world, with all its tragedies and all its romances. World, the daily paper, you could have bought for a penny anywhere. Of course, we were stung. But we liked to be stung. And we sent our friends to be stung, too.

The makeup might be different, but the show and the music are the least things considered by our theatrical managers when producing the comedies of our new seasons. To look for a new plot in the comedy or for a new motif in the music would be fruitless. But our public is so accommodating, they know they are stung. They are happy because they are stung, and therefore, they will send their friends. And the musical comedy was a howling success of last season on Broadway.

The operette is designed to solve the tenseness imposed upon us by the routine of the day. But it really is: an overture of "a night out," the prelude to all the happenings hereafter.

It isn't healthy. It is foreign to the lives of most of us; it is too tense in itself to afford us relaxation. It is an overdose of a stimulant taken mostly by the wrong kind of people at the wrong time in wrong places. Therefore, the musical comedy on Broadway is not a popular institution of the masses. It is not, and never can be, an important part in the lives of people. The American people are healthy and mordacious in all its phases is hated as well as an empty pocket-book.

Some day we will have a distinctly "American show." And until that time our showhouses will be costly curios and not popular institutions.

G. B.

Jingo I, Emperor of Monkeydom

AMONG the monkeys was one named Jingo, who was displeased with every kind of work. While the others were working for their daily bread in the sweat of their brows, he was lounging around lazily. And finally he came to the conclusion that he was better than his fellow-monkeys, because he was not following the plough on hot days and because his hands were not hard and horny from toil. It seemed to him that he had been chosen by Nature to obtain his food for nothing and to be master over all others. And to confirm this opinion he placed a crown upon his head.

A few monkeys who thought his laziness super-fashionable kept him company and loafed with him on working days. Jingo lauded them for this, and one day he decided to make them princes and counts and barons, and he arranged a special ceremony to solemnly make friendly loafers members of his order.

This was the origin of kingdoms and aristocracies among monkeys under Jingo the First. They permitted their nails to grow long. They wriggled their tails in a most peculiar fashion and they curled their belly-hair with curling-irons. Now these distinctions would have been very nice and pleasant if the working-monkeys would only have paid at-

ention to them, but danger was imminent and it seemed as if they would soon have to give up their doings or starve. In this embarrassment the laziest among them all, monkey Bimms, who later on called himself Fidelis, invented an ingenious plan which enabled them to fill their paunches gratuitously as long as they lived, and to pass their lives in abundance of everything they desired. He said that they would have to invent a god, to be placed supposedly above the monkey-world, and that they would have to declare themselves the special envoys and darlings of this god, and that the people would have to be taught that only the greatest devotion to themselves could make monkeys blessed, and that god's darlings had to be fed as long as they lived, with the best and most nutritious foods; that they had a right to every tenth cocoanut and that they must not work under any circumstances, as this would prevent them from praying and from ruling.

Bimms, or Fidelis the First, undertook hereafter to be a teacher of the people; he knew that monkeys could be made dumbfounded by strange appearances and therefore he assumed a holy-like air; cut his hair and shaved it off. Later he went around shedding many tears and sighing deeply, and he spread broadcast the story that he was commissioned by the mysterious god to preach contrition among his fellow monkeys and to educate them to be believing creatures. He painted with glowing colors the terrible fate of such who would not believe him.

The poor monkeys, who were always busy and had no time to think about such things, were terrified by the words and tears of Bimms-Fidelis. And because they hoped to lead a more beautiful life after their death, they were more than willing to make it pleasant for the darlings of god during their lifetime.

Everybody who consented to give the tenth cocoanut and otherwise to help god's darlings to fill their paunches with good things, was blessed by Bimms-Fidelis with specially prepared words. They were publicly lauded and an amazingly happy time promised them after their death. And so it came to pass that soon many monkeys took the oath of everlasting loyalty to Jingo and Bimms.

Of course there were still some left who resisted and who would not believe, but the number of believers had become so large that the doubters could be treated in a peculiarly dreadful way. They kept their tails on burning coals until they believed in the new god. They racked their limbs in torture-chambers; they hung them; they cut off their heads, burned them and quartered them, until finally religion became the common property of the monkeys.

And now there started a wonderful life for Jingo the First and his nobility and also especially for Bimms-Fidelis and his followers. They were laying around on silk pillows, had their flies fanned off and their vermin removed.

They were not at all thankful for the gifts brought to them by the working people but they were very severe and very hard on their supporters in order to sustain their tyrannies.

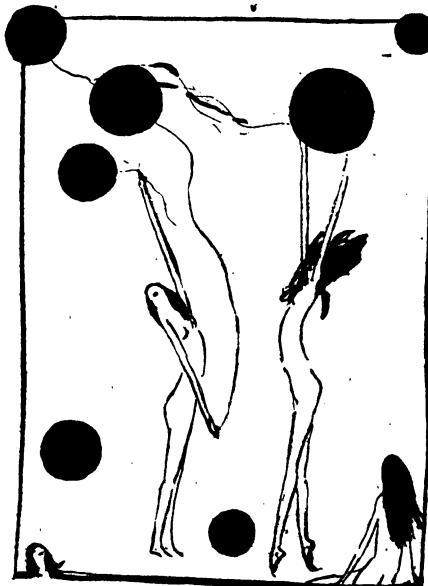
Whenever they were suspicious that diligence and care were slacking down, Bimms-Fidelis let his God lighten and thunder; let him hail and rain stones, and he transformed every natural event into a punishment of the offended deity. He also smothered every desire of learning and declared stupidity a divine institution.

In such a way, he, as well as Jingo the First, increased his claim from year to year. And the poor working people now had for their worst worry, the task of how to satisfy the demands of the elected of god. Still harder was it for the progeny. From childhood they had been reared in piety and reverence before the mighty monkeys who ruled. Their origin had been forgotten. Everybody had grown up in stupidity and therefore the fear of the mysterious power increased. The sons of Jingo became more aggressive and desirous of everything they could get hold of. So did the disciples of the ingenious Bimms and the progeny of the aristocracy.

They now themselves believed in all the idolatries of Fidelis; they believe in their own exclusiveness and in both they found justification to claim more and more.

They are still increasing their claims from day to day somewhere in the Empire of Monkeydom.

After the German of "Simplicissimus" in Simplicissimus, by Guido Bruno.



Balloons—by Clara Tice

Flasks and Flagons

By Francis S. Saltus

Chateau Margaux

THERE is a power within the succulent grape
 That made thee, stronger than all human power.
 It baffles death in its exulting hour,
 And leaves its victim fortune to escape.
 Thy cheering drops can magically drape
 Atrocious thoughts of doom with bloom and flower,
 Turning to laughing calm care's torment sour,
 And flooding dreams with many a gentle shape.
 Ecstatic hope and resurrection lie
 In thy consoling beauty, and whene'er
 Pale mortals sip thee bringing soothing peace,
 I see a blue and orange-scented sky
 A warm beach blest by God's untainted air,
 Circling the snowy parapets of Nice!

Chartreuse Vert

HOW strange that thy enrapturing warmth should
 come
 From the chill cloister of the prayerful monk,
 To cheer the desolate heart in misery sunk,
 And warm the lips that sorrow has made dumb!
 Thou bring'st the merry twitter of birds that hum,
 The soul's sweet exodus of song, when shrunk
 Expands again, when, all thy sweetness drunk,
 Illumes the blood grown impotent and numb.
 And when I see thee, I most fondly dream
 Thou must have been the genius and the slave
 That led Aladdin in the legend old
 Down thro' dim passages to goals extreme,
 And in the arcana of a hidden cave
 Have shown him marvelous treasures of gold!

Hatred Discarded

By Victor Meric.

SCENE I.—In the Council Chamber.

A UNION DEPUTY:—Gentlemen, I shall go on with my proofs! The syndicalists are incompetent, ignorant beings, lunatics! They do not know a thing about Socialism. They claim to represent the working class when in reality three-fourths of them have long ceased to be workers. They practice Sabotage which is a monstrosity. They incite workers to strike, which is an infamy. They declare themselves unpatriotic, which is a crime. We wish to have nothing in common with those people. (Lively applause from the heart of the assembly).

SECOND DEPUTY:—To be sure, I hold the same views as my colleague. (Good! Good! from the left.) I will go even further. By their criminal inciting, by their inadmissible un-

derhand dealings, the revolutionists, the anarchists, the syndicalists this abominable gang become sport for the bourgeois and are working against the Social revolution which we want legal and pacific. No more strikes, gentlemen, no more futile disturbances. We loudly repudiate those faithless brothers. We no longer want to side with them. Better still, we are decided to stand against them at every opportunity. (The extreme left gives the speaker an ovation.)

THE VOICE OF THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
(From the depths of a cell.)—Now, then! Are you all mad? What ails you suddenly? How dare you indulge in such criticism before your opponents? Do you not see that notwithstanding the divergencies of method and of tactics you are all aiming toward the same goal? Come now! Let us have union, let us have peace! All of you must unite if you wish to avoid making yourselves inevitably a laughing stock. The revolutionary syndicalists have their bad points, but they also have their good ones. They teach the workingmen organization on the economic basis and they train them to rely entirely upon themselves, through violent methods. Instead of attacking them, help them. It will be better, so . . . enough! No more grudges. No more hatred! All unite for the Revolution!

FIRST DEPUTY—Who is this intruder?

SECOND DEPUTY—He is a poor lunatic, a character of Blangui's and Pavashol's type who goes on preaching the discarding of hatreds and manages to keep in prison the whole year round.

THE MOB—He annoys us! Down with him! Spit on him! Down with him!

SCENE II.—At the Federation of Labor.

THE SECRETARY OF SYNDICALISM—Comrades, I wish to proceed with my demonstration. The elected Socialists are incompetent; they are ignorant beings, lunatics. They don't know the first thing about the interests of the proletarians. They claim to represent the interests of Socialism, when in reality they are perfect bourgeois. They make use of the ballot, which is ridiculous; they invent laws which is hateful; sometimes they cast in a vote for the Government and prove thereby their utter lack of responsibility. We most highly desire to have nothing in common with these people.

SECOND SECRETARY—To be sure, I hold the same views as my comrade (Bravo! Bravo!) I go even further. By their insane caution, by their guilty compromises the united ones, the elected as well as the militant, the whole nameless gang, becomes sport for the bourgeois and are working against the Social revolution, which we will cause to take place as soon as we become the strongest. No more ballot, citizens! No more deputies, no more candidates! We loudly repudiate these so-called brothers, who have broken faith. We do not want to be classed with them any longer.

(The audience is in a frenzy).

THE VOICE OF THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
(From the depths of a cell.)—What ails you suddenly? How dare you indulge in such criticism just when your enemies are

watching all your dissents? Do you not see that notwithstanding the divergencies of method and of tactics you are all aiming toward the same goal? Come now! Let us have union! Let us have peace! All of you must unite if you wish to avoid making yourselves inevitably a laughing stock. The socialist members of parliament have their bad points, but they also have their good ones. They harass the bourgeois and extort from them reforms, concessions, by which you profit. Instead of attacking them, help them. It will be better so. No more grudges! No more hatred! All unite for the Revolution.

FIRST SECRETARY—Who is this intruder?

SECOND SECRETARY—A poor fanatic of Christ and Jauré's type, who goes on preaching the discarding of hatred, and manages to keep in prison the whole year round.

THE MOB—Remove him! Down with him! Hiss him! Drown him!

SCENE III.—Cast Arms Aside!

THE MOB—Bravo! Good! Hurrah for So-and-So! Long live Somebody! No more hatred! Let us throw down our arms! Hurrah! Hurrah!

A SECRETARY OF SYNDICALISM—Brothers! We all must unite!

A UNION DEPUTY—Unite, brothers!

A SYNDICALIST—Brother Socialist shake!

A SOCIALIST—Let us embrace, brother anarchist!

THE MOB—Hurrah! Hurrah! Let us unite. Let us discard our hatred. Let us face our common foe!

A VOICE—There is the enemy! Just look at the scoundrel, the scurvy fellow who caused us so much harm. Down with this bandit.

(The man without a country enters. His beard and his hair are gray. He is bound with fetters.)

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—Brothers . . . Brothers, listen to me . . .!

THE MOB—Down with him! Death to him!

THE UNIONIST—He criticized our methods.

A SYNDICALIST—He attacked our theories.

THE MOB—Down with him! The bandit! The wretch! The maniac! Hang him! Kill him! Tear him to pieces!

Commotion. They rush upon the man without a country. They drag him by the hair. They cut off his head and hold it up on a bayonet. Shouts of joy. Socialists, liberals, syndicalists, united, stamp on his body. Hatred is discarded.)

CURTAIN.

(Translated for Bruno's Weekly by Renee de Lacoste.)

FIRST HOBO—"Yes, there is whiskey which makes you happy and there is whiskey which makes you sad."

SECOND HOBO—"Sure thing, but you give me the dough and every whiskey makes me happy."

Patchin Place

IT was the afternoon of a gaudy holiday. My tiny street was silent save for the thin cries of a little group of children playing in the far end. All my neighbors, possessed of new raiment or new patriotism, were abroad for the day. I was alone save for the far prattle of the children. My lithe, white-bodied little friend, ruby-tipped between my fingers, burned low; reverie hung about me. And I was appreciative of the peace and quiet of it all. My work did not attract me. I sat, idly dreaming, at the open window. Suddenly, somewhat down the street, I heard sweet, gay music. A violin, touched by a practiced artist's hand, singing of old days in far lands. My eyes closed neath its arabesque witchery, and my soul went out across boundless seas into new worlds of beauty and light and joy. Swift, fresh winds caught me up in their fragrant arms and carried me on and on through myriads of earths and planets into a never-never place of sheer delight. I was a child again, full of naive wonder at my pleasure. I was a lover again, in the first full charm of tender thought and feeling. I was a player again in the world of paint and canvas. I sang as of old, the answering chorus of the whispering melody. I danced with keen happiness. I swam in opal seas beneath a crystal sky of summer blue. The song spun on, and on, and on, into the wild aisles of eternity, and did not die. Oh, happy vision! When the music faded, I looked out of my window. A brief distance away he stood, a ragged, crippled, mendicant with a tarnished fiddle. Children danced around him.

James Waldo Fawcett.

In the Subway

A RUSH and a crush resound.
Forth with a bound
Leaps the sturdy steed.
A whirr and a halt . . .
They are bound.
A rush and a crush, they part
Whirr again, halt again—
It is "dear heart."

Charles S. Sonnenschein.

Military Honour

FREDERICK WILLIAM, father of Frederick styled the Great, relates Thiebault, having struck an officer on parade, the latter stopped his horse, and drawing one of his pistols, said: "Sire, you have dishonored me, and I must have satisfaction;" at the same time he fired the pistol over the king's head, exclaiming: "That is for you." Then drawing the other, and aiming it at his heart, said: "This is for me;" and shot himself dead on the spot. The king never struck an officer afterward.

Replated Platitudes

The height of wisdom is to know the depth of your ignorance.

Its brightest scholars are always satisfied with the briefest course in the school of experience.

A bachelor girl, whatever her career or renown, is as true to Nature's design as a barren apple-tree.

This Bacon-Shakespeare squabble seems to be just a case of "Much Ado About Nothing"—much for Bacon to do, if he had Bill handy, and easy enough for Bill anyway so long as he had bacon enough; so there's really "Nothing much" to make any "Ado" about.

Your friend is he who flees you not when your world is full of terrors and your soul is full of fears.

The main trouble with consistency is: it's as common as common-sense.

Julius Doerner.

On the Sober Side of the Bar

THE stairway and the narrow halls are lined with men and women talking in strange tongues and undoubtedly descendants of that indestructible race which has been engaged during the last two thousand years in accumulating all the silver pieces in existence. In a room with many benches, the ideal corner of the money-changers, as mentioned in the New Testament, seems to have come to life again.

A greasy fat man, whose features swam in the superfluous fat of his cheeks and of his three chins, sat in the chair on a rostrum intended for a justice-tender to dispense justice to man.

And there he sat sleeping. Every once in a while he would jerk himself up and look with his little pig's eyes contemptuously at some witness in the witness-box or at some Caiaphas, or he would listen to the whisper of his helpers and nod his head, or lean his fingers lazily against the fountain pen someone offered him, and he would sign his name to a document, perhaps a scrap of paper that would wreck a man's life and collect rent for the landlord. And all the time complainants complained, and defendants defended and witnesses took oaths, and then a stenographer wrote it all down stupidly in his white little book, and the air was filled with betrayal and with drudgery and with slavery. The helper would knock with his hammer and remind the money-changers that they were in the House of Justice. Like a monster was he sitting there, that judge; dozing, bored, silent, without interest, seemingly blank and destitute of any human feelings; not betraying the slightest attention to anybody or anything; dozing, fat, with a paunch like a

faun, hands stained with their deeds, eyes with empty ice which didn't dare to meet the eyes of the defendant. He is sitting there; honored, earning his daily bread.

And such bread!

No wonder he has a paunch and three chins hanging down and sagging eyes, dozing—dozing—until he meets his judge. He will not meet him in Money-Changers Dorado in an earthly House of Justice.

What a dreadful judgment will be issued on this judge: Judgment day!

Cat's Paw.

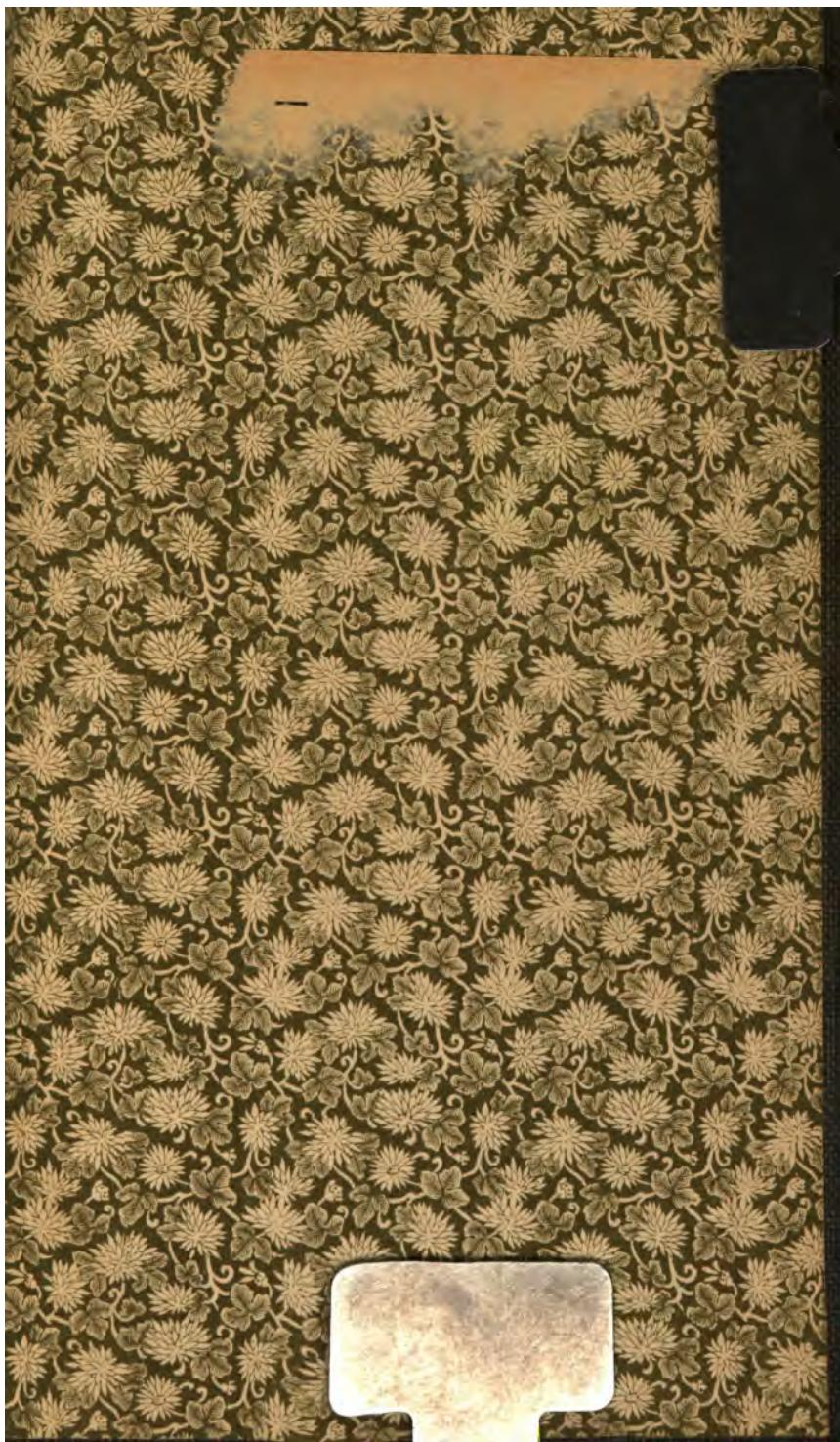
In Our Village

FRANK HARRIS is undoubtedly the busiest man on the Square. While his recently finished two volumes of "Oscar Wilde and his Confessions" are just about to see the light of the world, he is engaging himself immediately on writing a new book; one that is American and very up-to-date. It deals with the Mexican problem on the American border line. But it is the problem of one individual, such as has to be solved by the individual himself. There are rumors that "The Saturday Review," his famous London paper, noted all over the English-speaking world for the important part it secured for itself in the history of English letters of the nineties, will be revived by him with new vigor in New York. Goodness knows that we are in sore need of an ably-edited critical review, which deals with life, art and letters of our day, untainted by faction politics and uninfluenced by the troubles of other nations; in short of an American paper which reflects our own times and our own contemporaries without benevolent supervision from across the water.

The Fifth Avenue Coach Company is using Washington Square, the entire area from Fifth Avenue down to Thompson Street, including the children's playgrounds back of the fountain, as a terminal station and car park. I don't know if their franchise grants them the right to rope off our park into sections and assemble there hundreds of prospective fares in waiting line, until they get a chance to occupy one of the twenty-four seats on top of each bus. Thirty-five thousand children of Greenwich Village have as playground only Washington Square, and it doesn't seem fair to deprive them, especially on Sundays and holidays, of the few hours outdoor play granted them by our city administration.

Mrs. Thompson's shop on Thompson Street, right around the corner of the Garret, will not close its doors for the summer, but will afford the opportunity to the many tourists and strangers who visit the Village to see the quaint and artistic things Mrs. Thompson assembles on the walls and the shelves of her little store.

Heloise Haynes, she of the "Wardrobe," left last week



wrote her letters from prison (Little Review, Chicago) voiced her experiences of a fortnight in prison whenever she had a chance orally or in writing and her magazine is devoted to her new cause entirely. Dr. Ben Reitman, her lieutenant and advance agent, shares the tribulations of his mentor in the seclusion of his prison cell. He was more unfortunate, as a penalty of two months was imposed upon him.

A List of Angling Book-Plates

Daniel B. Fearing compiled a checking list of Angling Book-Plates, the very first one ever attempted. "Angling Ex Libris," he explains in his introduction "should exhibit one or several of the following: An angler, or a fisherman. Rod, or rod case. Line, leader, or tin for leaders. Float. Hook, or hooks. Flies Fly-hook. Bait. Bait-box, or can. Creel. Landing-net. Gaff-hook. Walton's Angler. An angling quotation. A Flask, or a jug."

The Pagan

A new magazine, edited by Joseph Kling, and a good one. The May and June issues are on our desk and they contain translations of a comedy by Arthur Schnitzler, and a novelette by Sologub. The editorial comments are quite feasible and in reach of everybody's mentality. Get a sample copy; it is worth while to see this individual effort of a group of enthusiasts who chose with taste the contents of these two numbers.

The Storosh

By Otto Ischyk

"BROTHER" said Vlastmil Gerastimov, the storosh, to Luka Lukashevitch "my aunt Vera Nicoliavna is sick. very sick. I doubt if she will live very much longer. To-day might be the last chance I have to see her. Take my place as watchman to-night. God will bless you for it and here is something to keep up your courage during the long night watch. It is good stuff. It will just burn your tongue."

"Go, in God's name" replied the farmer, taking the whiskey bottle, the lantern and the heavy fur-lined watchman's coat. "Try to be back again to-morrow. You will have a pleasant journey. The night is clear. I will just go home for a moment to tell my wife that I'll be storosh to-night. God be with you!"

The farmer disappears into his house and the storosh mounts the troika. He "gees up" the horses and starts them on their journey.

The air is quiet and cold. The light dies out in the far west. The nightly wayfarers of the heavens are shining brightly.—Muffled in his fur coat, armed with lantern and stick, Luka Lukashevitch emerges from his home. He looks around in all directions just to make sure that Nature is in order and then he consults for quite a while the bottle of the storosh. A last look at his home and he starts upon his rounds.